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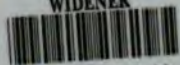
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THE
POLITICAL SONGS
OF ENGLAND,

FROM KING JOHN TO KING EDWARD II.





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THE
POLITICAL SONGS
OF ENGLAND,
FROM THE REIGN OF JOHN TO THAT OF
EDWARD II.

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
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Of Trinity College, Cambridge.

AND REVISED BY
EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.

PRIVATELY PRINTED, EDINBURGH.

1884.

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INTRODUCTION.

To reprint so well-known a work as Mr. Wright's "Political Songs of England" may strike some of my readers as a work of supererogation; but the fact is, the book was so "made up" and inflated that none but students would ever care to look into it. The book, as printed by Mr. Wright, purports to be a collection of the political songs of England from John to Edward II.; but Mr. Wright's idea of a song is, to say the least of it peculiar. For instance, who sang the Battle of Lewes (see vol. ii.), a long Latin poem of nearly 1,000 lines? Certainly not the minstrels, for they knew nothing of Latin. The truth is that these poems were written in cloisters, and were no more intended to be sung than Pope's Essay on Man, or Butler's Hudibras. A song, especially a popular song, must, above all things, be short; and nothing but the desire to produce a bulky volume could have induced Mr. Wright to admit many of the pieces which he has admitted. I have, therefore, determined to reprint both the text and the translations of such productions as seem to me to deserve the title of songs. But I have not cut out

the heavier poems altogether. If they are not songs they are at least interesting, and I have so far ventured on a compromise as to give Mr. Wright's translations without the original Latin text. The Norman-French and Old English poems I have retained entire, as likewise the shorter Latin ones. I have omitted the greater part of Mr. Wright's appendix, which consists of extracts from Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, which, owing to their being mere extracts, are valueless to the student, who can refer to it, if he wishes, in Hearne's edition of 1725, reprinted by Bagster, 1810. I have also made considerable alterations in Mr. Wright's notes, without, however, adding more of my own than was absolutely necessary for the proper understanding of the text. By these means I believe I have produced a volume which will prove interesting to the ordinary reader, and of real value to the historical student.

EDMUND GOLDSMID.

EDINBURGH,

January 21, 1884.



EDITOR'S PREFACE.

FEW historical documents are more interesting or important than the contemporary songs in which the political partizan satirised his opponents and stirred up the courage of his friends, or in which the people exulted over victories gained abroad against their enemies or at home against their oppressors, or lamented over evil counsels and national calamities. Yet, though a few specimens have been published from time to time in collections of miscellaneous poetry, such as those of Percy and Ritson, and have never failed to attract attention, no book specially devoted to ancient Political Songs has yet appeared.*

The quantity of such productions has generally varied with the character of the age. They were frequent from a very early period in other countries of Europe, as well as England. It would be easy to produce proofs that in our island they were very numerous in Saxon times,—a few specimens, indeed, have escaped that destruction which visits the monuments of popular and temporary feeling before all others; and for years after the Norman conquest the oppressed people continued to sing the songs of former days at their rustic festivals or amid their everyday labours. As the feelings which caused them to be remembered died away gradually before the weight of a new political system, a new class of songs also arose.

* This was written in 1838.

From the Conquest to the end of the twelfth century, the political songs of the Anglo-Normans were in a great measure confined, as far as we can judge from the few specimens that are left, to laudatory poems in Latin, or to funereal elegies on princes and great people. Yet we can hardly doubt that, with the turbulent barons of these troublous times, the harp of the minstrel must have resounded frequently to subjects of greater present excitement.*

With the beginning of the thirteenth century opened a new scene of political contention. It is amid the civil commotions of the reign of John that our manuscripts first present traces of the songs in which popular opinion sought and found a vent, at the same time that the Commons of England began to assume a more active part on the stage of history. The following reign was a period of constant excitement. The weak government of Henry the Third permitted every party to give free utterance to their opinions and intentions, and the songs of this period are remarkably bold and pointed. These effusions are interesting in other points of view besides their connection with historical events; they illustrate in a remarkable manner the history of our language; they show us how Latin, Anglo-Norman, and English were successively the favourite instruments by which the thoughts of our ancestors were expressed; and collaterally they show us how the clerk (or scholar) with his Latin, the courtier with his

* But hardly in Latin!

Anglo-Norman, and the people with their good old English, came forward in turns upon the scene. In our songs, we see that, during the earlier part of the reign of the third Henry, the satirical pieces which inveighed against the corruptions of the State and demanded so loudly their amendment, are all in Latin, which is as much as to say that they came from the scholastic part of the people, or those who had been bred in the universities, then no small or unimportant part of the community. They seem to have led the way as bold reformers; and the refectory of the monastery, not less than the baronial hall, rang frequently with the outbursts of popular feeling. The remarkable and highly-interesting declaration of the objects and sentiments of the Barons, which was published after the battle of Lewes, is written in Latin.* Amid the Barons' wars was composed the first political song in English that has yet been found. It is remarkable that all the songs of this period which we know, whether in Latin, Anglo-Norman, or English, are on the popular side of the dispute—all with one accord agree in their praise and support of the great Simon de Montfort.

The circumstance of our finding no songs in English of an earlier date does not, however, prove that they did not exist. On the contrary, it is probable that they were equally abundant with the others; but the Latin songs belonged to that particular party who were most in the habit of

* This, however, was not a *song*, but a regular didactic poem.

committing their productions to writing, and whose manuscripts also were longest preserved. It is probable that a very small portion of the earlier English popular poetry was ever entered in books—it was preserved in people's memory until, gradually forgotten, it ceased entirely to exist except in a few instances, where, years after the period at which it was first composed, it was committed to writing by those who heard it recited. The English song on the battle of Lewes is found in a manuscript written in the reign of Edward II.; when, perhaps, the similar character of the time led people to give retrospective looks to the doings of Earl Simon and his confederate barons. They were sometimes written on small rolls of parchment, for the convenience of the minstrel, who thus carried them about with him from house to house, and chanted them at the will of his entertainers. From these rolls and loose scraps they were occasionally copied into books, long after they had ceased to possess any popular interest, by some "clerk" who loved to collect antiquities; for in those days, too, there were antiquaries. One of the Anglo-Norman songs printed in this collection is taken from the original roll; and the Latin songs on the death of Peter de Gaveston were found in a manuscript written in the fifteenth century.

The constant wars of the reign of Edward I.—the patriotic hatred of Frenchman and Scot, which then ran at the highest—furnished the groundwork of many a national song during the latter years of

the thirteenth century and the first years of the fourteenth. The English song becomes at this period much more frequent, though many were still written in Latin. Popular discontent continued to be expressed equally in Latin, Anglo-Norman (a language the influence of which was now fast declining), and English. In the "Song against the King's Taxes," composed towards the end of the thirteenth century, we have the first specimen of that kind of song wherein each line began in one language and ended in another ; and which, generally written in hexameters, seems to have been extremely popular during the two centuries following. One song, in the reign of Edward II., presents in alternate succession all the three languages which were then in use. The political songs during this last-mentioned reign are not very numerous, but they are by no means devoid of interest.

It was the Editor's original intention to continue the series of songs in the present volume to the deposition of Richard II. But, having adopted the suggestion of giving a translation, with the hope of making them more popular, and finding that in consequence the volume was likely to extend to a much greater length than was at first calculated upon, it has been thought advisable to close the present collection with another convenient historical period, the deposition of his grandfather Edward II.

The wars of Edward III. produced many songs, both in Latin and in English, as did also the

troubles which disturbed the reign of his successor. With the end of the reign of Edward II., however, we begin to lose sight of the Anglo-Norman language, which we shall not again meet with in these popular effusions. During the fifteenth century political songs are less numerous and also less spirited. With it we are introduced to a dark period of literature and science. It was the interval between the breaking up of the old system, and the formation of the new one which was to be built upon its ruins. When we come to the wars of the Roses, so fatal to the English nobility and gentry, the page even of history becomes less interesting, because it is less intellectual :—the great mental workings which had influenced so much the political movements of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, were replaced by the reckless and short-sighted bitterness of personal hatred, and the demoralising agency of mere animal force. As it had required a long age of barbarism and ignorance to sweep away even the latest remnants of ancient pagan splendour, before the site was fit to build up the beautiful edifice of Christian civilisation ; so it seemed as though another, though a shorter and comparatively less profound, age of barbarism was required to turn men's minds from the defective learning of the schools, and the imperfect literature to which they had been habituated, and to break down old prejudices and privileges, which were but impediments in the way of the new system that came in with the Reformation.

The nature of the following collection of Songs requires little explanation. They have been brought together from scattered sources. It was the Editor's desire to make it as complete as possible ; but further researches will probably bring to light other songs of no less interest, and these, if they become sufficiently numerous, he hopes will be collected together as a supplement to the present volume. He has also omitted a few Anglo-Irish songs, because he expects they will, ere long, receive more justice than he is capable of doing them, at the hands of Mr. Crofton Croker. It is hoped that the texts will be found as correct as the manuscripts would allow. The translation is offered with diffidence, and requires many excuses ; the variety of languages and dialects in which they are written, their dissimilarity in style of composition, the cramped constructions which were rendered necessary in the Latin Songs to allow the multiplicity of rhymes, the allusions which cannot now be easily explained, and above all, the numerous corruptions which have been introduced by the scribes from whose hands the different manuscripts came (for the greater part of these songs have been printed from unique copies), are the cause of so many difficulties, that in some instances little more has been done than to guess at the writer's meaning.* The translation is in general as literal as possible—the

* I have ventured to correct Mr. Wright's translation where I thought it absolutely wrong.—E. M. G.

Anglo-Norman, French, and English Songs are rendered line for line ; but the Editor is almost inclined to regret that he did not give a freer version.*

It only remains for the Editor to fulfil the agreeable task of expressing his gratitude for the assistance which, in the course of the work, he has derived from the kindness of his friends : to Mons. d'Avezac, of Paris, so well known by his valuable contributions to geographical science, to whom he has had recourse in some of the greater difficulties in the French and Anglo-Norman songs, and who collated with the originals those which were taken from foreign manuscripts before they were sent to press ; to Sir Frederick Madden, from whom he has derived much assistance in the English songs, and whose superior knowledge in everything connected with early literature and manuscripts has been of the greatest use to him ; to James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., for many services, and for collating with the originals the songs taken from Cambridge Manuscripts ; and to John Gough Nichols, Esq., for the great attention which he has paid to the proofs, and for various suggestions, which have freed this volume from very many errors that would otherwise have been overlooked.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

* Some readers will join Mr. Wright in this expression of regret.

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POLITICAL SONGS.



KING JOHN. 1199—1216.

THE thirteenth century opens amid the violence of party feelings, and the few political songs which we find during the reign of King John are full of keenness. Early in his reign the English Monarch suffered himself to be robbed of his possessions in Normandy, and the poetry of the Troubadours contains many expressions of regret at their separation from England, and bitter reflections on the King's cowardice and weakness. The following song seems to have been written when Thouars was in danger, during Philippe Auguste's incursions into Poitou, in 1206.

SONG ON THE SIEGE OF THOUARS.

[Royal Library at Paris, MS. du fonds de St. Germain, No. 1989, fol. 111, v^e, 13th cent.]

MORS est li siècles briemant,
Se li rois Touwairs sormonte ;
De ceu li vait malement
Ke li faillent li troi conte,

TRANSLATION.—The world will shortly come to nought,—if the king overcome Thouars.—On this account it fares ill with it,—that the three earls* desert it,—and the old man

* The Counts of Flanders, Boulogne, and Maine.

Et li vieillairs de Bouaing
 I averait grant honte,
 C'après la mort à visconte
 Morrait à si mauté.

Savaris de Maliéon,
 Boens chiveliers à cintainne,
 Se vos fals à ces besons,
 Perdue avons nostre poinne ;
 Et vos, xanexals
 Asi d'Anjou et dou Mainne,
 Xanexal ont an Torainne
 Atre ke vos mist.

Et vos, sire xanexals,
 Vos et Dan Jehan dou Mainne,
 Et Ugues, antre vos trois
 Mandeis à roi d'Alemaigne,

of Bouaing—would have there great shame,—that after the death of the viscount—he should die in such evil case.

Savary of Mauleon,*—a good knight at the quintain,†—if you fail us in this need,—we have lost our labour ;—and you, Seneschal,—both of Anjou and of Maine,—they have placed a seneschal in Touraine—other than you.

And you, Sir Seneschal,—you and Sir John of Maine,—and Hugh, between you three,—send word to the King of

* Savary de Mauléon, an English gentleman who entered the service of St. Louis, King of France, and one of the Provençal poets. For an account of his Poems see "Histoire Littéraire de France," vol. xviii. pp. 671—682.

† The quintain was a stuffed figure, armed with a stick, and so arranged that, on being unskilfully struck with a lance, it turned and gave the rider a sharp blow on the back.

Ke cist rois et cil Fransois
 C'ameir ne nos d[a]ignent,
 Cant por .j. mulet d'Espaigne
 Laxait Bordelois.

Et vos, signors bacheleirs,
 Ki ameis lois et proeses,
 Cant vos souliez garreir
 Touwairs iert vos forteresse.
 Jà Deus ne vos doust porteir
 Ne mainche ne tresses,
 Se Touwairt au teil tristesse
 Laixiez oblieir.

Almain,—that this king and him of France,—deign not to love us,—when for a mule of Spain—he left the Bordelois.*

And you, Sir bachelors,—who love praise and prowess,—when you were wont to war—Thouars was your fortress.—Now God hinder you from bearing—sleeves or tresses,—if Thouars in such distress—you allow to be forgotten.

John's own friends, disgusted with his weakness, began to desert him; and the following bitter song was addressed by the younger Bertrand de Born† to Savary de Mauleon, to persuade him to follow their example.

* Alphonso VIII., King of Castille, who had married Eleonore, daughter of Henry II. of England, and in her right claimed Gascony, laid siege to Bordeaux in 1206.

† Bertrand de Born, son of that Bertrand de Born whom Dante meets in the "Inferno," bearing his bleeding head in his hand, for having incited the sons of Henry II. of England to revolt against their father. (Inferno, Canto xxviii.)

A SIRVENTE ON KING JOHN.

[Raynourard, Choix, tom. iv. p. 201.]

QUANT vei lo temps renovellar,
 E pareis la fueill' e la flors,
 Mi dona ardimen amors
 E cor e saber de chantar ;
 E doncs, pois res no m' en sofrainç,
 Farai un Sirvent escozen,
 Que trametrai lai par presen
 Al rei Joan que s' n'a vergoing.

E deuria s' be'n vergoignar,
 Si l' membres de sos ancessors,
 Com lascia sai Peitieux e Tors
 Al rei Felip ses demandar ;
 Per que tota Guiana plaing
 Lo rei Richard, qu' en deffenden
 En mes mant aur e mant argen ;
 Mas aceset no m' par 'n aia soing.

TRANSLATION.—When I see the fair weather return,—
 and leaf and flower appear,—love gives me hardiesse—and
 heart and skill to sing ;—then, since I do not want matter,
 —I will make a stinging sirvente,—which I will send yonder
 at once,—to King John, to make him ashamed.

And well he ought to be ashamed,—if he remember his
 ancestors,—how he has left here Poitou and Touraine—to
 King Philip, without asking for them.—Wherefore all
 Guienne laments—King Richard, who in its defence—
 would have laid out much gold and much silver ; but this
 man does not appear to me to care much for it.

Mais ama l' bordir e l' cassar,
 E bracs e lebriers et austers,
 E sojorn ; per que il faill honors,
 E s' lascia vius deseretar ;
 Mal sembla d'ardimen Galvaing,
 Que sai lo viram plus soven ;
 E pois autre cosseil non pren,
 Lais sa terra al seignor del Groing.

Miels saup Lozoics desliurar
 Guillelme, e l' fes ric secors
 Ad Aurenga, quan l'Almassors
 A Tibaut l'ac fait asetjar :
 Pretz et honor 'n ac ab gazaing ;
 Jeu o dic per chastiamen
 Al rei Joan que pert sa gen,
 Que non lor secor pres ni loing.

He loves better fishing and hunting,—pointers, grey-hounds, and hawks,—and repose, wherefore he loses his honour,—and his sief escapes out of his hands ;—Galvaing seems ill-furnished with courage,—so that we beat him here most frequently ; and since he takes no other counsel,—let him leave his land to the lord of the Groing.

Louis* knew better how to deliver—William, and give him rich succour—at Orange, when the Almassor—had caused Tiebald to besiege him ;—glory and honour he had with profit ;—I say it for a lesson—to King John who loses his people,—because he succours them not near or far off.

* Louis, William, Almassor, and Tiebald are supposed by Mr. Wright to be characters in the inedited Romance of Guillaume d'Orange.

Baron, sai vir mon chastiar
 A vos, cui blasme las follors
 Que us vei far, e pren m'en dolors,
 Car m'aven de vos a parlar,
 Que pretz avetz tombat e' l' faing,
 Et avetz apres un fol sen,
 Que non doptas chastiamen,
 Mas qui us ditz mal, aquel vos oing.

Domna, cui dezir e tenc car
 E dopt e blan part las meillors,
 Tant es vera vostra lauzors
 Qu'ieu non la sai dir ni comtar ;
 C'aissi com aurs val mais d'estaing,
 Valetz mais part las meillors cen,
 Et ez plus leials vas joven
 Non son a Dieu cill de Cadoing.

Barons, on this side my lesson of correction aims—at you, whose delinquencies it blames—that I have seen you do, and I am grieved thereat,—for it falls to me to speak of you,—who have let your credit fall into the mud,—and afterwards have a foolish sentiment,—that you have no correction to fear,—but he who told you ill, it is he who disgraces you.

Lady, whom I desire and hold dear,—and fear and flatter above the best,—so true is your praise,—that I know not how to say it or to relate it ;—that, as go'd is more valuable than tin,—you are worth more than the best hundred,—and you are better worth to a young man,—than are they (the monks) of Cadoing* to God.

* Cadoing, near Perigueux. *not* Caen, as Mr. Wright translates it. There was an abbey at Cadoing.

Savarics, reis cui cors sofraing
 Greu fara bon envasimen,
 E pois a flac cor recrezen,
 Jamais nuls hom en el non poing.

Savary, a king without a heart,—will hardly make a successful invasion,—and since he has a heart soft and cowardly,—let no man put his trust in him.

The dishonours which John suffered abroad, were, however, soon forgotten in the troubles which broke out at home. The following virulent libel on the three Bishops of Norwich, Bath, and Winchester, who adhered to the King in his quarrel with the Pope about the presentation to the see of Canterbury, was no doubt the work of one of his ecclesiastical opponents. As the song (?) is in Latin only the translation is given.

SONG ON THE BISHOPS.

[Flaccius Illyricus, p. 161.]

Complain, O England! and suspend the melody of thine organ, and more especially thou, Kent, for the delay of thy Stephen.* But thou hast another Thomas; thou hast again a second Stephen, who putting on a fortitude beyond that of man, performs signs among the people. O metropolis! who grievest over the plots which the

* Stephen Langton, appointed by the Pope to the Archbishopric of Canterbury in opposition to the King, 1207-29.

cunning people bring forth, bereaved of thine inhabitants, whom they treacherously have ejected, thou givest vent to heavy groans, being utterly deprived of thy father. But when thou shalt have Stephen, thou wilt take up the timbrel, and touch the harp to measure.

Where art thou, I ask, O Moses ! through whom may the rupture cease ? Where Phineas, zealous for the law, through whom the scourging may have an end ? Who is there to accuse the son of David ? Who is there that may set the sign of Thau on the threshold and the door-posts, that thus, her enemies being confuted, Israel may be liberated ? Abraham, father of many people, arise, lord, expel the son of Agar,* the waiting-maid of her mistress Sarah ; for after she shall deceive the other. Now the gates of Tartarus prevail against the Church : now Isaac and Ismael play at an unequal game.

Balthasar drinks again out of the vessels of the Lord's temple : the vessel of iniquities carries away the vessels dedicated to God's name. I perceive the handwriting,† and involved in the written letters, "Mane, Techel, Phares ;" what this thing may mean, the event of the thing will prove. Now it appears in the court, both to the low and the high, that at present the division and

* A marginal note in Flaccius says, "Joannem Graye Episcopum Nordovicensem intelligit.

† The Pope.

end of the kingdom is at the gate. The mass of evils increases; the priest is as the people; they, bold and fearless, hasten to that which is unlawful, each according to his will.

The people serves in the coffer of Egypt, and anxiously sweats under the rule of Pharaoh: various edicts fly about: the collector exacts the work, Israel collects clay. There is no one* who may rescue him, or who may overwhelm the horses of Pharaoh with their riders. Assur scatters and overthrows the stones of the Sanctuary. Why? because the Stone of Help does not oppose itself. Nay, they who ought to oppose, and to shed their blood for justice's sake, are occupied with avarice, whom I signalise by these marks.

If the question were perchance asked of the Bishop of Bath,† "How many marks come in to the King's purse in the Exchequer?" he would answer readily, "A thousand, a hundred, and so on, I collect into the King's purse," learned as he is in this decalogue, blind in the form of the canon. Thou, beast of Norwich!‡ hear what the

* Pandulph the legate.

† Joceline de Welles, Bishop of Bath and Wells from 1205 to 1242. He fled from England with the Bishops of London, Ely, and Worcester, who had published the interdict.

‡ John Graye, Bishop of Norwich, who was designed by the King to the see of Canterbury. The three Bishops who took part with the King, and whom Matthew Paris calls "*tres Episcopi Curiales*," were those of Norwich, Winchester, and Durham.

Truth saith : "He who enters not in by the door is a thief." Dost thou doubt of this? Alas ! thou hast fallen more heavily than once the third Cato, since thy presumed election falls by just judgment, having been bought by the craft of Simon.

The arm-bearer of Winchester* presides at the Exchequer, diligent in computing, sluggish at the Gospel, turning over the King's roll ; thus lucre overcomes Luke ; he makes a marc weigh heavier than Mark, and subjects the Bible to the pounds. These are they who fore-show Belphegor ; they subject the seat to Baal ; that they may profit better, they make Baal their lord ; they embrace black for white, dung instead of saffron. These three are insatiable—very like unto leeches ; they cry, " Give ! there is not enough ! "

There are three opposed to these, but very unlike them, endowed with the flower of virtues, noble in the vigour of good-breeding—Noah, David, and Daniel, whom Ezechiel paints. These thirst after justice : for this they oppose themselves as a wall for God's house. John arises the dean of England of our time, hoary in mind : with the might of oak, he proceeds on the way of justice ; he sings the proclamations of praises, who

* Peter des Roches, Bishop of Winchester from 1204 to 1238 ; a native of Poitiers, and formerly a knight. In 1214 he became Chief Justice of England, and Protector during the minority of Henry III. (See *Godwin, de Presulibus.*)

rightly takes his name from the church of Mary, while he undertakes this conflict in devotion to the Holy Virgin.

He of Ely* advances ; he is given to this battle, as he is called the Sword of Hely, sparing few or none. Helias, draw forth the sword, and bruise the three impious ones, and lay prostrate the prince of Babylon, the participator in this plot, with a single blow. Thou,† who walkest in the place of Wolstan, art the third in the conflict : robust as thou art, press on sedulously, certain of a true triumph. Thou art called the heir of Wolstan ; if thou be truly so, thou art seen : sooner resign the staff, and the ephod, and the ring, than be willing to bow to Baal.

I know nothing ill to say of the Bishop of Rochester.‡ I lie, and cut the matter short ; he is here, and here by his side the poor man of Salisbury also,§ who sleeps till to-day ; he carries about fire and water, nor pleads for, nor bewails, the desolated vineyard. Go to Rome, little book, nor delay thy return ; salute them all diligently ; and carry a salutation to the Pope : tell what I think of the three : let him give judgment, whether in his opinion they be free from vice ; and let pardon be granted to me.

* Eustace, Bishop of Ely, 1107—1214.

† Maugerius, Bishop of Worcester, 1200—1212. St. Wolstan had held this see in the eleventh century.

‡ Gilbert de Glanville, Bishop of Rochester, 1185—1214.

§ Robert, Bishop of Salisbury.

It was during these religious dissensions that arose up, or at least became strong, that powerful spirit of opposition to the papal tyranny, which produced during the whole of this century so much satirical poetry; much of it attributed, perhaps with little reason, to Walter Mapes. The following poem is supposed to have been written during the interdict. In the fourth line the lion is said to designate King John, and the asses the Bishops, and at the end the King is represented by Jupiter, whilst the Pope receives the contemptuous designation of Pluto. This poem is also in Latin.

SONG ON THE TIMES.

[MS. Harl. 978, fol. 108, r^o, Reign of Hen. III.]

I will use against vices rebelling song; others put forward honey, while under the honey they lay on gall; the iron heart is concealed under the gilt skin, and asses put on the lion's spoil.—The rebelling face disputes with the soul within; honey flows from the mouth, the mind is full of gall; it is not all sweet that looks like honey; the heart has a different moulding to the skin.—While vice is in the work, virtue is in the face; they cover the pitchy blackness of the mind with a white colour; each of the members suffers by the pain of the head, and the flavour of the apple depends upon the root from whence it

springs.—Rome is the head of the world ; but it receives nothing clean ; all that depends from the head is unclean ; for the first vice passes on into the second, and that which is near the bottom smells of the bottom.—Rome receives all, and the goods of all ; the court of the Romans is but a market. There are offered for sale the rights of the senators, and abundance of money dissolves all differences of opinion.—Here, in the consistory, if anybody plead a cause, be it his own or another's, let him first read this,—“ Unless he give money, Rome denies everything ; he who gives most money will come off the best.”—The Romans have a chapter in the decretals, that they should listen to petitions from those who come with their hands full ; thou shalt give, or nothing shall be granted thee ; they ask because thou askest ; by the same measure as you sow, you shall reap.—A bribe and a petition go side by side, and it is with a bribe that you must work if you wish to succeed : then you need have no fear, even of Tully, were he pleading against you ; for money possesses a singular eloquence.—There is nobody in this court who does not look after money : the cross on the coin pleases them ; the roundness of it, and the whiteness thereof, pleases them ; and since every part of it pleases, and it is the Romans whom it pleases, where money speaks, there all law is silent.—If you only feed the hand well with some goodly bribe, it will be

in vain even to quote Justinian against you, or the canons of the saints, because they would throw them away as vanity and chaff, and pocket the grain. — Penurious Rome claims acquaintance with nothing but avarice ; she spares to him who brings gifts, but she spares not to him who is penurious : money stands in the place of God, and a marc for Mark, and the altar is less attended than the coffer. — When you come to the Pope, take it as a rule, that there is no place for the poor, he favours only the giver ; or if there is not a bribe of some value or another forthcoming, he answers you, “ I am not able.” — The Pope, if we came to the truth of the matter, has his name from the fact, that, whatever others have, he alone will suck the pap ; or if you like to apocopate a French word, “ pay, pay,” saith the word, if you wish to obtain anything. — The Pope begs, the brief begs, the bull begs, the gate begs, the cardinal begs, the cursor begs, — all beg ! and if you have not wherewith to bribe them all, your right is wrong, and the whole cause comes to nothing. — You give to these, you give to the others, you add gifts to those already given, and when you should have given enough, they seek as much more. O, you full purses, come to Rome ! at Rome there is choice medicine for costive pockets. — They all prey upon the purse by little and little ; great, greater, or greatest, gradually becomes a prey to them. Why

should I go through all the particulars? I will put it in a few words; they all choke the purse, and it expires immediately.—Yet the purse imitates the liver of Tityus; the substance flies in order to return; dies that it may be born: and on this condition Rome preys upon the pocket, that when it has given all, it may all be filled again.—They return from the court with mitred heads; Jupiter is placed in the Infernal Regions, Pluto holds Heaven, and dignity is given to a brute animal, as a jewel to the dung and a picture to the mud.—The rich give to the rich, that they may receive again, and gifts mutually meet one another: that law is most in use, which they have caused to be written, “If you give to me, I will give to you.”



KING HENRY III. 1216—1272.

THE death of King John offered an opportunity of putting an end to the distractions that had become so universal during the latter years of his reign, which most of the belligerents were glad to embrace. The following short, but highly spirited poem, was probably written immediately after the pacification which followed the taking of Lincoln, apparently by a Churchman, and certainly a partizan of King Henry. Some of the expressions in it, such as "the iron-girt bees of war," and the like, remind us of the lofty metaphors of Saxon verse.

THE TAKING OF LINCOLN.

[From MS. Cotton. Vespas. B. xiii. fol. 130, v*, in a hand of the beginning of the 14th cent.]

A four-fold rage had crept upon the English nation. Conspiring against its own Government, and threatening rebellion, the degenerate nation,—that it may change freedom for slavery,—that it may fall from its high position, from health to sickness, from safety to danger,—lays claim to ancient laws under a hostile governor; not governed by the balance of the law, not by the light of justice, nor by the fire of holy counsel, nor yet by the file of reason, the will, in despite of reason, darts like lightning into what is forbidden. ¶ The first rage * was conceived by its own pride; the

* The insurrection of the Barons.

second drew hither the warlike legions of the French;* the third conducted the black troops of the Scots; the fourth bent the inconstant Welsh under their light garment. ¶ The leagues of peace are broken, and the threatening thunders follow; corrupt licence has crept into the astonished towers in which Faith lay hid and sick, and long waiting a physician of health, at length by the generosity of Christ she recovered, and drew out her bands to the wars. ¶ This rage, by the sufferance of God, was permitted for a while, but not allowed that the lightnings should burn the effeminate minds, or that the anger of God should confound the defenceless. But the Searcher of hearts recalled by his own love the sheep which sought the desert and were long wandering, that he might correct the deserving faults with a healing lash. and reconciling his divine threats with paternal mercy, softened the corrections of a father with the love of a mother. ¶ The honour of the English bowed, and the comeliness of the Kingdom; its bending head had felt the anger of the divine judge, and feared to serve the proud tyrant. The balanced palm, long held out with dubious favour, now smiled on the French, now turned its smile to the English, applauding with more truth these latter, more deceitful to the others. ¶ The anger

† The expedition of Prince Louis to help the Barons, who were hard pressed by John's foreign auxiliaries.

of an avenging God allowed no longer the furious King to reign ; he fell, struck by him whose temples and houses he had burnt with threatening fire. From this torch arises the torch of fate, and the avenging fever, while it raged against the King, drove away the rage of the flame. That death was the highest honour, and was accompanied with the highest glory, that he was in nothing overcome by the enemy, amidst so many enemies ; vanquished by the conqueror who is above, and unconquered, he bit his own enemies even in his death. ¶ Let proud anger cease ; let power learn to serve and to bow to God, in submitting the neck to whom she elevates herself ; in rising she falls : short is the power of man ; and let it learn that the end approaches in a few days. ¶ The widowed state had mourned the death of John, and, fearing to bow the neck to a degenerate husband, the tear of the English calls up the strength of England ; the heavier the grief, the nearer is its cure. ¶ Meanwhile had shone forth the minute spark of small beauty, the royal offspring, sole hope of the torn Kingdom, a star, as it were, lit by God, it had divested itself of the cloud that obscured its father, shining forth a new light, and the candle of the child called back the stars which had been scared by the father's thunder. ¶ O precious piety of God ! which masters things that are great, confounds those that are strong, raises such as are infirm, strikes ferocity with

lightning, breaks the haughty, who himself having come a child out of the virgin's womb, thus took a child to nourish, gave it to the bosom of the Church, which the gentle parent receives in a mother's arms, rendered gentle by the obedience now newly born, and about to place on its head a tender crown. It was a heavenly ordinance, that the consonant union of holy counsel feared not to obey a boy king, and feared more to serve a tyrant. ¶ Sacred union matures the new King to lofty things; utility, and piety, and faith, swear together to concur with the fates, and to sign them all with the seal of the Cross; they had raised together the standard of the Cross and had ranged themselves round the new King, and the white cross decorating the bearers of the Cross fixed the unstable troops in the foundation of faith. ¶ O famous legation of a man! * file of blessed council! star of right! mirror of reason! helmet of the worship of God! crested with the plume of care! England hath grasped her conquering swords by impulse of God; her castles pour forth for the common good the standard-bearing troops, fierce in war, and threatening the enemy. ¶ What time the earth had begun to bloom with new fruitfulness, and had spread out her fresh grass in locks, redolent of flowers, had painted the young fleece of the fields, and, whilst the new verdure curled the nascent

* Gualo the legate.

woods, recalled innumerable tongues of birds to the song; then the Gallic fury had resolved to join the English of the north,* the band having conspired to pass through the midst of the English, having issued from their London, the army of Louis deserted the long shades, and the proud earls have the shame of going the way that is open to them, and they carry fierce aid to Mountsorrel;† for as a greater victory attends it, so has the anger of God ordained that it should not undergo a greater ruin. But with more caution retires thence the nobility of earls, the flower of the faith, the royal strength, the shield of Chester,‡ until with roaring tumult the rage of the others had passed the famous castle on the heights (Nottingham), and the bank of Trent, and the pride of long war had flown to the besieged citadel of the noble matron § ¶ Hither, when the fates

* Louis and his party were at London, which they quitted in the November after King John's death, in order to march towards the north. On December 6 they took Hertford Castle; and that of Berkhamstead on the 20th, and proceeded to St. Albans. A truce was then agreed to, which continued till after Easter.

† When hostilities recommenced, the Barons of the King's party laid siege to Mount Sorrel, in Lincolnshire, but were obliged to retreat by the approach of a part of the army of Louis, under the command of the Comte de Perche.

‡ Ranulph de Blundeville, Earl of Chester, one of the most powerful Barons of the King's party, who now commanded the army which had besieged Mount Sorrel, and which soon afterwards defeated the Comte de Perche, at Lincoln.

§ Nichola, widow of Gerard de Camville, who defended Lincoln Castle against the French.

have turned the fierce troops with a murmuring noise, Fame flies, and calls the earls, and the Cestrenian companions of the earls, and the shielded harvest of men increases. The royal standards glitter, and the conspiring bands follow, when clear faith at last draws out their faces, the bright signs of the Cross paint the excelling breasts of the youth, a common will strengthens their hearts; there was one sole hope of conquering; victory was already stamped on all their faces; and with a shout ominous of good, they put forth their associated hands to the accordant battle. ¶ The Sabbath* was at hand in which the festival of the high God is performed, and the eve celebrates the triune honour of the deity; the sun was touching the earth with his first light, when the trumpet with its terrible song had given the flourish; the leaders move iron war; many were the standards you might see with tremulous flight above the nodding helms, many the shields changing their ensigns with various colours. The beauty of the sun shone upon the armed troops; the coward became feverish; the brave strengthened their hearts. When the constancy of war came to the astonished town, the youth encircle the walls with a fearful wreath, and seek new approaches; nor do the leaders immediately attack the city; a

* Saturday, May 20, 1217. The next day was Trinity Sunday.

legation is sent in to summon the sacrilegious men to the league of peace. Yet no peace satisfied these fierce men, they utter insults, despise the messengers, and add threatening words. ¶ When the messengers bring back the angry message, the leaders order their bold followers to the attack ; then the horror of war roared, the trumpets thundered, a fearful noise rose into the air, and in the resounding tumult the clouds might wonder at earthly thunders. They leap over the fosses, mount over the walls, break the gates, force the passages, and join battle. And they made way with their swords ; a merited confusion strikes the sacrilegious men ; the hives of Christ send forth the iron-girt bees of war, and with fearful stings they penetrate the hostile shirts, and cut the scaly textures of iron, and draw Sauls to the chains of Paul, and the holy conversion turned hares into lions. ¶ Here stood Moses in the Mount ; here Josua had fixed the station of the sun ; there the sling and stone of David overcome the great Goliath ; the honour of Lincoln sees the venerable wonder ; the rage of the sea sees the imperial trophy of God ; the four-fold plague sees the standards rise again against it with conquering palm. It saw, and was astonished ; and the pride of war felt that God fought for the boy ; nor was it quiet by its own will, but it burst, and received the feet of peace on its neck. ¶ O famous day, to be venerated through our age ! in

which the rage of war hid itself,—in which the peace-bringing sword subdued our pestiferous divisions,—in which the grace of Christ washed out the dishonour that had been brought forth, and with the font of faith, cleansed from the averted brow the disgrace which had been inscribed on it.

All authorities agree in describing the great pride, and avarice, and luxury of the nobles in general, but particularly of the Romish prelates, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The following poem is a fair specimen of the unsparing satire* which was universally directed against them by their contemporaries.

SONG ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIME.

[MS. Harl. No. 978, fol. 105, v^o, Reign of Hen. III.]

How wide and how long is the web of crimes with which our breasts, choked with vices, are enveloped, tell, and reveal, O muse, with a mournful countenance, if you care to touch the heart of the spectator with your lament.—The wretched and profane people seem to form their wishes in consideration, not of the price of virtue, but of flax or wool: what is done in the evening is unwrought in the morning. O cares of men! O how much emptiness there is in things!—Every eye is blind

* (?) Sermons.

to justice ; every mind is large to injustice ; a thousand hopes of men and the differing aspects of things depend on the dice and uses of fortune.—When chaste maidens* join in dance with the strumpet, when the Arabs† play the pauper under the robe of a beggar, when Tydeus denies his faith to his Polynices, then, if you are admitted to the spectacle, my friends, can you restrain your laughter?—If you are anxious to know all men by their several failings, who practise sloth, who are the plotters of treason, who the servants of Mammon, who the despisers of God, we must observe the manners of every age of life.—The boy, as he learns the use of feet, hates the doors, flies abroad ; he respects things and honours less than the least ; anger and joy succeed each other with short intervals, for his changes are sudden.—The youth flies from his tutor and confinement ; he delights in horses, dogs, dice, and wine, a hunter of his pleasures, whose occupation is with women, a slow provider of useful things, prodigal of money.—When arrived at manhood, that he may rule the citizens and dictate to the prætor, that he may extend his possessions with a longer cable, and fill his bags with greater treasure, he seeks riches and

* The Latin has "*Sabinæ*," which was often used for maidens, just as "*Thais*" was used for strumpet. See the latter word in "*Early Mysteries, and other Latin Poems*," note, page 131.

† Arabia was supposed to contain inexhaustible stores of riches.

friendships, and is a slave to honours.—Many serious troubles surround the old man, either that, from stinginess, he spares his perishing wealth, or that he handles his riches with fear, lest they should fall to the thief ; he is one who delays long, depending on hope, inactive, and greedy of the future.—Thus difference of time causes variety of ages ; the tender age is occupied on the affections of the heart, the man on lofty things, but he whom old age bends, his breast glows with avarice and miserable cupidity.—In this respect the whole mind of men grows old, which, while it seeks things external, is ignorant of itself in the pursuit ; ambition is not quieted by success : the love of money increases as fast as the money itself increases.—But in this point alone may vice claim some credit, that it is always prevalent among the great ; yet that disposition which respects no control is the more conspicuously criminal, in proportion as the sinner occupies a higher station,—Rome, lying in the depths of turpitude, ranks virtues beneath filthy lucre ; fluctuating under the waves of a vacillating mind, she overthrows, builds, and changes square things for round.—She despises the bland countenances at which but now she smiled ; she cherishes in her placid breast those whom before she rolled down ; while she receives money she treats and revisits : what she sought she despises, and seeks again what lately she let go.—If she does not perceive rightly a

thing in any manner whatever, and has not forgotten the custom which she first learnt, she smells of the custom of the cask, which will keep very long the odour with which it was once endued while fresh.—Before the cardinals and before the patriarch, a pound overcomes the Bible, money the accused, and a marc Marc, the law sparing to him who is not sparing, gives only as much grace as each has money in his purse.—If you seek the balance of the judges, you should seek it with copper, since the favour of the balance hangs from copper ; you should not ask respite, but ask what they ask ; whence you obtain it nobody will inquire, but you needs must have it.—When you are turned over to the notary pour out your bribes ; he will at once extricate you from your cause, when, why, or whence it may arise, and will subject the canons to the form that is round (*i.e.*, the coin), whom prosperity delights not a little.—Rome teaches all that they should fly over to expediency, that they should offer heart and hand to Mammon rather than to God ; thus it happens that the branches smell of a bad root ; where the head is infirm, the other members are in pain.—The archbishops tread under foot the necks of the clergy, and extort tears in order that they may be dried by gifts ; nor, if the poor wretches bring few or not good ones, do they take them in good part or acknowledge them with favour.—If anyone begins to complain of an injury, they immediately stretch

their ear to the cause, their hand to the gift ; if they once receive a thing of the plural number, to-morrow the same basenesses may be done as yesterday.—The bishop loves a cheerful giver, and dares either right or wrong after the smell of a bribe, unable to resume, after he has thrown shame aside, the blush once rejected from his worn brow.—Nor is there less baseness in the archdeacon ; whom he has once taken up, whether in earnest or in joke, he holds ; nor has he mercy for the needy or the naked ; the leech which will not let go the skin till he is filled with blood.—The dean, born to everlasting wiles, that he may explore the creed (symbolum) and the things which succeed, changing the tune of his tongue and yesterday's garments, migrates with humble speech to the obscure taverns.—The priest, whatever either the dead or the living give, carries all to his concubine,* to whom he gives himself and what he has ; he of the holy name and the equal mind, who meditates the law

* I have rendered the word "Focaria" by concubine, and not fireside-woman like Mr. Wright. It was the name given to the concubines of priests and clergy. It appears in the Decreta of Pope Alexander, printed in the history of Henry of Huntingdon: "Ne Clerici in sacris ordinibus constituti focarias habeant." Also in the Statutes of Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, MS. Cotton Julius D. ii, fol. 167, "De focariis amovendis," and just after, "De pœne et satisfactione focariarum." It is constantly used by Giraldus Cambrensis, E. G. Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, vol. ii. p. 525: "More sacerdotum parochialium Angliæ fere cunctorum damnabili quidem et detestabili, publicam secum habet comitem individuum et in foco focariam et in cubiculo concubinam."—E. G.

of the Lord by day and by night.—The laymen resting on the words of the clergy who depart from them, pay less attention to the words than to the character of the teacher : nor can laws subdue the senses of men by threats and torments, so much as the example of the ruler.—The luxurious princes stir kingdoms and states, that they may lead armies, inflicting the punishment of a tax on the rustic and the miserable citizen ; for whenever the kings run wild the Greeks pay the piper.—They who are occupied with the cares of the kingdom or of the court, detract while they smile, and when they flatter they are plotting damage or disgrace ; there is neither faith nor honesty in those who follow camps.—If a citizen perceive you, he caresses that he may burn you ; if you lay down ten, he puts the payment of his stake to another time ; he cheats you out of your own ; look to it, while it lasts ; he may perish behind the wine and the dice, who leaves care till to-morrow.—If anyone going to the houses of the lawyers, carries his money openly, he also is a simpleton ; for when he sleeps in his bed weary and full, people live by rapine, the guest is not safe from his host.—Thus rapine, snares, treachery, and strife, lead people into error, misery, and folly ; thus ambition and luxury, and the revered possession of riches, allure the foolish minds of all men.—But what availeth luxury and power to those miserable people who, despising virtues, esteem only things that produce

evil, such as gold, gems, and heaps of wealth? When our labour is expended on what is injurious to us, the misery of mortals is on the increase.—What avails it to talk of purple, gems, gold, land? With riches we have feuds, losses, pleas, fastings, fears, and justly sleepless cares come in a long train.—The poor man reigns more safely than he that amasses wealth, who, while the informer deprives the lord of his favour, or the lurking spoiler spoils him who is laden, he, an empty traveller, will sing before the thief.—They who are destitute often live more pleasantly under a slight hut of brick or mud, than those who are delicately clothed in the palaces of kings; he will be ever a slave who knows not how to use moderation.—But if you seek abundance of true property, reject superfluity, seek what is enough, strip yourself of riches and die naked; delay not this, for those who are prepared are ever injured by delay.—If while you are on your road to what is more useful, fear dissuade hope, or delay endanger success; change not your mind, nor slacken your reins; the grateful hour will arrive when least expected.—Treasure up that which you cannot abuse, having a care of the needy, the blind, the lame, and the dumb; serve your soul, and not your mind or your skin; you owe little to pleasure, but more to your salvation.—No one is safe on a king's throne, or in a sanctuary, since it can be expressed neither by tongue nor pen by how slender a thread the

destinies of men hang under the imminent approach of death.—While you navigate prosperously the far side of the sea, weigh not the present but the future, and considering the poop more than the prow or the oar, act as though you thought every day your last.*

The foreign policy of Henry III. was even less manly than that of his father. Among the many songs of the Normans and Poitevins, reclaiming the assistance of their ancient sovereign, *we* may give as an example the *Sirvente* of Bernard de Rovenac,† addressed to Henry and his contemporary James I., King of Aragon, from whom Louis IX. had taken Languedoc to give it as a portion to his brother Alphonsus. There is internal evidence that it was written about 1229, the year in which Henry III. made his ill-conducted expedition into Brittany.

A SIRVENTE AGAINST KING HENRY.

[Raynouard, *Choix*, tom. iv. p. 203.]

JA no vuellh do ni esmenda
 Ni grat retener
 Dels ricx ab lur falz saber,
 Qu'en cor ay que los reprene

TRANSLATION.—I wish neither for the gifts and favours—
 nor to obtain the good-will—of the rich, with their false

* What a *song*!

† For an account of this poet see "*Histoire Littéraire de France*," vol. xviii. p. 667.

Dels vils fatz mal yssemitz ;
 E no vuelh sia grazitz
 Mos sirventes entr' els flaxx nualhos,
 Paupres de cor et d'aver poderos.

Rey Engles prec que entenda,
 Quar fa dechazar
 Son pauc pretz per trop temer,
 Quar no'l play qu' els sieus defenda,
 Qu'ans es tan flaxx e marritz
 Que par sia adurmitz,
 Qu'el reys frances li tolh en plas perdos
 Tors et Angieus e Normans e Bretos.

Rey d'Arago, ses contenda,
 Deu ben nom aver
 Jacme, quar trop vol jazer ;
 E qui que sa terra s prenda,

wisdom ;—but I have in my heart the intention to reproach them—with their vile deeds ill-conceived ;—and I don't wish to be agreeable—my Sirventes among the cowardly idlers, —poor in heart and heavy in riches.

The English King, I pray him to hear it,—for he causes to fall—his little glory by too much timidity,—for it does not please him to defend his own people,—and thus he is so cowardly and so vile,—that he seems to be asleep,—while the French King takes from him with impunity—Tours, and Angiers, and Normans and Bretons.

The King of Aragon, without any doubt,—ought really to have the name—of James ; for he is too willing to lie down ;—and whoever it be that takes his land,—he is

El es tan flacx e chausitz
 Que sol res no y contraditz ;
 E car ven lay als Sarrazis fellos
 L'anta e'l dan que pren say vas Lymos.

Ja tró son payre car venda
 No pot trop valer,
 Ni s cug qu' ieu li diga plazer,
 Tró foc n'abraz e n'essenda
 E n' sian grans colps feritz ;
 Pueys er de bon pretz complitz,
 S'al rey frances merma sos tenezos,
 Quar el sieu fieu vol heretar N Anfos.

Coms de Toloza, la renda
 Que soletz tener
 De Belcaire us deu dolar,
 S'al deman faitz lonj' atenda

so cowardly and caitiff,—that he does not even struggle against it ;—and he revenges on that side against the felon Saracens—the shame and damage which he receives on this side towards Limoges.

Until he have revenged his father,—he cannot have much esteem,—nor let him imagine that I will speak to please him,—unless he ravage and put in flames,—and unless great blows be struck.—For there will have been accomplished great honour,—if he narrows the domains of the French King,—for Don Alfonse desires to inherit his fief.

Earl of Toulouse, the rent—which you used to hold—from Beaucaire, you ought to regret,—if he delays long in answering your demand,—yours, and that King's, because

Vos e 'l reys que us es plevitz ;
 L'enprendemen n'er aunitz,
 S'ar no vezem tendas e pabalhos,
 E murs fondre, e cazer autas tors.

Ricx homes, mal yssemitz,
 En vey hom vostres malz ditz,
 E laissera us, s'ie us vis arditz ni pros,
 Mas no us tem tan que ja m'en lays per vos.

you are in league ;—that undertaking will not be disgraced,—if we now see tents and pavilions,—and walls fall and high towers break.*

Rich men, ill-advised—one sees your evil sayings,—I would let you alone,—if I saw you hardy and courageous,—but I do not fear you so much as to leave off on your account.

The following Sirvente, by the same author, is also directed against Henry and James, and was written about the year 1250. It repeats the same articles of accusation, and its object was to persuade those kings to invade the dominions of Louis, while he was himself absent on his crusade.

A SIRVENTE AGAINST KING HENRY.

[Raynouard, tom. iv. p. 205.]

D'UN sirventes m'es grans volontatz preza,
 Ricx homes flacx, e non sai que us disses,

TRANSLATION.—I am seized by a great desire of writing a sirvente,—O rich yet cowardly men! and I know not

* This verse is far from clear.

Quar ja lauzor no y auria ben meza,
 Ni us aus blasmar, e val pauc sirventes
 Que laza quan blasmar deuria ;
 Pero si tot vos par follia,
 A me platz mais que us blasme dizen ver,
 Que si menten vos dizia plazer.

Amdos los reys an una cauz' empressa,
 Selh d' Arago et aisselh dels Engles,
 Que no sia per elhs terra defeza
 Ni fasson mal ad home qu'el lur fes,
 E fan merces e cortezia,
 Quar al rey que conquer Suria
 Laisson en patz lur fieus del tot tener ;
 Nostre Senher lur en deu grat saber.

Vergonha m pren, quant una gens conqueza
 Nos ten aissi totz vencutz e conques,

what I shall say to you,—for there will be little room for praise ;—nor dare I blame you, and a sirvente is worth little—which praises when it ought to blame :—but though it may seem all folly to you,—yet it pleases me more to blame you by telling the truth,—than if I spoke falsehood to please you.

Both the Kings have resolved on one thing,—he of Aragon and he of the English,—that by them the land shall not be defended,—and that they will do ill to no one who does ill to them ;—they are merciful and courteous ;—for they let the King who is conquering Syria—retain their fiefs altogether in peace ;—our Lord ought to be very thankful to them for it.

Shame seizes on me, when a vanquished people—holds us thus all subdued and conquered,—and such shame

E degr' esser aitals vergonha prezza,
 Quom a me pren, al rey Aragones
 E al rey que pert Normandia,
 Mas prez an aital companhia
 Que ja nulh temps no fasson lur dever,
 Et anc non vitz autre tan ben tener.

E pus no pren en la leuda torneza
 Qu'a Monpeslier li tollon siey borzes,
 Ni no y s venja de l'anta que y a preza,
 Ja no 'lh sia mais retragz Carcasses,
 Pos als sieus eys no s defendria,
 Assatz fa sol qu'en patz estia ;
 Patz non a ges senher ab gran poder,
 Quan sas antas torna a non chaler.

Ges trop lauzar, quan valors es mal meza,
 Non apel patz, quar mala guerra es ;

ought to seize—the King of Aragon, as seizes me,—and the King who loses Normandy,—but they take such company—that now they never perform their duty,—and I never saw another keep so quiet.

And afterwards he does not receive the tax,—which at Montpellier his burgesses take from him,—neither does he revenge himself of the disgrace he received there,—now Carcassonne may no more be recovered by him ; for he would not defend his own eyes,—his only endeavour is that he may be in peace ;—a noble lord with great power has no peace,—when he turns his ways to nonchalance.

To praise people too much, when valour is ill esteemed,—I do not call it peace, for it is bad war ;—nor shall it now

Ni ja per me non er per patz enteza,
 Mielhs deuria aver nom gauch de pages,
 E dels rixx que perdon tot dia
 Pretz, e ja fort greu no lur sia,
 Quar pauc perdon e pauc lur deu doler,
 Quar ges de pauc non pot hom trop mover.

Lo reys N Anfos a laissat cobezeza
 Als autres reys, qu'a sos ops non vol ges,
 Et a sa part elh a preza largueza,
 Mal a partit qui reptar l'en volgues ;
 E dic vos que m par vilania
 Qui partis e qui 'l mielhs s' atria
 Mas ges pertant non a fag non dever,
 Quar a pres so qu'elhs no volon aver.

be understood by me for peace,—it ought rather to have the name of pages' play,—and of the rich who lose every day—honour, and yet it grieves them not much,—for they lose little and need not grieve much,—for we cannot be moved much by a little thing.*

The king Don Alfonso has left covetousness—to the other kings, because he will not make use of it,—and he has taken for his share largess,—he has an ill share who wishes to recover this from him ; and I tell you that it appears to me villany,—when one shares and takes the best to himself ; yet no one has done otherwise than right,—when he has taken that which others will not have.

* This verse seems to have no meaning.

Ricx malastrux, s'ieu vos sabia
 Lauzor, volontiers la us diria ;
 Mas no us pessetz menten mi alezer,
 Que vostre grat no vuelh ni vostr' aver.

Rich men ill-advised, if I knew any thing in you—worthy of praise, I would willingly tell you of it:—but think not to induce me to lie,—for I desire neither your thanks nor your goods.

Heury's embarrassments at home were now becoming every day more numerous and more complicated. Scarcely any part of the nation, clergy, barons, or people, were any longer his friends. The following song (made in 1256) was evidently written by one belonging to the former of these classes, indignant at the taxes which the King, with the consent of the Pope, had levied on the clergy, in the vain hope of placing one of his sons on the throne of Sicily, and afterwards to pay the debt which he had contracted towards the supreme pontiff. The King of France, quoted as an example, was the saintly Louis IX.

THE SONG OF THE CHURCH.

[MS. Cotton. Jul. D. vii. fol. 133, v^o, of 13th century.]

*Istud canticum factum fuit anno gratia m^occ^olv^o
 supra desolatione Ecclesie Anglicane.*

Or est acumpli à men acient
 La pleinte Jeremie, ke ol avez suvent ;

TRANSLATION.—Now is accomplished as I conceive—the
 the plaint of Jeremiah, which you have often heard,—who

ke dit cument set sule
 cité pleine de fule
 Plurant amerement,
 ore est sanz mariage
 e mis en tailage,
 La dame de la gent,
 Cest est seint eglise trestut apertement,
 Ke est ja hunie e tut mis a vent :
 E si est maumise, nus veum cument.
 Ele gent e plure,
 n'a ad nul ke sucure
 De sun marement.
 Jà fu cleregie
 franche e à desus,
 Amée e cherie,
 nule ren pot plus.
 Ore est enservie,
 E trop envilie,
 e sbatu jus ;
 Par iceus est hunie,
 Dunt dut aver ale ;
 jo n'os dire plus.

tells how this sole—city full of people—bemoaning bitterly,—
 is now without marriage—and put in contribution,—the
 Lady of the people,—that is holy church very evidently,—
 who is now disgraced and all put to sale ;—and truly is she
 in ill case, we see how.—She laments and weeps,—there is
 none who helps her—out of her desolation.

Formerly clergy was—free and uppermost,—loved and
 cherished,—nothing could be more so.—Now it is en-
 slaved,—and too much debased,—and trodden down.—By

Li rois ne l'apostoile ne pensent autrement,
 Mès coment au clers tolent lur or e lur argent.
 Co est tute la summe,
 ke la pape de Rume
 Al rei trop consent,
 pur aider sa curune
 la dime de clers li dune,
 De ço en fet sun talent.

Jo ne quid pas ke li rois face sagement,
 Ke il vit de roberie ke il de la clergie prent.
 Jà ne fra bone prise,
 pur rober seinte eglise ;
 Il la say verament.
 Ke vot aver semblance,
 regarde le rois de France
 E sun achievement.

those is it disgraced,—from whom it ought to have help ;—
 I dare not say more.

The King and the Pope think of nothing else,—but how
 they may take from the clergy their gold and their silver.—
 This is the whole affair,—that the Pope of Rome—yields
 too much to the King,—to help his crown,—the tenth of the
 clergy's goods he gives him,—and with that he does his
 will.

I do not think that the King acts wisely,—for he lives of
 robbery which he commits upon the clergy.—He will never
 be a gainer,—by robbing holy church ;—he knows it truly.—
 He who seeks an example,—let him regard the King of
 France—and his achievement.

The next Song, directed against the avarice of the Bishops, appears to be of about the same date. In the manuscript it is written, like the foregoing, as prose.

A SONG AGAINST THE BISHOPS.*

[From the same folio of the same MS.]

LICET æger cum ægrotis
 Et ignotus cum ignotis,
 Fungar tamen vice totis,
 Jus usurpans sacerdotis ;
 flete, Syon filiæ,
 præsides ecclesiæ
 imitantur hodie
 Christum a remotis.

Jacet ordo clericalis
 In respectu laicalis,

TRANSLATION.—Although sick with those who are sick, and unknown with those who are unknown, yet I will assume all characters in turn, usurping the right of the priest : weep, ye daughters of Sion, the bishops of the Church at the present day are but remote imitators of Christ !

The clerical order is debased in respect of the laity ; the spouse of Christ is made venal,—she that is noble, common ;

* This is evidently one of the few Latin *songs* in the volume. I have therefore preserved the original text.

Sponsa Christi fit venalis,
Generosa generalis ;
 vенеunt altaria,
 venit eucharistia,
 cum sit nugatoria
Gratia venalis.

Donum Dei non donatur
Nisi gratis conferatur ;
Quod qui vendit vel mercatur,
Lepra Syri vulneratur ;
 quem sic ambit ambitus,
 ydolorum servitus
 templo sancti spiritus
Non compaginatur.

In diebus juventutis
Timent annos senectutis,
Ne fortuna destitutis
Desit eis splendor cutis.

the altars are for sale ; the eucharist is for sale, although venal grace is vain and frivolous.

God's gift is not given if it be not conferred gratis ; and he who sells and makes merchandise of it, is, in so doing struck with the leprosy of Syrus ; the service of idols, at which his ambition thus aims, may not be engrafted on the temple of the Holy Spirit.

In their days of youth, they look forwards to old age with fear, lest, deserted by fortune, they possess no longer their

Sed dum quæerunt medium,
vertunt in contrarium,
fallit enim vitium
Specie virtutis.

Tu qui tenes hunc tenorem,
Frustra dicis te pastorem ;
Nec te regis ut rectorem,
Rerum mersus in ardorem :
Hæc est alia
sanguisugæ filia,
quam venalis curia
Duxit in uxorem.

sleek skin. But while they seek the mean, they turn into the contrary extreme ; for vice deceives them in the guise of virtue.

Thou who holdest this course, vainly thou callest thyself a pastor ; neither dost thou govern thyself like a ruler, immersed in the heat of temporary affairs ; she is another—daughter of the leech, whom the venal court has taken to wife.

The following is another bitter satire on the vices of the great, during the reign of Henry III. Who were the four brothers against whom the song is more particularly directed, would not be easily ascertained without other particulars besides those here furnished.

A SONG ON THE TIMES.

[MS. Harl. No. 978, fol. 123, v^o, of the 14th cent.]

Everybody has a right to satirise the world's vices ; for now I see many in the world err, despise what is good, love what is bad, and most frequently turning off spontaneously to evil.—Because the world is depraved, it knows how to do injury ; it knows how to act ill, but not how to repent ; the flesh will do all it can to possess whatever it desires, but is unable to fulfil God's commandments.—Now nobody is esteemed unless he knows how to litigate ; unless he can cavil cunningly in law-suits ; unless he can overreach the simple ; unless he know how to amass abundance of money.—The state of the world is at the present day constantly changing ; it is always becoming miserably worse ; for he who spares nobody, and who is bent most on gain, is most beloved and most commended.—The King and his nobles are sufficiently bitter ; almost all the rich men are too avaricious ; the poor man, who possesses little, must be robbed and spoiled of his property to enrich the wealthy.—The rich man is blinded by superfluous wealth ; his whole mind is occupied with temporal matters ; and, since he is too much pleased with vanities, he puts off the doing good, but avoids not the evil.—Of the prelates, there are very many who, having no fear of

God, do evil under the mask of good, and they often do more injury than the laymen ; they take great care of the body, but feed ill the mind.—Now impiety reigns, piety is driven away, and noble liberality is sent into far exile ; for narrow stinginess is the companion of many, and thus in many charity is become cold.—Right and wrong march nearly on an equal footing ; there is now scarcely one who is ashamed of doing what is unlawful ; the man is held dear who knows how to flatter, and he enjoys a singular privilege.—Lucre is a thing too much sought after ; whoever has an eye to it is considered prudent ; he who keeps very close what he has, is called a wise man ; he who gives liberally, is set down for a fool.—Treachery accompanies avarice ; perfidy is now put on equality with honesty ; for he who knows how to deceive, is proclaimed a prudent man ; and he who does most ill is most prized.—There are four persons in particular who work thus ; who, even while doing ill, are meditating to do worse ; whose crimes are sufficiently declared below, and whose names are as follows :—They are four brothers, Robert, and Richard ; next Gilbert, a true Vandal ; the fourth is a bastard brother, Geoffrey, who is a sluggard, and slow to do anything good.—Each of them has a very appropriate name, by which his own character is described ; for if anyone interpret rightly the names, he may know most accurately what each signifies.—By

Robert, is very sufficiently indicated a *robber*; and by *Richard*, with much fitness, a *rich hard man*; *Gilbert* is not without reason called a *guiler*; and *Geoffrey* is, if we come to the point, changed into *jo frai* (i.e., I will do it).—By these people's names, which are thus described, are denoted the habit, and fraud, and works, of many men; and in order that these may be made more manifest to all, they are here published better and more fully—*Robert* fleeces, extorts, and threatens; and *Richard* keeps all he gains; *Gilbert* deceives, and afterwards boasts of it; *Geoffrey* procrastinates, and does nothing.—I will follow up the truth now in full cry; every ravenous man is the companion of *Robert*; a false and miserly man is similar to *Gilbert*; a slow and listless man is, without doubt, a *Geoffrey*.—The latter idly protracts the time, behindhand at whatever hour is appointed, he neglects to do what is good, and by putting off the good he falls into that which is evil, and he is always backward in acting well:—he promises anything, but will perform nothing; he always says, “I will do,” but never does; but when death is at hand, he begins to lament: there is great danger in repenting so late.—Let everyone take care that he is not himself deceived; let him try to repent before his end, that he may merit well while he is in health, lest by putting it off, he chance to die before it is done.—The Lord, who is the fountain and author of the highest degree of

piety, give us here the inclination so to mourn for our faults, and to be penitent spontaneously while we are in health, that in the next world we may be in joy with the saints ! Amen.

A perpetual subject of popular outcry against the great, during this and the following centuries, was afforded by the foreign and extravagant fashions in dress, which were prevalent. A glance at the illuminations in contemporary manuscripts will show us that these complaints were not without foundation. We, even at the present day, can with difficulty conceive the immense sums which were in former days expended on the toilet. This profusion was frequently and severely commented upon in the prose writings of the clergy, and was not uncommonly the subject of popular satire. The following poem upon the tailors is very playful.

SONG UPON THE TAILORS.

[MS. Harl. 978, fol. 99, v^o, reign of Hen. III.]

I have said, ye are gods ; why should I omit
the service which should be said on festival days ?
Gods certainly ye are, who can transform an old
garment into the shape of a new one. The cloth,
while fresh and new, is made either a cape or
mantle ; but, in order of time, first it is a cape,
after a little space this is transformed into the
other ; thus ye “change bodies.”—When it

becomes old, the collar is cut off ; when deprived of the collar, it is made a mantle : thus, in the manner of Proteus, are garments changed ; nor is the law of metamorphosis a new discovery. With their shape they change their sex ; the primates of the church privately close up again what was before torn ; nor is it given, assuredly, till it has first undergone the fortune of Tiresias. When, at length, winter returns, many engraft immediately upon the cape a capuce ; * then it is squared ; after being squared it is rounded ; and so it becomes an aumuce.† If there remain any morsels of the cloth or skin which is cut, it does not want a use : of these are made gloves ; a glove is called in Greek “the placing of the hands.” This is the general manner they all make one robe out of another, English, Germans,‡ French, and Normans, with scarcely an exception. Thus *cape* is declined ; but *mantle* otherwise.—In the first year, while it is still fresh, the skin and the cloth being both new, it is laid up in a box ;

* Latin *capucium*. The name capuce was given sometimes to a separate piece of apparel with which the head was covered, and at others to the upper part of the tunic of the monks which covered the head. Here it must be taken in the former sense. For the different senses of the word see Ducange.

† Latin *almucium*. The aumuce was a separate article of clothing which covered both head and shoulders.

‡ Latin *Tyris*. This was a French or Anglo-Norman form of the Latin *Teutonicus*.

when, however, the fur begins to be worn off, and the thread of the seams broken, the skin is circumcised. Thus the mantle is made a Jew ; here lays the cloth, there the skin, after the first divorce : being separated from its former husband, after separation it passes in reparation to marriage with a second husband. But what will you say is a greater crime ? this is clearly against right ; for if she have married a second, the marriage is broken, when a new conjunction is made in spite of the reclamations of the old partner. It is neither canonic nor wise to marry two cloths to one fur, and so we judge it. Do the decretals permit this ? No : on the contrary, every canon declares, that it is no marriage. The cloth having been first circumcised, then widowed and separated from its skin, now having experienced Judaism, is cleansed by baptism, from every stain (*i.e.*, it is dyed). Being circumcised and cleaned, and having obtained the testimony of both laws, he whom baptism has cleansed, contracts a new marriage with a second skin. Being devoid of hair, and worn by use, from Esau having become Jacob, when the hair is fallen from it, the process is inverted, and again conversely from Jacob it becomes Esau. The hairy part is turned out, but the old part, concealed inwardly, is bare of hairs. Now the hypocritical mantle, in order that there may be nothing lost, is given to the servant for his wages.

We are now approaching the eventful period of the Barons' wars. The turbulent Welshmen were ever ready to seize an opportunity of invading the Marches ; and the following song, whether it were composed by one of them, or be the work of one of the English who took the opportunity of satirising them, gives us a fair picture of the spirit in which they interfered.

THE SONG OF THE WELSH.

[From the Public Library of Leyden, MS. Vossius, No. 104, fol. 144, r^o, of the 13th cent.]

The Cambrians, who are used to slay the Saxons, salute their relations the Britons and Cornish-men : they require them to come with their sharp swords to conquer their Saxon enemies. Come now, vigorously, armed with coats of mail ; a great part of the Saxons are fallen in mutual slaughter, the remainder shall be slain by us : now is the time for you to show of what blood you are sprung.—The soothsayer Merlin never said a thing that was vain ; he foretold that the mad people should be expelled. And you do not keep this wise counsel ; observe deceitful people of whom the whole race is accursed.—If our valiant predecessor, King Arthur, had been now alive, I am sure not one of the Saxon walls would have resisted him ; he would have been

hard to them, spite of their prayers, as they have deserved.—May the Omnipotent procure him a successor only similar to him, I would not desire a better, who may deliver the Britons from their old grievance, and restore to them their country and their country's glory.—May it please the uncle of Arthur to obtain this for us, a certain very great saint, [to send] the Englishman over the sea ; we know that his festival is approaching on the kalends of March (St. David's day), may he make it his study to recall the Britons to their native land.—Sons imitate their virtuous fathers, so let the Britons take Arthur for their example in valour ; they show from what a good and brave man they are descended ; as Arthur was, so let them be, conquerors !—The Roman power reigned at Paris, the bold giant Frollo* with the bearish mind ; him Arthur slew : every person of good faith believes it : witness the tent and the Parisian island.—He is a madman who kills the noble Britons : it seems that he holds them thus hated ; for he invidiously proclaims them hateful always and incessantly, who he hears are victorious.—Of

* Frollo is a famous character in the fabulous history of Arthur, and is there said to have been King of Paris under the Romans. When hard pressed by Arthur after he had conquered all France and all Germany, he took refuge in Paris, and was there besieged. The people in the city, beginning to feel the effect of famine, persuaded Frollo to engage Arthur in single combat ; the fight took place in the *Insula Parisiensis*, close to where Notre Dame now stands.

this nation there have been four great commanders, Arthur and Broinsius, powerful warriors ; Constantine and Brennius,* more powerful, if it were possible ; these held the monarchy by reason of their being the best.—France can only boast of her Charlemaine ; and England glories in the valour of King Richard ; a larger number overcomes a smaller, because a four-fold glory increases the valour of the King.—To these latter it was granted to reign within their own bounds ; to the others, to triumph, over commanders, governors, and kings, with whom they can in no respect claim equality : it is a far greater thing to command, than to reign.

The following fragment of what appears once to have been a long ballad, made to be sung in the halls of the Barons, seems to have been written soon after the disturbances in London in 1263, though there is not enough preserved to enable us to determine the precise occasion on which it was composed. Several nobles are here joined together, who afterwards took different sides.

* Broinsius is unknown to me. Brennius was probably the conqueror of Rome.

THE SONG OF THE BARONS,*

[A roll of parchment, of the 13th cent., in a private library.]

• • • •

Mès de Warennē† ly bon quens,
 Que tant ad richesses et biens,
 Si ad apris de guere,
 En Norfolk en cel pens[is]
 Vint conquerrant ses enemis,
 Mès ore ne ad que fere.

TRANSLATION.—But the good Earl of Warene,—who has so much riches and property,—and has skill in war,—into Norfolk in this thought—came conquering his enemies,—but now he has nothing to do.

* The transcript of this very curious fragment was communicated to Mr. Wright by Sir Frederick Madden. The original is written in a contemporary hand on a roll 22 inches long by 3 inches broad; it was in 1838 in the possession of the Rev. Dr. Richard Yerburgh, vicar of Sleaford, in Lincolnshire. Such rolls appear to be common. A very curious vellum roll of the 15th century, containing chiefly religious songs with the music, and, among the rest, a copy of the well-known song on the battle of Agincourt, printed by Percy, is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. Another, of the 13th century, was found amongst the papers of Sir John Hanmer, containing an Anglo-Norman romance, previously unknown, on the adventures of Melors, son of Melians of Cornwall. Among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum is an early copy of the curious poem of Walter de Biblesworth, designed for the instruction of children in the French language, written in a similar manner upon a roll of parchment, evidently for the purpose of being more easily used in a school.

† John, Earl of Warene, a supporter of the Royal party.

Sire Jon Giffard deit bien nomé,*
 Que n'out gueres un pem . . é
 En cele chivauchée ;
 E si fu touz jors à devant,
 Prus e sages et pernant,
 E de grant renomée.

Et Sire Jon D'Ayville,†
 Que onques ni aima treyson ne gile,
 Fu en lur companie ;
 Et sire Peres de Montfort,
 Si tint bien à lur acord,
 Si out grant seignurie.

Sir John Gifford ought well to be named,—who had scarcely a . . . —in this riding-bout ;—and he was always forward,—valiant and wise, and active,—and of great renown.

And Sir John Dayville,—who never loved treason or guile,—was in their company ;—and Sir Peter de Montfort,—he held firm to their agreement,—and had great seignory.

* Sir John Giffard, of Brimsfield, in Gloucestershire, a firm supporter of the Barons. When Sir Roger de Clifford gave up Gloucester to Prince Edward, Giffard fortified his castle of Brimsfield, and annoyed the Royalist garrison. See Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, pp. 538-9.

† Sir John D'Ayville headed the Barons who established themselves at Chesterford, in the Peak, after the death of Simon de Montfort, at Evesham. He afterwards held the Isle of Ely against the King. See Robert of Gloucester, p. 564.

Et de Clifford ly bon Roger*
 Se contint cum noble ber,
 Si fu de grant justice ;
 Ne suffri pas petit ne grant,
 Ne arère ne par devant,
 Fere nul mesprise.

Et Sire Roger de Leyburne,†
 Que sà et là sovent se torne,
 Mout ala conquerrant ;
 Assez mist paine de gainer,
 Pur ses pertes restorer,
 Que Sire Edward le fist avant.

Mout furent bons les barons ;
 Mès touz ne sai nomer lur nons,
 Tant est grant la some :

And the good Roger de Clifford—behaved like a noble baron,—and exercised great justice ;—he suffered neither little nor great,—neither behind or before,—to do any wrong.

And Sir Roger de Leyburne,—who often turns him on this side and on that,—made great progress conquering ;—he laboured much to gain,—to restore his losses,—which Sir Edward had caused him before.

Right good men were the barons :—but I cannot tell all their names,—the number is so great :—therefore I return

* Roger de Clifford delivered Gloucester Castle to Prince Edward.

† Sir Roger Leyburn was at first a partisan of the Barons, and was taken prisoner at Rochester Castle, when he was probably visited with the penalties alluded to in the song. He was afterwards seduced by the Royal party, and made Warden of the Cinque ports.

Pur ce revenk al quens Simon,
 Pur dire interpretison,
 Coment hom le nome.

Il est apelé de Monfort,
 Il est el mond et si est fort,
 Si ad grant chevalerie ;
 Ce voir, et je m'acort,
 Il eime dreit, et het le tort,
 Si avera la mestrie.

El mond est verëement ;
 Là ou la comun à ly concent,
 De la terre loée ;
 C'est ly quens de Leycestre,
 Que baut et joius se puet estre
 De cele renomée.

to Karl Simon,—to give the interpretation,—what is his name.

He is called de Montfort ;—he is in the world (*monde*), and he is strong (*forte*) ;—and he has great chivalry :—this is true, and I agree to it,—he loves right and hates wrong,—and he shall have the mastery.

He is truly in the world,—there where the commons are in accord with him—which are praised of the land ;—it is the Count of Leicester,—who may be glad and joyous—of this renown.

Ly eveske de Herefort*
 Sout bien que ly quens fu fort,
 Kant il prist l'affère :
 Devant ce esteit mult fer,
 Les Engleis quida touz manger,
 Mes ore ne set que fere.
 Et ly pastors de Norwis,†
 Qui devoure ses berbis,
 Assez sout de ce conte ;
 Mout en perdi de ses biens,
 Mal ert que ly lessa riens,
 Ke trop en saveit de honte.
 Et Sire Jon de Langelé,‡
 Soune chose fu gainé,
 Deheiz eit que l'en pleine !

The Bishop of Hereford—knew well that the Earl was strong,—when he took the matter in hand ;—before that he (the Bishop) was very fierce ;—he thought to eat up all the English ;—but now he does not know what to do.

And the pastor of Norwich,—who devours his own sheep, knows enough of this story ;—he lost much of his goods ;—it is pity they left him anything,—who was too much acquainted with shame.

And Sir John de Langley,—his property was gained,—cursed be he who complains of it ;—all he had my lord

* Pierre D'Aigleblanche, Bishop of Hereford, a staunch supporter of the Kings. He was in 1263 seized by the Barons, and imprisoned.

† Simon de Wanton, Bishop of Norwich from 1257 to 1265.

‡ According to the *Annales de Dunstaple*, the estates of G. de Langley were plundered soon after the arrest of the Bishop of Hereford. (Vol. i. p. 354.) Perhaps this was the same person.

Tot le soen en fust porter¹
 De Clifort mi Sire Roger,
 Ne vout que rien remeine.

Ne à Sire Mathi de Besile*
 Ne lesserent une bile,
 En champ u en vile.
 Tot le soen fu besilé,
 E cointement fu detrussé
 Par un treget† sanz gile.

Mès mi Sire Jon de Gray‡
 Vint à Lundres, si ne sai quoi,
 Que must une destance

Roger de Clifford—caused to be carried away ;—he would let nothing remain.

Neither to Sir Matthew de Besile—did they leave one farthing,—in country or in town.—All his property was ravaged,—and neatly was he stripped—by a treaty without guile.

But Sir John de Gray—came to London, and some thing

* Should perhaps be Macai ; Robert of Gloucester and Stowe call him Macy. He was a French knight, and made Sheriff of Gloucester by the King ; the Barons came and turned him out, substituting a new sheriff ; Macy collected a body of men and turned his rival out. Sir Roger de Clifford and Sir John Giffard besieged him, and imprisoned him with the Bishop of Hereford.

† The original "treget" probably represents *trengellum*, a little truce.

‡ Sir John Gray in 1263 was mobbed by the Londoners, who robbed him of thirty-two horses. See *Annales de Dunstable*, vol. i. p. 337.

Par entre Lundres et ly,
Que tot son hernois en perdi,
Ce fu sa meschance.

Et Sire Willem le Latimer*
Vint à Lundres pur juer,

• • • •

or other—made a quarrel—between London and him,—that
he lost all his harness;—that was his mischance.

And Sir William le Latimer—came to London to play, . . .

The following satirical song seems to have been written on the occasion of the intermediation of Louis IX. of France, between the contending parties in England, in the beginning of the year 1264. Much of its point consists in a rather gross play upon words; it is written in a very broad dialect; and the numerous instances of bad French, which are observed in it, were, no doubt, committed intentionally, to increase the hilarity of the listeners, at the expense of the English and their King.

* Sir William le Latimer appears to have afterwards accompanied Prince Edward to the Holy Land, and was at the siege of Caerlaverock, in 1300. He died in 1305, at an advanced age. Knighton calls him "miles strenuissimus."

SONG OF THE PEACE WITH ENGLAND.*

From a MS. of the 13th century, in the Bibl. du Roi, at Paris, No. 7218, fol. 220, v^o.]

Or vint la tens de May, que ce ros panirra,
Que ce tens serra beles, roxinol chanterra,
Ces prez il serra verdes, ces gardons florirra ;
J'ai trova à ma cul .j. chos que je dirra.

TRANSLATION.—Now comes the time of May, when the rose will open,—when the seasons will be fair, and the nightingale sing,—the fields will be green, and the gardens will bloom ;—I have found behind me a thing which I will relate.

* The "Song of Peace with England" had been previously printed by Mons. Achille Jubinal, well known for his numerous publications of early French literature, in a very curious volume, entitled "Jongleurs et Trouvères," 8vo. Paris, 1835. M. Jubinal also gave a translation into modern French of this song, as well as of the piece I am now going to mention, in the "Journal de l'Institut Historique," January, 1835, which has been reproduced in the "Histoire de Saint Louis," by the Marquis de Villeneuve-Trans, 8vo. Paris, 1839, vol. iii. p. 614. In the MS. from which this song is printed, it is accompanied by a piece in prose on the same event, and of a similar character, entitled "La Chartre de la Pais aus Anglois," which I venture to reprint here from M. Jubinal's book, as the latter is now out of print, and very scarce. It will be observed that the same style of gross joking which is found in the song, runs through the charter : a double meaning was evidently intended, for example, in the words *qu'il fu fet .i. gros pes entre*, &c., which might be taken as signifying, in this broken French, either *grossa pax*, or *grossus peditus* :—

"LA CHARTRE DE LA PAIS AUS ANGLOIS.

"Ce sache sil qui sont et qui ne sont mi, et qui ne doivent mi estre, qu'il fu fet .i. gros pes entre ce rai Hari d'Ingletey, et ce riche homme Loys à Parris sarra forretier de ce grant forrest à Normandi. Et quant ce rai Hari d'Ingletey voudra vanchier par son terre, ce riche homme Loys à Parris voudra donier à ce rai Hari meismes .ii. poronssores à mester soy son houses, por ester plus minet ; et quant ce rai Hari

De ma ray d'Ingleters qui fu à bon naviaus,
 Chivaler vaelant, hardouin, et léaus,
 Et d'Adouart sa filz qui fi blont sa chaviaus,
 Mai covint que je faites .j. dit troute noviaus.

Et de ce rai de Frans, cestui longue baron,
 Qui tenez Normandi à tort par mal choison ;
 Lonc tens fout-il croupier sor Parris son maison,
 Qu'il onc for por .i. gaire ne chauça d'asperon.

Of my King of England, who is in a good ship,—a valiant knight, hardy, and loyal,—and of Edward his son, who hath flaxen hair,—it pleases me to make a saying which is quite new.

And of that King of France, that long baron,—who held Normandy wrongfully by ill event ;—long time did he settle his house upon Paris,—that he never but for a war alone put on his spur.

voudra aler de mort à vie, cestui riche homme Loys à Parris, devra donier à d'Adouart sa filz cesti chos meism, souz vise quitement, francement di-je, c'avant c'arier. C'est donques à saver .i. poronssores quant il voudra vauchier par son terre à meter soz son houses, por ester plus minet aussinc comme à sa pierre. Et por ce que je vécle que ce chos fout fiens en estable, je vécle pendey ma saiele a ce cul par derrier, avoecques la saiele à mi barons d'Ingleter. L'an de l'incarnacion nostres sinors Jesoucriet mimes qui souffri mort à la crucefemie por nous, m. cc. lx. i. ij. et iij, à ce jodi assolier, derrière ce vendredi, à orre que Marri Masalaine chata ce honissement à honissier les. v. plais Jesoucriet nostre sinors mimes, qui souffra mort à la croucefim por nous, et Marri Mauvaise-alaine potez ce honissement à la Saint Supoucre ; et Marri Mauvaise-alaine vèz l'angiel, et l'angiel pona : 'Marri ! Marri ! quei quieré vous quei ?' Et Marri pona : 'Je queres Jhesum qui fout à la crucefemie.' Et l'angel pona à Marri : 'Marri ! Marri ! aléici, aléici : il ne fout pas çï, il fout alé cestui matin à Galerrie.'

Sinor, tendez à mai ; ne devez pas rier :
 Ce navel que je port doit tout le mont crier.
 L'autr'ier je fi à Londres une grosse concier ;
 Là ne movra baron la meilleur ne la pier,

Que tout ne fout venez à ce grand plaidement.
 Là arra fet tel chos, je craie vraiment,
 Qu 'i farra rois François .i. grant poentement
 De ce terres qu'il tient contre le Glaise gent.

Sinor, lonc tens fout-il que Mellins profita
 Que Philippes de Frans, .i. sinor qui fi jà,
 Conquerra tout ce ters quanqu'il fout par deçà,
 Mès toute vois, dit je l', qu'encore Glais l'arra.

Or sont-il vint le tans que Glais voura vauchier ;
 S'il trovez la François qui la voura groncier,

Lords, attend to me ; you must not laugh :—all the world ought to cry this news which I bring.—The other day there was at London a great assembly ;—there no baron, from the best to the worst, would move,

But they would all come to this great debating.—There would have been done such a thing, I believe truly,—that it would have caused the French King a great fright—concerning the lands which he holds against the English people.

Lords, it is a long time since Merlin prophesied—that Philip of France, a lord who was formerly,—should conquer all the land, such as it is, on this side ;—but, at all events, I say it, the English will still have it.

Now is come the time that the English will make an inroad,—if he should find the French inclined to grumble,—

Qui parra si froirrous d'espé ou de levrier,
Qu'il n'arra talant por gondre Glais grondier.

Le bon rai d'Ingleteer se traina à .i. part,
Li et Trichart sa frer irrous comme lipart.
Il suspire de cul, si se claima à l'art,—
“ Hui Diex ! com puis-je voir de Normandi ma
part ? ”

“ Ne vous maie mi,” dit la conte à Clocestre,*
“ Vous porra bien encors ; tel chos poistron bien
estre,
Se Diex salva ma cul, ma pié, et ma poing destre,
Tu sarra sus Parris encore troute mestre.”

who would appear frightened by swords and by grey-hounds (?),—that he would have no courage to grumble against the English.

The good King of England drew himself on one side,—he and Richard his brother, as angry as leopards.—He sighs from his a—e, and so cries with alacrity,—“ O God ! how may I have my part of Normandy ? ”

“ Do not disturb yourself at all,” said the Earl of Gloucester,—“ you may still do it ; such things may still easily be,—if God preserve my backside, my foot, and my right fist,—thou shalt still be entire master over Paris.”

* Gilbert de Clare, who succeeded his father in the earldoms of Hereford and Gloucester in 1262. He joined the Barons, but left their party before the battle of Evesham.

La cont Vincestre* dit au buer rai d'Ingletiere,
 "Rai, rai, veus-tu sивier? Festes mouvoir ton
 guere,
 Et je te conduira tre-tout ton gent à foire :
 Tu porras Normandi à ce pointes conquerre."

"Se je pois rai François à bataille contrier,
 Et je porrai mon lance desus son cul poier,
 Je crai que je ferra si dourrement chier
 Qu'il se brisa son test, ou ma cul fu rompier.

Je prendrez bien droitur, se je puis, à Diex poise,
 Quant j'arra en mon main Normandi et Pontoise ;
 Je ferra soz Parris achier mon gent Gloise,
 Puis vondrai prender Frans, maugré conte d'An-
 goise.

The Earl of Winchester said to the noble King of Eng-
 land,—“King, King, wilt thou follow? Set agoing the
 war,—and I will conduct all thy people in abundance :—at
 this juncture thou wilt be able to conquer Normandy.”

“If I can constrain the King of France to a battle,—and
 I can strike his backside with my lance,—I think that I
 shall make him fall so hard—that he will break his head, or
 my tail will be broken.

“I will take good right, if I can, with God's will,—when
 I shall have in my hand Normandy and Poitou,—I will
 make my English people approach to Paris,—and then I
 will go to take France in spite of the Earl of Anjou.

* Roger de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, who died in
 1264, whereby the title became extinct.

Par la .v. plais à Diex, François maubali sont ;
 Si g'i la puis grapier, certes il chateront.
 Quant Inglais irront là, mult bahot i serront ;
 Par la mort Dieu ! je crai que toutes s'enfuironr."

Sir Symon à Montfort atendi ce navel,
 Doncques sailli à piez ; il ne fout mie bel.
 A dit à rai Inglais, " Par le cors saint Anel !
 Lessiez or cesti chos :—François n'est mi anel.

Se vous aler seur leus, il se voudra dafandre :
 Toute ta paveillons metra feu à la cendre.
 Il n'a si vaelant qui l'ose mi atendre ;
 Mult sarra maubali qui le François puet prendre."

" Qoi dites-vous, Symon ? " pona Rogier Bigot ;*
 ' Bien tenez-vous la rai por binart et por sot ?

" By the five wounds of God ! the French are in bad case ;—if I can lay hold upon them, truly they shall be punished.—When the English go there, there will be a great disturbance ;—God's death ! I think they will all fly away."

Sir Simon de Montfort heard this speech,—then he leaped on his feet ; he did not look very handsome.—Says he to the English King, " By the body of the holy Lamb !—now let this thing alone ; the Frenchman is not a lamb.

" If you attack them, they will defend themselves :—he will burn all thy tents to ashes.—There is no man so valiant who dare wait for him ; they will be in ill case whom the Frenchman can catch."

" What is that you say, Simon ? " replied Roger Bigot ;
 —" do you take the King for a simpleton and a fool ?—if

* Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk.

Fout insi hardouin que vous sone plus mot,
Ne te pot besoner por vostre mileur cot !”

“Sir Rogier,” dit la rai, “por Dieu, ne vous
chaele !

Ne sai mi si irrous contre ce merdaele.
Je ne dout mi François tout qui sont une mele ;
Je farra ma talent comment la chos ae.

Je pandra bien Parris, je suis toute certaine ;
Je bouterra le fu en cele eve qui [fu] Saine ;
La moulins arderra ; ce fi chos mult gravaine
Se n'i menja de pain de troute la semaine.

[P]ar la .v. plais à Diex, Parris fout vil mult grant
Il i a .i. chapel dont je fi coetant ;
Je le ferra portier, à .i. charrier rollant,
A Saint Amont* a Londres toute droit en estant.

you are so bold as to say another word,—you will not serve
yourself with your best coat.”

“Sir Roger,” said the King, “for God’s sake don’t be in
a heat ;—I am not so angry against this scamp.—I don’t care
half a farthing for all the French that are ;—I will do as
I like, let the matter go as it will.

“I will easily take Paris, I am quite certain ;—I will set
fire to the river which is called Seine ;—I will burn the mill ;
this will be a very grievous thing,—if they eat no bread all
the week.

“By the five wounds of God ! Paris is a very great city !
—There is a chapel, of which I am desirous ;—I will cause
it to be carried in a rolling cart,—straight to Saint Amont
in London, just as it stands.

* Perhaps St. Edmund.

Quant j'arra soz Parris mené tout me naviaus,
 Je ferra le moustier Saint Dinis la Chanciaus
 Corronier d'Adouart soz sa blonde chaviaus.
 La voudra vous toer de vaches à porciaus.

Je crai que vous verra là endret grosse fest,
 Quant d'Adouart arra corroné France test.
 Il l'a bien asservi, ma fil ; il n'est pas best ;
 Il fout buen chivaler, hardouin, et honest."

"Sir rai," ce dit Rogier, "por Dieu à mai entent ;
 Tu m'as percé la cul, tel la pitié m'a prent.
 Or doint Godelamit, par son culmandement,
 Que tu fais cestui chos bien glorieusement !"

Explicit la pais aus Englois.

"When I have led all my ships to Paris,—I will cause
 the Chancellor in the monastery of St. Denis—to crown
 Edward on his flaxen hair.—There I will kill for you cows
 and pigs.

"I believe that you will see there a great feast,—when
 France shall have crowned Edward's head. He has well
 deserved it, my son ; he is no fool ;—he is a good knight,
 brave, and courteous."

"Sir King," said Roger, "for God's sake listen to me ;—
 thou hast pierced my behind, so much has pity overcome
 me ;—Now may God Almighty ordain, by his command-
 ment,—that thou perform this thing very gloriously !"

Here endeth the Peace with the English.

END OF VOL. I.

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THE
POLITICAL SONGS
OF ENGLAND,
FROM KING JOHN TO KING EDWARD II.





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THE
POLITICAL SONGS
OF ENGLAND,
FROM THE REIGN OF JOHN TO THAT OF
EDWARD II.

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POLITICAL SONGS.



REIGN OF KING HENRY III. (*continued.*)

THE decisive battle of Lewes, in 1264, was the subject of great exultation amongst the adherents of Simon de Montfort. The following song, in English, is directed against the King's brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who had become very unpopular by his foreign schemes of ambition. He took shelter at a windmill, after he saw the King's party defeated.

SONG AGAINST THE KING OF ALMAIGNE.*

[MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 58, v°, of the reign of Edward II.]

Sitteth alle stille ant herkneth to me :
The Kyn of Alemaigne,† bi mi leauté,
Thritti thousent pound askede he ‡
For te make the pees in the countré,
ant so he dude more.

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
trichen shalt thou nevermore.

TRANSLATION.—Sit all still and listen to me :—the King of Almaine, by my loyalty,—thirty thousand pound he asked—to make peace in the country,—and so he did more. —Richard, though thou art ever a traitor,—thou shalt never more betray.

* This song was first printed in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry."

† This is, of course, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the King's brother.

‡ The Barons had offered him this sum to induce the King to make peace.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kyng,
 He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng ;
 Haveth he nout of Walingford o ferlyng :—*
 Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,
 maugre Wyndesore.†
 Richard, thah thou be ever, etc.

The Kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
 He saisede the mulne for a castel,‡
 With hare sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,
 He wende that the sayles were mangonel
 to helpe Wyndesore.
 Richard, etc.

The Kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host,
 Makede him a castel of a mulne post,

Richard of Almaine, while he was king,—he spent all his treasure upon luxury ;—have he not of Wallingford one furlong ;—let him have, as he brews, evil to drink,—in spite of Windsor.

The King of Almaine thought to do full well,—they seized the mill for a castle ;—with their sharp swords they ground the steel,—they thought the sails had been mangonels—to help Windsor.

The King of Almaine gathered his host,—he made him a castle of a mill-post,—he went with his pride and his great

* The honour of Wallingford had been conferred on Richard in 1243.

† Windsor was the stronghold of the King's party.

‡ "After the battle was lost, Richard, King of the Romans, took refuge in a windmill, which he barricadoed, and maintained for some time against the Barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender." (Percy.)

Wende with is prude ant is muchele bost,
 Brohte from Alemyne mony sori gost
 to store Wyndesore.

Richard, etc.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche
 synne,

That lette passen over see the Erl of Warynne : *
 He hath robbed Engeland, the mores, ant th[e]
 fenne,

The gold ant the selver, ant y-boren henne,
 for love of Wyndesore.

Richard, etc.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath swore bi ys chyn,
 Hevede he nou here the Erl of Waryn,
 Shulde he never more come to is yn,
 Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gyn,
 to help of Wyndesore.

Richard, etc.

boast,—brought from Almaine many a wretched soul—to
 garrison Windsor.

By God, that is above us, he did great sin,—who let the
 Earl of Warene pass over sea :—he hath robbed England
 both the moor and the fen,—of the gold and the silver, and
 carried them hence,—for love of Windsor.

Sir Simon de Montfort hath sworn by his chin,—had he
 now here the Earl of Warene,—he should never more come
 to his lodging,—neither with shield, nor with spear, nor
 with other contrivance,—to help Windsor.

* The Earl of Warene escaped from the battle and fled
 to France.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys cop,
 Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot.*
 Al he schulde quite here twelfmoneth scot,
 Shulde he never more with his fot pot
 to helpe Wyndesore.
 Richard, etc.

Be the luef, be the loht, sire Edward,
 Thou shalt ride sporeless o thy lyard
 Al the ryhte way to Dovere ward ;
 Shalt thou never more breke fore-ward,
 ant that reweth sore :
 Edward, thou ddest ase a shreward,
 forsoke thyn emes lore.
 Richard, etc.

Sir Simon de Montfort hath sworn by his head,—had he now here Sir Hugh de Bigot,—he should pay here a twelve-month's scot—he should never more tramp on his feet,—to help Windsor.

Be it agreeable to thee, or disagreeable, Sir Edward,—thou shalt ride spurless on thy hack—all the straight road towards Dover ;—thou shalt never more break covenant ;—and that sore rueth thee ; Edward, thou didst like a shrew, forsookest thine uncle's teaching.

* Sir Hugh Bigod escaped with the Earl of Warrenne to Pevensey, and thence to France. He was cousin to the Hugh Bigod who took part with the Barons and was killed at Lewes.

The following long but singularly interesting poem may be considered as the popular declaration of the principles with which the barons entered into the war, and the objects which they had in view. It bears internal proofs of having been written immediately after the decisive battle of Lewes; and the moderate and deeply moral and religious feeling which the reforming party here shows, even in the moment of triumph, is extremely remarkable, and is closely connected with the complaints against the licentiousness of the other party in the satirical songs which precede. We might almost suppose ourselves transported to the days of Wickliffe or Cromwell.

THE BATTLE OF LEWES.*

[MS. Harl. 978, fol. 128, r^o, of the middle of the 13th cent.]

Write quickly, O pen of one who, writing such things as follow, blesses and praises with his tongue thee, O right hand of God the Father, Lord of virtues, who givest prosperity at thy nod to thine own, whenever it is thy will; let all those people now learn to put their trust in thee, whom they, who are now scattered, wished to destroy—

* The battle of Lewes was fought on Thursday, May 14, 1264.

they of whom the head is now taken, and the members are in captivity; the proud people is fallen; the faithful are filled with joy. Now England breathes in the hope of liberty; to which (England) may the grace of God give prosperity! The English were despised like dogs; but now they have raised their head over their vanquished enemies.

In the year of grace one thousand two hundred and sixty-four, and on the Wednesday after the festival of St. Pancras, the army of the English bore the brunt of a great battle at the castle of Lewes: for reasoning yielded to rage, and life to the sword. They met on the fourteenth of May, and began the battle of this terrible strife; which was fought in the county of Sussex, and in the bishopric of Chichester. The sword was powerful; many fell; truth prevailed; and the false men fled. For the Lord of valour resisted the perjured men, and defended those who were pure with the shield of truth. The sword without, and fear within, routed the former; the favour of heaven comforted very fully the latter. The solemnities of the victor, and the sacred crowns, give testimony on this contest; since the Church honoured the said persons as saints, and victory crowned the true soldiers. The wisdom of God, which rules the whole world, performed miracles, and made a joyful war; caused the strong to fly, and the valorous men to shut themselves up in a

cloister,* and in places of safety. Not in arms, but in the grace of Christianity, that is, in the Church, remained the only refuge for those who were excommunicated ; after deserting their horses this counsel alone occurred to the vanquished. And her whom previously they had not hesitated to profane, her whom they ought to have honoured in the place of a mother—in her they seek refuge, though little worthy of it, and seek their defence in embracing the wood of salvation. Those whom prosperity caused to despise their mother, their wounds compelled to know their mother. When at Northampton† they succeeded by treachery, the faithless children despised the Church ; with the sword they disturbed the bowels of the holy mother, and in their prosperity did not merit a successful war. The mother then bore the injury patiently, as though heedless of it, but not letting it pass unmarked : she punishes this and other injuries which were afterwards added, for the madmen ravaged many churches ; and the band of enraged men, which has now been thrown into confusion, mercilessly spoiled the monastery which is called Battle,‡ of its goods, and thus they prepared a *battle* for themselves. The Cistercian monks of Robertsbridge would not have been safe

* The Abbey of Lewes.

† Northampton had been taken by the King on April 3.

‡ This seems to be the only allusion to the contributions forced from the Abbeys of Battle and Robertsbridge.

from the fury of the sword, unless they had given five hundred marks to the prince, which Edward ordered to be received, or they had perished. By these, and similar deeds, they merited to give way and succumb before their enemies. May the Lord bless Simon de Montfort ! and also his sons and his army ! who, exposing themselves magnanimously to death, fought valiantly, condoling the lamentable lot of the English, who, trodden under foot in a manner scarcely to be described, and almost deprived of all their liberties, nay, of their lives, had languished under hard rulers, like the people of Israel under Pharaoh, groaning under a tyrannical devastation. But God, seeing this suffering of the people, gives at last a new Mათias, and he, with his sons, zealous after the zeal of the law, yields neither to the insults nor to the fury of the king.

They call Simon a seductor and a traitor ; but his deeds lay him open, and prove him to be a true man. Traitors fall off in time of need ; they who do not fly death are those who stand for the truth. But, says his insidious enemy now, whose evil eye is the disturber of peace, " If you praise the constancy and the fidelity which does not fly the approach of death or punishment, they shall equally be called constant who, in the same manner, go to the combat fighting on the opposite side, in the same manner exposing themselves to the chance of war, and subjecting themselves to a

hard appellation." But in our war in which we are now engaged, let us see what is the state of the case.

The Earl had few men used to arms ; the royal party was numerous, having assembled the disciplined and greatest warriors in England, such as were called the flower of the army of the kingdom ; those who were prepared with arms from among the Londoners were three hundred, set before several thousands ; whence they were contemptible to those, and were detested by those who were experienced. Much of the Earl's army was raw ; fresh in arms, they knew little of war. The tender youth, only now girt with a sword, stands in the morning in battle accustoming himself to arms ; what wonder if such an unpractised tyro fear, and and if the powerless lamb dread the wolf ? Thus those who fight for England are inferior in military discipline, and they are much fewer than the strong men, who boasted in their own valour, because they thought safely, and without danger, to swallow up, as it were, all whom the Earl had to help him. Moreover, of those whom the Earl had brought to the battle, and from whom he hoped for no little help, many soon withdrew from fear, and took to flight as though they were amazed ; and of three parts, one deserted. The Earl, with a few faithful men, never yielded. We may compare our battle with that of Gideon ; in both of which we see a few of the faithful conquer a great

number who have no faith, and who trust in themselves like Lucifer did. God said, "If I should give the victory to the many, the fools will not give the glory to me, but to fools." So if God had made the strong to conquer, the common people would have given the credit of it to the men, and not to God.

From these considerations it may be concluded that the warlike men did not fear God, wherefore they did nothing to prove their constancy or fidelity, but they showed, on the contrary, their pride and cruelty; and wishing to confound those whom they despised, issuing forth boldly, they perished quickly. Exaltation of the heart brings on ruin, and humility merits to receive the divine grace; for he who does not trust in God, God overthrows his pride. We may bring forward as examples Aman and Mardocheus; we read that the former was arrogant, the latter a true Israelite; the gallows which Aman had prepared for Mardocheus, in the morning the wretch bore it himself in order to be hanged upon it. The Queen's banquet blinded Aman, which he reputed as an extraordinary privilege; but his vain expectation is turned into confusion, when after the feast he is dragged to the gallows. Thus sorrow followed close upon joy, when it coupled death with the end of the feast. Very differently it happens to the Israelite, whom, by God's will, the King honours. Goliath is overthrown by the stroke of a little stone; nothing

profits him whom God pursues. Add to the various reasons already mentioned, that the stinking bawds collected with them so many strumpets, amounting to seven hundred, which they ought to have known to be fraudulent persons, disciples of Satan to deceive men's souls, and matches to set them on fire, treacherous scissars to cut the hairs of Samson, inflicting the stains of base action on the wretches who are not strong in heart, nor made firm by the grace of the divine gift, but animals dedicated to the lust of the flesh, by the uncleanness of which, reduced to the level of brutes, they ought not to be worthy of victory, who grovelled in the foul luxury of the flesh ; they diminish their strength in the stews which they had made, therefore they were unworthy of the attributes of knights. A knight is girt on the thigh with a sword, that it may not be ungirt, and that vile deeds should be eschewed ; the body of a new knight is accustomed to be bathed, in order that he may learn to be clean from unlawful deeds. They who had newly married lawful wives were not fit for the Lord's warfare, as the battle of Gideon witnesseth, much less those whom the furnace of luxury hath injured with its fire. Why, then, should God help adulterers, and not rather strengthen clean children ? Let them be clean who desire to conquer in fighting ; they who vanquish their faults are in the way to triumph ; first let them conquer their vices, who wish with justice

to have the victory over sinners. If the just man seems sometimes to be vanquished by the impious man, on the contrary he should be reputed the conqueror ; for neither can the just man be vanquished, nor the unjust man conquer while he is the enemy of the law.

Listen to the equity of Earl Simon : when the royal party would be satisfied only with his head and his life, nor would allow his head to be redeemed, but would have it cut off, by whose confusion they hoped the body of the people should be confounded, and the greatest part of the state brought into danger, so that the most grievous ruin would immediately follow ;—may it be very long before this happen !—Stephen, by divine grace, bishop of Chichester,* groaning deeply for the immense evils which were then impending, (without exaggeration,) the two parties being persuaded to treat of a peace, received this answer from the Earl: “Choose the best men, who have a lively faith, who have read the decretals, or who have taught, in a becoming manner, theology and sacred wisdom, and who know how to rule the Christian faith, whatever they may resolve by sound doctrine, or whatever they may have the courage to decree, they shall find us ready to agree to what they

* Stephen de Berkstead, bishop of Chichester, was excommunicated for his adherence to Simon de Montfort.

shall dictate, in such a manner as that we may escape the stigma of perjury, and keep the league as children of God." Hence it may easily be understood by those who swear, and show little reluctance to despise what they swear, receding quickly from it although they swear to what is right, and not rendering whole what they have promised to God, with how much care they ought to keep their oath, when they see a man neither avoiding torment nor death on account of his oath, which was made not inconsiderately, but for the reformation of the fallen state of the English nation, which the fraud of an inveterate enemy had violated. Behold Simon, obedient, despises the loss of property, submitting himself to punishment, rather than desert the truth, proclaiming to all men openly by his deeds more than by his words, that truth has nothing in common with falsehood. Woe to the perjured wretches who fear not God ! denying him for the prospect of an earthly reward, or for fear of imprisonment or light punishment ; the new leader of the journey teaches to bear all that the world may inflict on account of truth, for it is this which can give perfect liberty. For the Earl had first pledged his oath that whatever the zeal of the wise had provided for the reformation of the King's honour, and for the repression of wandering error, at Oxford, he would steadfastly keep it, and would not change the law then ordained,

knowing that such canonical constitutions, and such catholic ordinances for the pacific conservation of the kingdom, on account of which he had before sustained no slight persecution, were not to be despised ; and because he had sworn to hold them firmly, unless the most perfect doctors of the faith should say that the jurors might be absolved, who had before taken such oath, and that no further account was to be made of what they had sworn. Which, when the said Bishop recited to the King, and perhaps the artificer of fraud was standing by, the voice of the crowd of arrogant courtiers was raised high, " See now the soldier is to give way to the sayings of clerks ! The military order subjected to clerks is debased !" Thus the wisdom of the Earl was despised ; and Edward is said to have answered thus : " They shall have no peace unless they all put halters about their necks, and deliver themselves up to us to be hanged, or to be drawn." What wonder if the Earl's heart was then moved, when nothing but the pain of the stake was prepared for him ? He offered what he ought to do, but he was not listened to ; the King rejected measure, forgetting what was good for him. But, as the event of the matter next day taught him, the measure which he then refused, afterwards was not to be had. In the evening was derided the Earl's devotion, the shock of which, next day, was round to be victorious. This stone, long

rejected from the doorway, was afterwards fitted to the two walls. The division of England was on the verge of desolation, but the corner-stone was there as a help to the division, the truly singular religion of Simon. The faith and fidelity of Simon alone becomes the security of the peace of all England; he humbles the rebellious, raises those who were in despair, reconciling the kingdom, repressing the proud. And how does he repress them? Certainly not by praising them; but he presses out the red juice in the hard conflict; for truth obliges him to fight, or to desert the truth, and prudently he chooses rather to devote his right hand to the truth, and by the rough way, which is joined to probity, by the harder and shorter way which is unpleasant to the proud, to obtain the reward which is given to those who use force, than to displease God by shrinking, and to promote the designs of bad men by flight. For some men had studied to erase the name of the English, whom they had already begun to regard with hatred, against whom God opposed a medicine, since he did not desire their sudden ruin.

Hence let the English learn to call in strangers, if they wish to be exiled by strangers. For these when they wish to enlarge their own glory, and wish their own memory to stand always, study to associate with themselves very many of their own nation, and by degrees to make them the

principal nobles ; and thus grows the confusion of the natives, with indignation and bitterness of heart, when the chief men of the kingdom feel themselves to be beaten down by those who make themselves their equals, taking from them the things which ought to appertain to them, growing by the things by which they used to grow. The King ought to honour with escheats and wards his own people, who can help him in various ways, who, by as much as they are more powerful by their own strength, are so much the more secure in all cases. But those who have brought nothing, if they are enriched by his goods, if they are made great who were of no account, such men, when they begin to grow, always go on climbing till they have supplanted the natives ; they study to avert the prince's heart from his own people, that they may strip of glory those whose ruin they are seeking. And who could bear such things patiently ? Therefore let England learn prudently to have a care, lest such a perplexity should happen any more, lest such an adversity should fall upon the English. The Earl studied to obviate this, because it had gained too much head, like a great sea, that could not be dried by a small effort, but must be forded by a great assistance from God. Let strangers come to return quickly, like men of a moment, but not to remain. One of the two hands aids the other, neither of them bearing more really the grace

which belongs to both ; let it help, and not injure, by retaining its place. Each thing would avail its own possessor if they come so ; the Frenchman by doing good to the Englishman, and not seducing by a flattering face, nor the one withdrawing the goods of the other ; but rather by sustaining his own portion of the burden. If his own interest had moved the Earl, he would neither have had any other zeal, nor would he have sought with all his power for the reformation of the kingdom, but he would have aimed at power, he would have sought his own promotion only, and made his first object the promotion of his friends, and would have aimed at enriching his children, and would have neglected the weal of the community, and would have covered the poison of falsehood with a cloak of duplicity, and would thus have deserted the faith of Christianity, and would have subjected himself to the retribution of fearful punishment, nor would he have escaped the weight of the tempest. And who can believe that he would give himself to death, that he would sacrifice his friends, in order that he might thus raise himself high ? If those who hunt after honour cover their object cunningly ; always meditating at the same time how they may avoid death ; none love more the present life, none choose more eagerly a position devoid of danger. They who thirst after honours dissimulate their aim, they make themselves cau-

tiously the reputation which they seek. Not so the venerable Simon de Montfort, who, like Christ, offers himself a sacrifice for many; Isaac does not die, al'though he is ready for death; it is the ram which is given to death, and Isaac receives honour. Neither fraud nor falsehood promoted the Earl, but the Divine grace which knew those whom it would help. If you consider the time and the place of the conflict, you will find that they promised him a defeat rather than victory; but God provided that he should not succumb. He does not take them on a sudden by creeping stealthily by night; but he fights openly when day is come. So also the place was favourable to his enemies, that thus it might appear plainly to all to be the gift of God, that victory departed from him who put his trust in himself. Hence let the military order, which praises the practice of the tournament, that so it may be made expert at fighting, learn how the party of the strong and skilful was here bruised by the arms of those who were feeble and unpractised: that he may confound the strong, God promotes the weak, comforts the feeble, lays prostrate the firm. Thus let no one now presume to trust in himself; but if he know how to place his hope in God, he may take up arms with constancy, nothing doubting, since God is a help for those who are on the side of justice. Thus it was right that God should help the Earl, for without

God he could not overcome the enemy. Of whom should I call him the enemy?—of the Earl alone? or should I recognise him as the enemy of the English and of the whole kingdom?—perhaps also of the Church, and therefore of God? And if so, how much grace ought he to have? He failed to deserve grace who trusted in himself, and he did not merit to be helped who did not fear God. Thus falls the boast of personal valour, and so for evermore praised be the Lord God of vengeance! who gives aid to those who are destitute of force, to a few against many, crushing fools by the valour of the faithful; who sits on the throne in heaven above, and by his own strength treads upon the necks of the proud, bowing the great under the feet of the less. He has subdued two kings and the heirs of kings, whom he has made captives, because they were transgressors of the laws; and he has turned to shame the pomp of knighthood with its numerous retinue; for the barons employed on the sons of pride the arms which, in their zeal for justice, they had taken up in the cause of the kingdom, until victory was given them from heaven, with a great glory that was not expected. For the bow of the strong was then overcome, and the troop of the weak was established with strength; and we have said that it was done by heaven, lest any one should boast of it; let all the honour, on the contrary, be given to Christ, in whom we believe! For Christ

at once commands, conquers, reigns ! Christ delivers his own, to whom he has given his promise. We pray God to grant that the minds of the conquerors may not attribute their success to themselves, and let what Paul says be observed by them, "He who would be joyful, let him be joyful in God." If any one of us indulge in vain glory, may God be indulgent to him, and not angry ! and may he make our party cautious in future ; lest deeds be wanting, may they make themselves a wall ! May the power of the Almighty perfect what it has begun, and restore to its vigour the kingdom of the English people ! that glory may be to himself, and peace to his elect, until they be in the country where he shall lead them. O Englishmen ! read this concerning the battle of Lewes ! by the influence of which you are saved from destruction : for if victory had gone over to those who are now vanquished, the memory of the English would have lain in disgrace.

To whom shall the noble Edward be compared ? Perhaps he will be rightly called a leopard. If we divide the name, it becomes a lion and a pard :—a lion, for we have seen that he was not slow to meet the strongest ; fearing the attack of none ; making a charge in the thick of the battle with the most unflinching bravery, and as though at his will, and wherever he went, as if, like Alexander, he would soon subdue the whole world, if the

mutable wheel of Fortune would but stand still ; in which, although he stand at the top, let him know that his fall is near at hand, and that he who reigns like a lord will not reign long. Which, in fact, has happened to the noble Edward, who has manifestly fallen from his unstable position. He is a lion by his pride and by his ferocity ; by his inconstancy and changeableness he is a pard, not holding steadily his word or his promise, and excusing himself with fair words. When he is in a difficulty, he promises just what you will ; but as soon as he has escaped the danger, he forgets his promise. Witness Gloucester,* where, as soon as he was out of the difficulty, he revoked immediately what he had sworn. The treachery or falseness by which he gains his ends he calls prudence ; the way by which he arrives at his object, be it ever so crooked, is reputed to be straight ; when wrong serves his purpose, it is called right ; he calls lawful whatever he wills, and thinks himself absolved from the law, as though he were greater than a king ; for every king is ruled by the laws which he enacts. King Saul was deposed, because he brake the laws ; and we read that David was punished, as soon as he did contrary to the law ; hence, therefore, let him who reads know, that he cannot reign who does not keep the

* Alluding to the surrender of Gloucester to Prince Edward, and his treatment of the town.

law ; nor ought they, whose province it is to do so, to elect such a man for their king. O Edward ! thou desirest to be made a king without law ; they would be truly miserable who were ruled by such a king ! For what is more just than law, by which all things are ruled ? and what more true than justice, by which all things are administered ? If thou wouldest have a kingdom, reverence the laws ; they are but rough roads, which are opposed to law, rough and crooked roads which will not lead thee to thy journey's end ; but if thou keepest the laws, they shine like a lamp. Therefore avoid and detest treachery ; labour after truth and hate falsehood. Although treachery may flourish, it cannot bear fruit ; the Psalm may teach thee this ; God says to the faithful of the earth, "They are my eyes, and it is my will that they shall sit with me at the end of time." Observe how little thou hast gained by thy treachery at Northampton ; the heat of deceit does not warm like fire. If you will compare treachery to fire, feed studiously such fire with straw, which ceases to glow as soon as it is burnt up, and is consumed almost as soon as kindled. So passeth away vanity which hath no roots ; rooted truth is not subject to vicissitudes : therefore let that alone be permitted thee which is lawful, and let not what the double man shall say please thee. A prince shall project things which are worthy of a prince : therefore take the law under thy protection, which will make thee worthy

to govern many, worthy of the principality, of the aid of many, and of a numerous retinue. And why lovest thou not those of whom thou desirest to be king? Thou choosest not to profit them, but only to govern. He who seeks only his own glory, everything that he governs is ruined by his pride. Thus recently the whole which thou governest has been ruined ; the glory which alone thou soughtest is past.

Lo ! we are touching the root of the perturbation of the kingdom of which we are speaking, and of the dissension of the parties who fought the said battle. The objects at which these two parties aimed were different. The King, with his, wished thus to be free : and so [it was urged on his side] he ought to be ; and he must cease to be king, deprived of the rights of a king, unless he could do whatever he pleased ; it was no part of the duty of the magnates of the kingdom to determine whom he should prefer to his earldoms, or on whom he should confer the custody of castles, or whom he would have to administer justice to the people, and to be chancellor and treasurer of the kingdom. He would have every one at his own will, and counsellors from whatever nation he chose, and all ministers at his own discretion ; while the barons of England are not to interfere with the King's actions, the command of the prince having the force of law, and what he may dictate binding upon everybody at his pleasure.

For every earl also is thus his own master, giving to every one of his own men both as much as he will, and to whom he will ; he commits castles, lands, revenues, to whom he will ; and although he be a subject, the King permits it all. Which, if he do well, is profitable to the doer ; if not, he must himself see to it ; the King will not hinder him from injuring himself. Why is the prince worse in condition, when the affairs of the baron, the knight, and the freeman, are thus managed ? Therefore they aim at making the King a slave, who wish to diminish his power, to take away his dignity of prince ; they wish by sedition to reduce captive into guardianship and subjection the royal power, and to disinherit the King, that he shall be unable to reign so fully as hitherto have done the kings who preceded him, who were in no respect subjected to their people, but administered their own affairs at their will, and conferred what they had to confer according to their own pleasure. This is the King's argument, which has an appearance of fairness, and this is alleged in defence of the right of the kingdom.

But now let my pen turn to the other side :—let me describe the object at which the barons aim ; and when both sides have been heard, let the arguments be compared, and then let us come to a final judgment, so that it may be clear which side is the truest. The people is more prone to obey the truer party. Let therefore the party of

the barons speak for itself, and proclaim in order by what zeal it is led. Which party in the first place protests openly, that it has no designs against the kingly honour ; nay, it seeks the contrary, and studies to reform and magnify the kingly condition ; just as if the kingdom were ravaged by enemies, then it would not be reformed without the barons, who would be the capable and proper persons for this purpose ; and should any one then hang back, the law would punish him as one guilty of perjury, a traitor to the King, who owes to his lord, when he is in danger, all the aid he can give to support the King's honour, when the kingdom is as it were nigh its end by devastation.

The adversaries of the King are enemies who make war upon him, and counsellors who flatter the King, who seduce their prince with deceitful words, and who lead him into error by their double tongues : these are adversaries worse than those who are perverse ; it is these who pretend to be good whilst they are seducers, and procurers of their own advancement ; they deceive the incautious, whom they render less on their guard by means of things that please them, whereby they are not provided against, but are considered as prudent advisers. Such men can deceive more than those who act openly, as they are able to make an outward appearance of being not hostile. What if such wretches, and such liars, should

haunt the prince, capable of all malice, of fraud, of falsehood, excited by the spurs of envy, should seek to do that extreme wickedness, by which they should sacrifice the privileges of the kingdom to their own ostentation, that they should contrive all kinds of hard reasons, which by degrees should confound the commonalty, should bruise and impoverish the mass of the people, and should subvert and infatuate the kingdom, so that no one could obtain justice, except he who would encourage the pride of such men as these by large supplies of money; who could submit to the establishment of such an injury? And if such, by their conduct, should change the state of the kingdom; if they should banish justice to put injustice in its place; if they should call in strangers and trample upon the natives; and if they should subdue the kingdom to foreigners; if they should not care for the magnates and nobles of the land, and should place contemptible persons over them; and if they should overthrow and humiliate the great; if they should pervert and turn upside down the order of things; if they should leave the measures that are best, to advance those which are worst;—do not those who act thus devastate the kingdom? although they do not make war upon it with arms from abroad, yet they fight with diabolical arms, and they violate, in a lamentable manner, the constitution of the kingdom; although not in the same manner [as a foreign enemy], yet they do no less

damage. Whether the King, seduced to give his consent, not perceiving the design, should approve measures so destructive to the kingdom; or whether the King should follow such an injurious course with an ill design of setting his own power above the laws, abusing his strength to please his own will; if thus or otherwise the kingdom be wasted, or the kingdom be finally left destitute, then the magnates of the kingdom are bound to look to it, that the land be purged of all errors. To whom if such a purgation of errors belongs, if such a provision belongs to them to regulate customs, how can it otherwise than appertain to them to look out that no evil may happen which would be injurious? Which, after it has happened they ought to remove, lest by a sudden occurrence it give those who do not provide against it cause to grieve. Thus, in order that no one of the aforesaid things may happen, which may hinder the form of peace and good customs, but that the zeal of the experienced men may find what is most expedient for the utility of the many, why is a reform not admitted, with which no corruption shall be mixed? For the King's clemency and the King's majesty ought to approve the endeavours, which so amend grievous laws that they be milder, and that they be, while less onerous, more pleasing to God. For the oppression of the commons pleaseth not God, but rather the commiseration whereby the commons may have time to think

upon God. Pharaoh, who so afflicted the people of God, that they could with difficulty repair to the oracle which he had appointed to Moses, was afterwards so punished, that he was obliged to dismiss Israel against his will; and when he thought to catch them after they were dismissed, he was drowned whilst he thought to run through the deep. Solomon was unwilling to bruise Israel, nor would he reduce to servitude any one of the race; because he knew that it was God's people over whom he reigned; and he feared to hurt the imprint of God; and he praises mercy more than judgment, and the peace of a true father more than execution.

Since it is clear that the barons have a right of doing all this, it remains to answer the King's arguments. The King wishes to be free by the removal of his guardians, and he will not be subject to his inferiors, but be placed over them; he will command his subjects and not be commanded; he will be humiliated neither to himself nor to those who are his officers. For the officers are not set over the King; but on the contrary they are rather the noble men who support the law. Otherwise there would not be one king of one state, (?)^{*} but they would reign equally to

^{*} The text has—

"Unius Rex aliter unicus non esset,

Sed regnarent pariter quibus rex subesset."

The meaning of these lines is, to say the least of it, extremely obscure.

whom the king was subject. Yet this inconvenience also, though it seem so great, with the assistance of God, is easily solved : for we believe that God wills truth, through whom we dissolve this doubt as follows. He is said to be, and is in truth, one King alone, by whom the universe is ruled in pure majesty ; who neither wants help whereby he may reign, nor even counsel, in as much as he cannot err. Therefore, all-powerful and all-knowing, he excels in infinite glory all those to whom he has given to rule and, as it were, to reign under him over his people, who may fail, and who may err, and who cannot avail by their own independent strength, and vanquish their enemies by their own valour, nor govern kingdoms by their own wisdom, but in an evil manner wander in the track of error. They want help which should assist them, and counsel which should set them right. Says the King, " I agree to thy reasoning ; but the choice of these must be left to my option ; I will associate with myself whom I will, by whose support I will govern all things ; and if my ministers should be insufficient, if they want sense or power, or if they harbour evil designs, or are not faithful, but are perhaps traitors, I desire that you will explain, why I ought to be confined to certain persons, when I might succeed in obtaining better assistance ? " The reason of this is quickly declared, if it be considered what the constraint of the King is : all

constraint does not deprive of liberty, nor does every restriction take away power. Princes desire free power ; those who reign decline miserable servitude. To what will a free law bind kings ?—to prevent them from being stained by an adulterated law. And this constraint is not one of slavery, but is rather an enlarging of the kingly faculty. Thus the king's child is kept from being hurt ; yet he is not made a slave when he is thus restricted. Nay, the very angels are restricted in this manner, who are confirmed from becoming apostates. For, that the Author of all things cannot err, that He who is the beginning of all things cannot sin, is not impotence, but it is the highest degree of power, the great glory of God and his great majesty. Thus, he who may fall, if he be kept from falling, so that he may live free from danger, he reaps advantage from such keeping, nor is such a support slavery, but it is the safeguard of virtue. Therefore that there be permitted to a king all that is good, but that he dare not do evil,—this is God's gift. They who keep the king from sinning when he is tempted, they serve the king, to whom he should be grateful, that they deliver him from being made a slave ; so that those by whom he is led do not overcome him. But he who should be in truth a king, he is truly free if he rule rightly himself and the kingdom ; let him know that all things are permitted him which are in ruling convenient to the king—

dom, but not such as destroy it. It is one thing to rule according to a king's duty, and another to destroy by resisting the law. The law receives its name from binding (*a ligando*), which is so perfectly said of liberty, whereby it is served gratefully.

Let every king bear in mind that he is a servant of God ; let him love that only which is pleasing to him ; and let him seek his glory in reigning, not his own pride is despising his peers. A king who wishes his subject kingdom to yield obedience to him, let him render his duty to God in other things truly ; let him know that obedience is not owing to him who denies the service in which he is bound to God. Again, let him know that the people is not his but God's ; and that it is profitable to him as his help : and that he who for a short period is placed over the people, soon, closed in marble, will be buried in the earth. Towards them let him make himself as one of them ; let him regard David joining the dance of the maids. I wish one similar to David may succeed the King--a prudent and humble man, who would not injure his people ; in truth, who would not hurt the people which is subjected to him, but would exhibit towards them a loving regard, and would aim at their prosperity ; the commons would not allow him to suffer wrong. It is hard to love one who does not love us ; it is hard not to despise one who despises us ; it is hard not to

resist one who ruins us ; we naturally applaud him who favours us. It is not the part of a prince to bruise, but to protect ; neither is it the part of a prince to oppress, but rather to deserve the favour of his people by numerous benefits conferred upon them, as Christ by his grace has deserved the love of all. If a prince love his subjects, he will necessarily be repaid with love ; if he reign justly, he will of a necessity be honoured ; if the prince err, he ought to be recalled by those whom his unjust denial may have grieved, unless he be willing to be corrected ; if he is willing to make amends, he ought to be both raised up and aided by these same persons. Let a prince maintain such a rule of reigning, that it may never be necessary for him to avoid depending on his own people. The ignorant princes who confound their subjects, will find that those who are unconquered will not thus be tamed. If a prince should think that he alone has more truth, more knowledge, and more intelligence than the whole people, that he abounds more in grace and the gifts of God, if it be not presumption, but it be truly so, then his instruction will visit the true hearts of his subjects with light, and will instruct his people with moderation.

We instance Moses, David, Samuel—each of whom we know to have been a faithful prince ; who suffered many things from their subjects, and yet for their deserts they did not cast them off,

nor set strangers over them, but governed by means of those who were their own people. "I will place thee over a greater people; and I will slay this people," saith God. "I had rather die, than this people should perish," answered kind Moses, who was worthy to govern. And thus a wise prince will never reject his people, but an unwise one will disturb the kingdom. Wherefore, if a king is less wise than he ought to be, what advantage will the kingdom gain by his reign? Is he to seek by his own opinion on whom he should depend to have his failing supplied? If he alone choose, he will be easily deceived, who is not capable of knowing who will be useful. Therefore let the community of the kingdom advise; and let it be known what the generality thinks, to whom their own laws are best known. Nor are all those of the country so uninstructed, as not to know better than strangers the customs of their own kingdom, which have been bequeathed from father to son. They who are ruled by the laws, know those laws best; they who experience them are best acquainted with them; and since it is their own affairs which are at stake, they will take more care, and will act with an eye to their own peace. They who want experience can know little; they will profit little the kingdom who are not stedfast. Hence it may be collected, that it concerns the community to see what sort of men ought justly to be chosen for the utility of the

kingdom ; they who are willing and know how, and are able to profit it, such should be made the councillors and coadjutors of the king ; to whom are known the various customs of their country ; who feel that they suffer themselves when the kingdom suffers ; and who guard the kingdom, lest, if hurt be done to the whole, the parts have reason to grieve while they suffer along with it ; which rejoice, when it has cause to rejoice, if they love it. Let us call attention to the noble judgment of King Solomon ; she who did not feel horror at the cruelty of dividing the infant, because she did not feel for it, and wanted maternal love, showed, as the King testified, that she was not its mother ; therefore let a prince seek such [councillors] as may condole with the community, who have a motherly fear lest the kingdom should undergo any sufferings. But if anyone be not moved by the ruin of the many—if he alone obtain what pleas he will—he is not fitted to rule over the many, since he is entirely devoted to his own interest, and to none other. A man who feels for others, is agreeable to the community ; but a man who does not feel for others, who possesses a hard heart, cares not if misfortunes fall upon the many—such walls are no defence against misfortunes. Therefore, if the king has not wisdom to choose by himself those who are capable of advising him, it is clear, from what has been said, what ought then to be done. For it is a thing which concerns

the community to see that miserable wretches be not made the leaders of the royal dignity, but the best and chosen men, and the most approved that can be found. For since the governance of the kingdom is either the safety or perdition of all, it is of great consequence who they are that have the custody of the kingdom ; just as it is in a ship ; all things are thrown into confusion if unskilful people guide it ; if any one of the passengers belonging to it who is placed in the ship abuse the rudder, it matters not whether the ship be governed prosperously or not. So those who ought to rule the kingdom, let the care be given to them, if any one of the kingdom does not govern himself rightly ; he goes on a wrong path which perhaps he has himself chosen. The affairs of the generality are best managed if the kingdom is directed in the way of truth. And, moreover, if the subjects labour to dissipate their property, those who are set over them may restrain their folly and temerity, lest by the presumption and imbecility of fools the power of the kingdom be weakened, and courage be given to enemies against the kingdom. For whatever member of the body be destroyed, the strength of the body is diminished thereby. So if it be allowed even that men may abuse what belongs to themselves, when it be injurious to the kingdom, many immediately after following also the injurious liberty will so multiply the wildness of error, that they will ruin the

whole. Nor ought it properly to be named liberty, which permits fools to govern unwisely;* but liberty is limited by the bounds of the law; and when those bounds are despised, it should be reputed as error. Otherwise you will call a raving madman free, although he be at enmity with everything like prosperity. Therefore the king's argument concerning his subjects, who are ruled at their own choice by whom they will, is by this sufficiently answered and overthrown; since every one who is subject, is ruled by one who is greater. Because we say that no man is permitted all that he will, but that everyone has a lord who may correct him when erring, and aid him when doing well, and sometimes raises him up when he is falling. We give the first place to the community; we say also that the law rules over the king's dignity; for we believe that the law is the light, without which we conclude that he who rules will wander from the right path. The law whereby is ruled the world and the kingdoms of the world, is described as being of fire; which contains a mystery of deep meaning: it shines, burns, warms; shining, it hinders the wanderer from quitting his right path; it avails against the cold; it purges and burns to cinders some things; it softens what is hard, and what had been raw the fire cooks; it

* "Licence they mean when they cry Liberty."

MILTON.

takes away numbness, and it does many other good things. The sacred law is equally serviceable to the king. Solomon asked for this wisdom ; its friendship he sought with all his might. If the king want this law, he will wander from the right track ; if he does not hold it, he will err foully ; its presence gives the power of reigning rightly, and its absence overturns the kingdom. This law speaks thus : " Kings reign through me : through me justice is shown to those who make laws." No king shall alter this firm law : but by it he shall make himself stable when he is variable. If he conform to this law, he will stand ; and if he disagree with it he will waver. It is said commonly, " As the king wills, so goes the law : " but the truth is otherwise, for the law stands, but the king falls. Truth and charity and the zeal of salvation, this is the integrity of the law, the regimen of virtue ; truth is light, charity is warmth, zeal burns ; this variety of the law takes away all crime. Whatever the king may ordain, let it be consonant to these ; for if it be otherwise, the commonalty will be made sorrowful ; the people will be confounded, if either the king's eye want truth, or the prince's heart want charity, or he do not always moderately fulfil his zeal with severity. These three things being supposed, whatever pleases the king may be done ; but by their opposites the king resists the law. However, kicking against it does not hurt the prick ; thus

the instruction which was sent from heaven to Paul teaches us. Thus the king is deprived of no inherited right, if there be made a provision in concordance with just law. For dissimulation shall not change the law, whose stable reason will stand without end. Wherefore if anything that is useful has been long put off, it is not to be reprehended when adopted late. And let the king never set his private interest before that of the community ; as if the salvation of all yields to him alone. For he is not set over them in order to live for himself ; but that his people who is subject to him may be in safety. You must know that the name of king is relative ; you should know also that the name is protective ; wherefore he cannot live for himself alone who ought by his life to protect many. He who will live for himself ought not to be set over others, but to live separately from them that he may be alone. It is the glory of a prince to save very many ; to inconvenience himself in order to raise many up. Let him not therefore allege his own profit, but have regard to his subjects by whom he is trusted. If he work the salvation of the kingdom, he acts the part of a king ; whatever he does contrary to this, he fails in that point. The true province of a king is sufficiently clear from these arguments : that he is ignorant of the condition of a king who is occupied only with his own affairs. For true charity is as it were contrary to self-interest, and

an indissoluble league to the community, melting like fire everything that is near, as is done with wood which they subject to the active fire to increase it, and then in return it is taken away to decrease it. Therefore if the prince will be warm with charity as much as possible towards the community, if he shall be solicitous to govern it well, and shall never be rejoiced at its destruction ; wherefore if the king will love the magnates of the kingdom, although he should know alone, like a great prophet, whatever is needful for the ruling of the kingdom, whatever is becoming in him, whatever ought to be done, truly he will not conceal what he will decree from those without whom he cannot effect that which he will ordain. He will therefore treat with his people about bringing into effect the things which he will not think of doing by himself. Why will he not communicate his councils to those whose aid he will ask supplicatingly ? Whatever draws his people to benignity, and makes friends and cherishes unity, it is fit the royal prudence should indicate it to those who can augment his glory. Our Lord laid open all things to his disciples, dividing from the servants those whom he made his friends ; and as though he were ignorant, he often inquired of his people what was their opinion on matters which he knew perfectly. Oh, if princes sought the honour of God, they would rule their kingdoms rightly, and without error. If princes had

the knowledge of God, they would exhibit their justice to all. Ignorant of the Lord, as though they were blind, they seek the praises of men, delighted only with vanity. He who does not know how to rule himself, will be a bad ruler over others; if anyone will look at the Psalms, he will read the same. Just as Joseph ought to teach princes (?) * on which account the king willed that he should be set over others. And David in the innocence of his heart and by his intelligence fed Israel. From all that has been said, it may appear evident, that it becomes a king to see together with his nobles what things are convenient for the government of the kingdom, and what are expedient for the preservation of peace; and that the King have natives for his companions, not foreigners, nor favourites, for his councillors or for the great nobles of the kingdom, who supplant others and abolish good customs. For such discord is a step-mother to peace, and produces battles, and plots treason. For as the envy of the devil introduced death, so hatred separates the troop. The King shall hold the natives in their rank, and by this governance he will have joy in reigning. But if he study to degrade his own people, if he pervert their rank, it is in vain for

* The text, which is utterly untranslatable as it stands, has—

“ Joseph ut se debuit principes docere,
Propter quod rex voluit ipsum præminere.”

him to ask why thus deranged they do not obey him ; in fact they would be fools if they did.

The following poem was written when jealousies and dissensions were rife among the barons, and some of them began to desert the popular cause. It is preserved by William de Rishanger,* a contemporary, in his history of the barons' wars. The defection of the Earl of Gloucester contributed not a little to the disastrous termination of the career of Simon de Montfort at the battle of Evesham.

SONG UPON THE DIVISIONS AMONG THE
BARONS.

[MS. Cotton. Claudius D. vi. fol. 101, v^o, latter part of
13th cent.]

Lament with weeping, O England, full as thou now art with matter of grief, in sadness thou beholdest sorrowful things, languishing in sorrow ; unless Christ in his manner have regard to thee, thou wilt be but a vile song in the mouth of thine enemies.—Very many have pledged themselves to preserve thee in safety, but now they have too much neglected their promise ; for many desert,

* He was a monk of St. Albans and historiographer to the King after the death of Matthew Paris. My own opinion is that this poem should have been placed before the battle of Lewes.

who have it in their power to help ; and some slink away over the sea.—Hence the rest begin to quarrel, and to go over to different sides ; while things which disagree in this manner will not be reconciled, and what has been begun is left unfinished.—Thus the State is ruined, and the land is laid waste ; the stranger is strengthened and raised up ; the native is debased and trodden under foot ; while he sustains injuries, there is no one who will speak out.—The knight as well as the clergy are both become mute ; the strangers are become talkative and cunning ; among a hundred Englishmen there are not two who are safe ; the lot which they have obtained is lamentation and disgrace.—O Earl of Gloucester,* complete what thou hast commenced ; unless thou endest as thou hast begun, thou hast deceived many. Act now courageously as thou hast promised, cherish steadily the cause of which thou wast the fountain.—If, from which God preserve us ! thou withdrawest thy hand and support, acting treacherously towards the land, and inflicting a great injury upon it. . . . May he be cursed for ever ! be it so ! be it so ! amen.—Earl Simon de Montfort, a strong man and a bold, fight now for thy country, and be the leader of the band ; neither let threats scare thee, nor the fear of death ; defend the state and thy own

* Gilbert de Clare.

fortune.—O thou, Earl Bigot, keep unbroken thine agreement ; as thou art a brave knight, now use thy hand ; a small troop of dogs puts in commotion the whole land : may such a cursed race depart or perish !—O you, great nobles, who bound yourselves to observe firmly the oath which you took ; if what you imagined be profitable to the land, let that which you have ordained aid it immediately.—If you will carry to an end that which you have begun, you may obtain that which you desired ; unless the thing which you have long had in hand be perfected, it may be truly said that you have laboured in vain.—It will be the highest honour to you and a worthy praise, if England answer by carrying your standards ; which that he may soon deliver from the malignant plague, may the benignant piety of the Lord now help it !

The triumph of the barons did not last long. In the battle of Evesham, fought on the fourth of August, in the year after that of Lewes, their great leader fell, with the best of his followers. The fate of Simon de Montfort was a subject of general lamentation ; and long afterwards he was revered as a saint and martyr, and was even believed to work miracles. In MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. vi. will be found a collection of these miracles, and a form of prayers to be said in his

honour, among which is the following hymn (fol. 189, ro).

Salve, Symon Montis-Fortis,
Totius flos militie,
Duras pœnas passus mortis,
Protector gentis Angliæ.
Sunt de sanctis inaudita,
Cunctis passis in hac vita,
Quemquam passum talia ;
Manus, pedes amputari,
Caput, corpus vulnerari,
Abscidi virilia.
Sis pro nobis intercessor
Apud Deum, qui defensor
In terris extiteras.

The whole was preceded by a life of Simon de Montfort, occupying two pages of the manuscript, but which some hostile hand has carefully erased. The following song was evidently written immediately after the battle of Evesham.

THE LAMENT OF SIMON DE MONTFORT.*

[MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 59, r°, early in 14th century.]

CHAUNTER m'estoit, mon cuer le voit, en un dure
langage,
Tut en ploraunt fust fet le chaunt de nostre duz
baronage,

TRANSLATION.—I am driven to sing, my heart wills it, in sorrowful language,—all with tears was made the song concerning our gentle barons,—who for the peace so long after

* This song was printed privately by Sir Francis Palgrave, in 1818, in a collection now extremely rare; it was also inserted in the second edition of Ritson's *Ancient Songs* (1829).

Que pur la pees, si loynz après se lesserent detrere,
Lur cors trencher, e demenbrer, pur salver
Engleterre.

Ore est ocys la flur de pris, qe taunt savoit de
guere,

Ly quens Montfort, sa dure mort molt enplorra
la terre.

Si com je qui, par un mardi, firent la bataille,
Tot à cheval, fust le mal, sauntz nulle pedaile ;
Tresmalement y ferirent de le espie forbie,
Qe la part sire Edward conquist la mestrie.
Ore est ocis, etc.

Mès par sa mort, le cuens Mountfort conquist la
victorie,
Come ly martyr de Caunterbyr, finist sa vie ;

suffered themselves to be destroyed,—their bodies to be cut
and dismembered, to save England.—Now is slain the
precious flower, who knew so much of war, the Earl
Montfort, his hard death the land will deeply lament.

As I believe, it was on a Tuesday that they fought the
battle,—all on horse,* which was the misfortune, without
any foot,—very ill they there struck with the burnished
sword,—that the party of Sir Edward gained the mastery.
—Now is slain, etc.

But by his death the Earl Montfort gained the victory,—
like the martyr of Canterbury he finished his life —the

* The barons were surprised at Evesham without their
foot soldiers.

Ne voleit pas li bon Thomas qe perist seinte Eglise,
 Ly cuens auxi se combati, e morust sauntz seyntise.
 Ore est ocys, etc.

Sire Hue le fer, ly Despencer, tresnoble justice,
 Ore est à tort lyvré à mort, à trop male guise.
 Sire Henri, pur veir le dy, fitz le cuens de
 Leycestre,
 Autres assez, come vus orrez, par le cuens de
 Gloucestre.
 Ore est ocis, etc.

Qe voleint moryr, e mentenir la pees e la dreiture,
 Le seint martir lur fra joyr sa conscience pure,
 Qe velt moryr e sustenir les hommes de la terre,
 Son bon desir acomplir, quar bien le quidom fere.
 Ore est, etc.

good Thomas would not suffer holy Church to perish,—the
 Earl fought in a similar cause, and died without finching.
 —Now is slain, etc.

Sir Hugh the Bold, the Despencer, a very noble justice,
 —is now wrongfully delivered to death, in too shameful a
 manner.—Sir Henry, in truth I say it, the son of the Earl
 of Leicester,—others also, as you will hear, by the Earl of
 Gloucester.*—Now is slain, etc.

Because they were willing to die, and to maintain peace
 and right,—the holy martyr will cause them to enjoy his
 pure conscience,—who is willing to die and to sustain the
 men of the land,—to accomplish his good desire, for we
 think he does well.—Now is, etc.

* The Earl of Gloucester had deserted the barons for the King.

Près de son cors, le bon tresors, une heyre
troverent,
Les faus ribaus, tant furent mans, e ceux qe le
tuerent ;
Molt fust pyr, qe demenbryr firent le prodhonme,
Qe de guerrier e fei tener si bien savoit la sonme.
Ore est, etc.

Priez touz, mes amis douz, le fitz Sainte Marie
Qe l'enfant, her puissant, meigne en bone vie ;
Ne vueil nomer li escoler, ne vueil qe l'em die,
Mès pur l'amour le salveour, priez pur la clergie.
Ore est ocys la flur de pris, qe tant savoit de
guere,
Ly quens Monfort, sa dure mort molt enplurra
la terre.

Near his body, the good treasure, an heir they found,*—
the false ribalds, they were so wicked, and those who slew
him ;—what was much worse, they caused the worthy man
to be dismembered,—who knew so well the art of fighting
and of holding faith.—Now is, etc.

Pray all, my sweet friends, to the Son of St. Mary,—that
he lead in good life the infant, the powerful heir ; I will
not name the scholar, I do not desire anyone to mention
him,—but for the love of the Saviour, pray for the clergy.
—Now is slain, etc.

* This probably refers to Guy de Montfort, who was
taken prisoner at Evesham, but escaped and fled to the
Continent.

Ne say trover rien qu'il firent bien, ne baroun ne
 counte,
 Les chivalers e esquiers touz sunt mys a hounte,
 Pur lur lealté e verité, que tut est anentie ;
 Le loseenger purra reigner, le fol pur sa folie.
 Ore est ocis, &c.

Sire Simoun, ly prodhom, e sa compaguie,
 En joie vont en ciel amount, en pardurable vie.
 Mès Jhesu Crist, qe en croyz se mist, Dieu en
 prenge cure,
 Qe sunt remis, e detenuz en prisone dure.
 Ore est ocys, etc.

I cannot find any thing that they did well, neither baron nor earl,—the knights and the esquires are all disgraced, on account of their loyalty and truth, which is entirely annihilated ;—the deceitful man may reign, the fool by his folly.—Now is slain, etc.

Sir Simon, the worthy man, and his company.—are gone in joy up to heaven, in everlasting life.—But Jesus Christ, who placed himself on the cross, and God have care of those,—who are remitted, and detained in hard prison.—Now is slain, etc.



REIGN OF EDWARD I. 1272—1307.

HENRY outlived the defeat of the barons but a very few years. He died on the sixteenth of November, 1272, while his son Edward was occupied in warring against the infidels in the East. Edward was proclaimed king, while absent. A new monarch is generally welcomed with songs of praise; and the following, evidently the work of a zealous opponent of the popular party, seems to have been written before his arrival in England.

THE PRAISE OF THE YOUNG EDWARD.

[MS. Cotton. Vespas. B. xiii. fol. 130, v^o, 13th cent.]

The flourishing deeds of Edward King of the English oblige me to talk, for it is shameful to let pass famous actions in silence. He, while yet in his tender youth, went through many conflicts with a manly heart. Warlike as a pard, fragrant with sweetness like spikenard, whilst Edward is in his vigour, behold he shines like a new Richard. Thus the Britons have a double claim to honour, by the wars of Edward equally and by the valour of Richard. France praised the manners of the warlike youth; the ample hand of the giver amassed merited honours. The envious people

desiring to extinguish his merited praise, began to weave new plots in their mind : the English nobles, by inventing a new law, made a wretched land of a rich kingdom. The King, his father, and his uncle, with their two children, are governed by their subjects, out of which many evils follow. The degenerate race of the English, which used to serve, inverting the order of things, ruled over the King and his children. The people conspires, in order to enjoy a new law : soon after, the league being broken, horrid wars arise. While the populace associated with itself the Earl of Leicester, it accumulated for itself internal exhaustion. The impious people attacks its own King, makes captive the son with his father and uncle, next seizes upon the government ; the victors rejoice, their hearts swell. Edward escapes, and immediately new battles follow. He calls together assistance, leagues are established, the army of the leader increased, the deluded troop laments its crimes. The parties meet ; weapons are clashed ; the fields are moistened with blood by the vigour of the soldier Edward. The Earl is slain by the sword ; the barons are put to death with the weapon's point ; thus the vanquished conquer, and the conquerors are overcome. Although by sedition* almost robbed of

* Alluding to the risings in Chesterfield and in the Isle of Ely.

his own kingdom, he overcame the conquering legions by a wonderful effort. The noble offspring carried back his father to the government of the kingdom, wickedly wrested from him, which he had long ruled. The conquered populace roars, and again joins its warlike squadrons to the barons; fortifies towns with provisions and weapons. Soon after the Isle of Ely is ravaged by the popular leaders. London, the capital city of our kingdom, is occupied by some, and is shaken with fearful strife; but all these difficulties are conquered with wonderful strength. Peace, wished for, returns; the arms are laid by; clouds have given place to sunshine; the joys of the English increase. The active Edward, flying from idleness, next took up the sign of the cross, desirous of performing a worthy service to Christ, who had delivered him from this whirlwind of wars; a pious troop of men follows. The King of Sicily, brother of the King of France* had conducted a vast host to the kingdom of Tunis, that he might recover the tribute which had been refused, saying that this would be a safe way for

* Prince Edward left England in July, 1270, to join the King of France, St. Louis, in a crusade to the Holy Land. Louis was persuaded by his brother Charles, King of Sicily, to turn aside and make war on the Bey of Tunis, from whom he claimed a tribute. Louis died at Carthage from the effects of the climate, and when the English arrived they found their ally dead and the King of Sicily ready to return home. Edward wintered at Trapani, in Sicily, where on the night of December 23rd occurred the terrible storm alluded to in the poem.

the whole army to the Holy Land ; the people which was signed with the cross lamented to see its object thus unpropitiously changed. Edward follows in the belief that there will be powerful fighting with the Saracens ; but the Gentile King wisely avoiding battle, paid whatever he asked. King Louis dies with his eldest son ; France laments ; King Charles returns, and brings back the troops, the English with the Sicilians ; the anxious Britons wept. The King of Sicily wickedly broke his vow of crusading, and the people, deceived, lamented his changing. He arrives at the port of Trapani ; soon a whirlwind from the north strikes the fleet ; multitudes of people perish ; all the money is sunk ; but the English fleet is providentially saved, without losing the value of a farthing. The King refuses to proceed, or to perform his vow. The pious leader of the English and all his company alike embark, pass the sea, and make for the places which were besieged by the Gentiles, pressed under a long lasting storm. Acre takes breath,* rejoicing in such a soldier, and rises as it were from the grave to sing new songs of praise. The Soldan was enraged, and thought to slay the noble leader, whom he caused to be stabbed by a detestable butcher. This assassin brought pre-

* Acre was besieged by Bondocar, Sultan of Babylon, who was on the point of taking the place by assault when Edward raised the siege.

tended messages from the Old Man of the Mountain,* which were but false pretences; he enters the chamber and shuts the door; with a knife he adds wound upon wound; but Edward, on the other hand, resisted strenuously; with his strength he laid prostrate the murderer, whom

* The Assassins were a military and religious order formed in Persia in the 11th century. It was founded by one Abdallah. A lodge was established at Cairo, and its members spread over a great part of Asia. Their object was to maintain the claims of the Fatimide Caliphs as opposed to the Caliphs of Bagdad. One of the adepts, Hassan ben Sabah, thought of turning these instruments to his own advantage, and succeeded in obtaining possession of the hill fort of Alamoot or Vultures' Nest, to the North of Casvin, in Persia, and there in 1090 he established an independent order with himself at the head as Sheik al Gebel or "Sheik of the Mountain." The principal class in the order were the Fedavees, who were clothed in white and armed with sharp daggers. Marco Polo gives a curious account of the garden at Alamoot, where the Fedavees found everything which could excite and gratify his senses. This he was made to believe was a foretaste of Paradise, and thus did not fear to encounter death even under the most appalling form. Some writers are inclined to attribute the visions in the garden to an opiate named hashish, whence the word assassin is said to be derived. Hassan died in 1124, and had several successors, who all adopted the practice of secret assassination, and many princes fell under the daggers of their followers, amongst them Raymond, Count of Tripoli, in 1151. Hulakoo, brother of the great Mongul conqueror, Mangoo Khan, exterminated the murderous sect in 1256. The Syrian branch of the Assassins, however, continued to exist for some years; Massyd, near Beyrout, was their stronghold. The history of this branch is most familiar to Europeans, being much interwoven with that of the Crusades and of the Sultan Saladin. They murdered the Marquis de Montferrat, in 1192, Louis of Bavaria in 1213, and the Khan of Tartary in 1254. They were conquered by Bibars, the Mameluke Sultan of Egypt, in 1270, but many escaped and became mixed with the Yezed Kurds, and some of their tenets are believed to linger still amongst the latter.

he slew with a merited death by his own weapon.
And because Christ knew that his servant was
worthy, he healed his wounds with a sacred
medicine.*

Popular dissatisfaction may be traced throughout Edward's reign, we may venture to say from the day in which he mounted the throne. The following song seems to have been popular soon after his accession ; and it is written in Latin and Anglo-Norman, in order that it might be sung more generally. In the manuscript, each stanza of the Latin is followed by the corresponding stanza in Anglo-Norman. Between the Latin lines of the first stanza is left space apparently for music.

A SONG OF THE TIMES.

[From MS. Harl. 746, fol. 103, v°, of the beginning of the reign of Edw. I.]

VULNERATUR karitas, amor aegrotatur :
Regnat et perfidia, livor generatur.

Amur gist en maladie, charité est nafré ;
Ore regne tricherie, hayne est engendré.

TRANSLATION.—Charity is wounded, love is sick ; perfidy reigns, and malice is engendered. The fraud of the

* This seems to tell against the popular story of Edward's queen sucking the poison from his wound.

Fraus primatum optinet, pax subpeditatur ;
Fides vincta carcere nimis desolatur.

In præsentì tempore non valet scriptura ;
Sed sopita veluti latent legis jura,
Et nephandi generis excæcata cura
Nullo sensu prævio formidat futura.

Resistentes subruunt iniquitatis nati ;
Perit pax ecclesiæ, regnant et elati.
Hoc silendo sustinent improbi prælati,
Mortem pro justitia recusantes pati.

Boidie ad seignurie, pes est mise suz pé ;
Fei n'ad ki lui guie, en prisun est lié.

Ne lerray ke ne vus die, ne vaut ore escripture ;
Mès cum fust endormie e tapist dreiture,
De la gent haye avugle est la cure,
Ke el ne dute mie vengeance à venir dure.

Les contre-estanz abatent li fiz de felonie ;
Lors perit seinte eglise, quant orgoil la mestrie.
Ceo sustenent li prelaz ki s'i ne peinent mie,
Pur dreiture sustenir nolent perdre vie.

rulers prevails, peace is trodden under foot ; faith fettered in prison is very desolate.—At present, a writing is of no use ; but right and law lie as it were asleep. And the care of the wicked race is blind, it has not sufficient foresight to fear the future.—The sons of iniquity crush those who resist ; the peace of the Church perishes, and the proud reign. The wicked prelates support this state of things by their supineness, for they refuse to suffer death for justice.

Strata pace penitus, amor refrigescit ;
 Tota tellus Angliæ mærore madescit,
 Omnisque dilectio dulcis evanescit :
 Cuncti consolatium quærunt quo quiescit.

Patre carent parvuli pupilli plangentes,
 Atque matre orphani fame jam defientes ;
 Qui in primis penitus fuerunt potentes,
 Nunc subcumbunt gladio, plorant et parentes.

Ecce pravi pueri pauperes prædantur ;
 Ecce donis divites dolose ditantur ;

Pes est acravanté e amur refreidie ;
 La terre est desconforté e de plur enmoistie,
 Amur et amisté tut est anentie :
 N'i ad nul ki ne quert confort et aye.

Asez i ad des orphanins grant doel demenanz,
 Ke lur parenz sunt mis à fins, dunt il en sunt dolenz,
 Cil ki en comencent furent mult pussanz,
 Sunt suzmis à le espeye, e plorent li parenz.

Li enfanz felons s'en vunt la povere gent preer ;
 Li riches à tort enrichiz sunt de autri aver ;

—Peace being altogether overthrown, love is cooled ; all the land of England is moist with weeping, and all friendship and kindness has disappeared : all seek consolation and quiet.—The little orphans lament the loss of their father, and, deprived of their mother, they sorrow in the midst of hunger ; they who at first were very powerful, now fall by the sword, and their parents weep.—Lo ! wicked children rob the poor : lo ! the wealth of the rich is in-

Omnes pene proceres mala machinantur ;
 Insani satellites livore lætantur.

Ecce viri confluunt undique raptores ;
 Ecce pacis pereunt legisque latores ;
 Dogmata despiciunt truces hii tortores,
 Et prodesse nequeunt sancti confessores.

Hii converti respuunt virtute sermonum,
 Neque curam capiunt de vita vironum ;
 Omnes simul rapiunt, ut mos est prædonum.
 Hiis vindictamingere, Deus ultionum !

A peine i ad haute home ki cesse mal penser ;
 De hayne sunt haitez li felons esquier.

De tote parz venent li bers ravisanz ;
 Ore perissent de pes e de la ley li sustenanz ;
 Enseignement refusent ces cruels tormentanz,
 Espleyt ne poent fere cil ki vunt prechanz.

Si il se ne volent amender purdit ne pur fesance,
 Mès pur tuer quant ont poer ben ont la voillance ;
 Trestuz en sunt ravine, de Deu n'en ont dotance.
 Cels metez à declin, sire Deu de vengeance !

creased by exacting gifts ; almost all the nobles spend their time in contriving evil ; the mad esquires delight in malice. —Lo ! the rapacious men appear on every side ; lo ! the supporters of peace and justice perish ; these cruel butchers despise doctrine, and the holy preachers have no effect. — These men will not be amended by the force of sermons ; nor do they make any account of the lives of men ; they all plunder together, like robbers. Take vengeance upon them, O God of vengeance !

One of the legacies which St. Louis left to Christendom was the number of new orders of monks which had been created during his reign and by his encouragement. They soon spread from France into England; but they were very far from being popular in either country, and were the constant butt of the gibes and jokes of the poets. The following is a bitter satire upon the different orders of monks in England in the reign of Edward I. The idea of caricaturing them by feigning one order which should unite the different characteristic vices of all the others, was not new.

THE ORDER OF FAIR-EASE.

[MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 121, r^o, reign of Edw. II.]

QUI vodra à moi entendre,
Oyr purra e aprendre
L'estoyre de un Ordre novel,
Qe mout est delitous e bel;
Je le vus dirroi come l'ay apris
Des freres de mon pays.
L'Ordre est si foundé à droit,

TRANSLATION.—He who will listen to me, may hear and learn the history of a new Order, which is very pleasant and beautiful: I will tell it you as I have learnt it from the brethren of my country. The Order is so cleverly founded,

Qe de tous ordres un point estroit,
 N'i ad ordre en cest mound
 Dont si n'i ad ascun point.
 Le noun de l'Ordre vus vueil dyre,
 Qe um ne me pust blamer de lire ;
 Qy oyr velt si se teyse,
 C'est le Ordre de Bel-Eyse.
 De l'Ordre vus dirroi la soume ;
 Quar en l'Ordre est meint prodhoume,
 E meinte bele e bone dame.
 En cel Ordre sunt sanz blame
 Esquiers, vadletz, e serjauntz ;
 Mès à ribaldz e à pesauntz
 Est l'Ordre del tot defendu,
 Qe jà nul ne soit rescu.
 Quar il frount à l'Ordre hounte.
 Quant rybaud ou vyleyn mounte
 En hautesse ou baylie,
 Là où il puet aver mestrie,

that it takes a point from all the other orders ; there is not an order in this world, of which there is not there some one point. The name of the Order I will tell you, that I may not be blamed for what I read ; he who will hear, let him be silent, it is the Order of Fair-Ease. Of this order I will tell you the sum ; for in the Order is many a worthy fellow, and many a fair and good dame. In this Order there are without blame, esquires, valets, and serjeants ; but to ribalds and to peasants the Order is entirely forbidden, so that no one may be received into it. For they would bring disgrace upon the Order. When ribald or vilein mounts to high place or office, there where he can have power, there

N'i ad plus de mesure en eux
 Qe al le luop qe devoure aigneux.
 De cele gent lerroi ataunt,
 E de le Ordre dirroi avaunt.

En cel Ordre dount je vus dy,
 Est primes issi estably,
 Que ceux qe à l'Ordre serrount,
 De Sympringham averount
 Un point, qe bien pleyasant serra,
 Come l'abbie de Sympringham a,
 Freres e sueres ensemble ;
 C'est bon Ordre, come me semble.
 Mès de tant ert changié, pur veyr,
 Q'à Sympringham doit aver
 Entre les freres e les sorours,
 Qe desplest à plusours,

is no more moderation in them than in the wolf which devours lambs. Of such people I will say no more, but I will go on to talk about the Order.

In this Order of which I tell you, it is first ordained thus, that those who shall belong to the Order, shall have one point of Sempringham, which will be very agreeable, as the Abbey of Sempringham has, brothers and sisters together ; it is a good Order, as it seems to me. But so far, in truth, it is changed, that at Sempringham* there must be between the brothers and the sisters (a thing which displeases many),

* The Order of Sempringham, commonly called the Gilbertine Canons, were founded by Sir Gilbert de Sempringham, in the first half of the 12th century. One of its peculiarities was the establishment of monks and nuns in the same house, though they were carefully separated and all intercourse forbidden. Nigellus Wireker speaks of this Order, and satirises the near collocation of the monks and nuns.

Fossés e murs de haute teyse ;
 Mès en cet Ordre de Bel-Eyse
 Ne doit fossé ne mur aver,
 Ne nul autre destourber,
 Qe les freres à lur pleysyr
 Ne pussent à lor sueres venyr,
 E qu'il n'ait point de chalaunge.
 Jà n'i avera ne lyn ne launge
 Entre eux, e si le peil y a,
 Jà pur ce ne remeindra.
 De yleoque est ensi purveu,
 Qe cil q'à l'Ordre serrount rendu,
 De l'abbé deyvent bien estre :
 E ce comaund nostre mestre,
 Pur bien manger e à talent
 Treis foiz le jour, e plus sovent.
 E s'il le font pur compaignye,
 Le Ordre pur ce ne remeindra mie
 De Beverleye ont un point treit,

ditches and walls of high measure ; but in this Order of Fair-Ease there must be neither ditch nor wall, nor any other impediment, to hinder the brethren at their pleasure from visiting the sisters, nor shall there be any watch-word. Their intimacy shall neither be separated by linen nor wool, or even by their very skins. From thence also it is provided, that they who shall enter the Order, must be well entertained by the abbot : and this our master commands, to eat well and plentifully three times a day, and oftener. And if they do it for company, the Order on that account shall not be the worse.

Of Beverley * they have taken a point, which shall be

* The monks of Beverley were Franciscans

Qe serra tenu bien e dreit,
 Pur beivre bien à mangier,
 E pus après desqu'à soper ;
 E après al collacioun,
 Deit chescun aver un copoun
 De chandelle long desqu'al coute,
 E tant come remeindra goute
 De chandeille à arder
 Deivent les freres à beivre ser.

Un point unt tret de Hospitlers,
 Que sunt mult corteis chevalers,
 E ount robes bien avenauntz,
 Longes desqu'al pié traynantz,
 Soudlers e chausés bien séantz,
 Egros palefrois bien amblantz ;
 Si deivent en nostre Ordre aver
 Les freres e sueres, pur veyr.

kept well and accurately, to drink well at their meat, and then afterwards until supper ; and afterwards at the collation, each must have a piece of candle as long as the arm below the elbow, and as long as there shall remain a morsel of the candle to burn, the brethren must continue their drinking.

A point they have taken from the Hospitallers,* who are very courteous knights, and have very becoming robes, so long that they drag at their feet ; shoes and breeches which fit elegantly, and great palfreys that amble well ; so in our Order, in truth, the brethren and sisters must have them.

* The Knights Hospitallers, founded during the first Crusades, were introduced into England about 1100. They were laymen, and became exceedingly rich and proud.

De Chanoyne ont un point pris,
 Qu'en l'Ordre ert bien assis ;
 Quar chanoygnes pur grant peyne
 Mangent en la symeygne
 Char en le refreitour treis jours ;
 Auxi deyvent nos sorours
 E nos freres chescun jour
 Char mangier en refreitour,
 Fors le vendredi soulement,
 E le samadi ensement.
 E si issint avenist
 Q'al samadi hoste fust,
 E l'em ne ust plenté de pesshon,
 L'estor que fust en la mesoun
 Purreint il par congié prendre,
 Jà l'Ordre ne serra le meindre.
 Un point ont tret de Moyne Neirs,
 Que volenters beyvent, pur veyrs,

Of the Canons * they have taken a point, which will agree well with the Order ; for the Canons, for great pain eat in the refectory flesh three days in the week ; so must our sisters and our brethren eat flesh in the refectory every day, except only Friday, and likewise Saturday. And if it so happen that there be a fast on the Saturday, and they have not plenty of fish, they may have leave to take what provisions are in the house ; the Order will be none the worse for it.

A point they have taken from the Black Monks,† that

* The regular Canons were a less strict order than the other monks in general, and followed the rule of St. Augustine.

† The Benedictines.

E sount cheschun jour yvre,
 Quar ne sevent autre vivre ;
 Mès il le fount par compaignie,
 E ne mie pur glotonie.
 Auxi est il purveu
 Que cheschun frere soit enbu,
 De jour en jour tot adès
 Devant manger e après.
 E si il avenist ensi
 Qe à frere venist amy,
 Dount se deyyent ensorter
 Pur les freres solacer,
 Qui savera bien juer le seyr ;
 Ce vus di-je de veir,
 Yl dormira grant matinée,
 Desque la male fumée
 Seit de la teste issue,
 Pur grant peril de la vewe.
 Des Chanoygnes Seculers,
 Qe dames servent volenters,

they love drinking, forsooth, and are drunk every day, for they do not know any other way of living. But they do it for the sake of society, and not at all out of gluttony. Also it is provided, that each brother drink before dinner and after. And if it so happen that a friend visit a brother (for such must be at hand to solace the brethren) who shall know how to play in the evening ; this I tell you for certain, he shall sleep late in the morning, until the evil fumes are issued from his head, for great danger of the sight.

Of the Secular Canons,* who willingly serve ladies, our

* The luxury of the Secular Canons is often alluded to by the early satirists.

Ont nos mestres un point treit,
 E vueillent qe cel point seit
 Bien tenuz e bien uséez ;
 Quar c'est le point, bien sachez,
 Que plus ad en l'Ordre mester,
 Pur les freres solacer.
 Si est, sur eschumygement,
 Comaundé molt estroitement
 Que chescun frere à sa sorour
 Deit fere le giw d'amour
 Devant matines adescement,
 E après matines ensement ;
 E s'il le fet avant son departyr
 Troiz foiz à soun pleysyr,
 Jà le frere blame ne avera,
 Ne le Ordre enpeyré serra.
 Gris Moignes sunt dure gent,
 E de lur ordre nequedent
 Vueillent nos mestres pur grever

masters have taken a point, and will that this point be well observed and well used ; for know that this point is more needful than any in the Order, in order to solace the brethren. And so it is commanded very strictly, on pain of excommunication, that the brethren play the game of love with the sisters, both before matins and after, and if he does it three times before leaving, for his pleasure, the brother shall not be blamed, nor the Order receive discredit.

The Grey Monks* are a hard race ; yet, nevertheless,

* In a poem on the Grey Monks (MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xiv. fol. 56, r^o) which will be found amongst the works of Walter Mapes, they are ridiculed for the same arrangement of clothing. The Albi Monachi are similarly satirised by Nigellus Wyreker for going without breeches.

L'Ordre un des lur poyntz aver ;
 E si n'est geres corteis,—
 Quar à matines vont sanz breys.
 Auxi deyvent nos freres fere,
 Pur estre prest à lur afiere.
 E quant il fount nul oreysoun,
 Si deyvent estre à genulloun,
 Pur aver greindre devocioun
 A fere lur executioun.
 E ou un seyn sonnent sanz plus,
 C'est lur ordre e lur us :—
 Mès nos freres pur doubler,
 Ou deus seynz deyvent soner.
 De taunt est nostre Ordre dyvers,
 Qe no sueres deyvent envers
 Gysyr e orer countre-mount,
 Par grant devocioun le fount.
 Issi pernent en pacience,
 C'est point de l'Ordre de Cilence ;

from their order our masters will that the Order have one of their points for mortification ; and in fact it is not over courteous,—for they go to matins without breeches.* So ought our brethren to do, to be more at their ease. And when they make no prayer, they must be on their knees, to have greater and more effectual devotion : and they ring with one bell and no more,—it is their order and usage :—but our brethren, to double it, must sound with two bells. Our Order has such difference, that our sisters must lie down flat and pray on their backs, they do it out of great devotion.

Also they take it in patience, it is a point from the Order of

* In a poem on the Grey Monks (MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xiv. fol. 56, r,) which will be found amongst the works of Walter Mapes, they are ridiculed for the same custom.

Chaichons est bon ordre, sanz faile,
 N'est nul des autres qe taunt vaille ;—
 Pur ce vueillent ascun point trere
 De cel ordre à nostre affere.
 Chescun est en sa celle enclos,
 Pur estre soul en repos ;
 Auxi deivent nos freres estre,
 Si doit chescun à sa fenestre
 Del herber aver pur solas,
 E sa suere entre ces bras,
 E estre enclos privéement,
 Pur survenue de la gent.
 Ne devomz pas entreoublier,
 Si nostre ordre deit durer,
 Les Frere Menours à nul suer,
 Qe Dieu servent de bon cuer ;
 Si devomz ascun point aver
 De lur ordre, pur mieux valer.

Silence ; * each is a good order, without doubt, but none of the others is so valuable ; therefore they will take one point of this order for our purpose. Each is shut up in his cell, to repose himself alone ; so our brothers must be, and each at his window must have some plants to comfort him, and his sister in his arms, and he must be shut up privately, that nobody may disturb them.

We must not forget, if our Order is to last, the Friars Minors,† in no case ; so must we have a point of their order, to be of more account. Their order is founded in

* The Carthusian monks, whose order was peculiarly strict.

† Better known as the Franciscans, and in France as the Cordeliers. See Dugdale, vi. 1505.

Lur ordre est fondé en poverte,
 Pur quei yl vont la voie apierte,
 En ciel tot plenerement ;
 Si vus dirroi bien coment
 Yl querent poverte tot dis ;
 Quaunt il vont par le pays,
 Al chief baroun ou chivaler
 Se lerrount il herberger,
 Ou à chief persone ou prestre,
 Là ou il purrount acese estre ;
 Mès par Seint Piere de Ronme,
 Ne se herbigerount ou povre honme,—
 Taunt come plus riches serrount.
 Ostiel plustost demanderount.
 Ne ne deyvent nos freres fere
 Ostiel, ne autre lyu quere,
 Fors là ou il sevent plenté,
 E là deyvent en charité
 Char mangier e ce qu'il ount,
 Auxi come les Menours fount.

poverty, therefore they go the open way to heaven completely ; and I will, tell you exactly how they seek poverty always ; when they travel through the country, they take up their lodgings with the chief baron or knight, or with the chief person or priest, there where they can be satiated ; but, by St. Peter of Rome ! they will never lodge with a poor man, —so long as there are richer men to be found, they prefer asking a lodging of them. In the same manner our brethren must not take up their lodging, nor seek other place, than where they know there is plenty, and there they ought in charity to eat flesh and whatever they find, as the Friars Minors do.

Pus qe avomz des Menours,
 Auxi averomz des Prechours ;
 Ne vont come les autres nuyz pées
 Eynz vont precher tot chaucées,
 E s'il avient ascune feez
 Qu'il soient malades as piés,
 Yl purrount, s'il ount talent,
 Chevalcher tot plenerement
 Tote la journée entière.
 Mès tot en autre manere
 Deyvent nos freres fere,
 Quant il prechent par la terre ;
 Car il deyvent tot adès
 Tot dis chevalcher loinz e près :
 E quant il fount nul sermoun,
 Si deyvent estre dedenz mesoun.
 E tote foiz après manger
 Deyvent il de dreit precher ;
 Quar meint honme est de tiele manere,

As we owe something to the Minors, we will borrow also of the Preachers ;* they do not go bare-foot like the others, but they go preaching with shoes on, and if it happen any time that they have sore feet, they may, if they like, ride on horseback at their ease all the day long. But quite in another manner ought our brethren to do when they preach through the land ; for they must ride thus always both far and near : and when they make any sermon, they must be within doors. And always after dinner they ought rightly to preach ; for many a man is of such a character, that his

* The Preaching Friars were the Dominicans, called in France Jacobins. The order was introduced into England in 1221.

Qu'il ad le cuer plus dur qe pierre,
 Mès quant il avera ankes bu
 Tost avera le Ordre entendu,
 E les cuers serront enmoistez,
 De plus leger serrount oyez,
 Qe à l'Ordre se rendront
 Quant le sermon oy averont.

Ensi est nostre ordre foundé,
 E si ount nos freres en pensée,
 Qe chescun counté doit aver
 Un abbé, qe eit poer
 A receyvre sueres e freres,
 E fere e tenyr ordres pleneres,
 E qe les pointz soient tenuz
 Qe nos mestres ount purvenz.
 Un provyncial en la terre
 Doit aler e enquere,
 Pur saver qy l'Ordre tendra.
 E cely qe le enfreindra,
 Serra privément chastié,

heart is harder than stone ; but when he shall have once drunk, then as soon as he has heard the Order, and the hearts shall be moistened, however little they might have heard, they will listen to the Order, when they have heard the sermon.

Thus is our Order founded, and our brothers have deemed right, that each county must have an abbot, who has power to receive sisters and brothers, and make and hold full orders, and that the points shall be held which our masters have provided. A provincial ought to go and inquire in the land, to know who will hold the Order. And he who shall

E de son meffet reprové.
 E ceux qe serront trovez
 Qe l'Ordre averount bien usez,
 Si deyvent pur lur humillité
 Estre mis en digneté,
 E serrount abbés ou priours
 A tenyr l'Ordre en honeurs.
 Issi fount les Augustyns,
 Qe tant sevent de devyns ;^{*}
 Par tot enquergerent pleynement
 Qy tienent l'Ordre lealment,
 E ceux qe l'Ordre tendrount
 Par tot loé serrount.

Atant fine nostre Ordre,
 Q'à touz bonz ordres se acorde,
 E c'est l'Ordre de Bel-Eyse,
 Qe à plusours trobien pleyse !

break it, shall be chastised in private, and reproved for his trespass. And those who shall be found to have made good use of the Order, must, for their humility, be raised to dignity, and they shall be abbots or priors to hold the Order in honours. Thus do the Augustine Monks, who know so many devices ; everywhere they give full encouragement to those who hold the Order loyally, and those who will hold the Order shall be praised everywhere.

Now ends our Order, which agrees with all good orders, and it is the Order of Fair-Ease, which pleases many too well !

* A variation for *devyns*, thus spelt for the sake of the rhyme.

Edward endeavoured to call off the vigour of his subjects from domestic sedition to foreign wars. But the expenses dependent upon the latter only added to the many burdens under which the English peasantry laboured; and it is now that we begin to find the complaints of the latter vented in the shape of popular songs.

SONG OF THE HUSBANDMAN.*

[MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 64, r^o; reign of Edw. II.]

ICH herde men upo mold make muche mon,
 Hou he beth i-tened of here tilyynge,
 Gode ȝeres and corn bothe beth a-gon,
 Ne kepeth here no sawe ne no song syng.
 "Now we mote worche, nis ther non other won,
 Mai ich no lengore lyve with my lesinge;
 ȝet ther is a bitterore bid to the bon,
 For ever the furthe peni mot to the kynge.

TRANSLATION.—I heard men on the earth make much lamentation,—how they are injured in their tillage,—good years and corn are both gone,—they keep here no saying and sing no song.—Now we must work, there is no other custom,—I can no longer live with my gleaning;—yet there is a bitterer asking for the boon,—for ever the fourth penny must [go] to the king.

* Like several other songs printed from the same MS., this is in many parts extremely difficult to translate, from the numerous words in it which do not occur elsewhere, as well as from the abruptness of the phraseology.

Thus we carpeth for the kyng, and carieth ful
colde,
And weneth for te kevere, and ever buth a-cast ;
Whose hath eny god, hopeth he nout to holde,
Bote ever the levest we leoseth a-last.

Luther is to leosen ther ase lutel ys,
And haveth monie hynen that hopieth therto ;
The hayward heteth us harm to habben of his ;
The bailif bockneth us bale and weneth wel do ;
The wodeward waiteth us wo that loketh under
rys ;
Ne mai us ryse no rest rycheis ne ro.
Thus me pileth the pore that is of lute pris :
Nede in swot and in swynk swynde mot swo : ”

Nede he mot swynde thah he hade swore,
That nath nout en hod his hed for te hude.

Thus we complain for the king, and care full coldly,—and think to recover, and ever are cast ;—he who hath any goods, expects not to keep them,—but ever the dearest we lose at last.

It is grievous to lose, where there is little,—and we have many fellows who expect it ;—the hayward commandeth us harm to have of his ;—the bailiff causeth us to know evil, and thinks to do well ;—the woodward has woe in keeping for us, who looketh under branches ;—there may not arise to us or remain with us riches or repose.—Thus they rob the poor man, who is of little value :—he must needs in sweat and in labour waste away so.

He must needs pine away, though he had swore (?),—that hath not a hood to hide his head.—Thus will walks in the

Thus wil walketh in londe, and lawe is for-lore,
And al is piked of the pore, the prikyares prude.

Thus me pileth the pore and pyketh ful clene,
The ryche raymeth withouten eny ryht ;
Ar londes and ar leodes liggeth fol lene,
Thorh b[i]ddyng of baylys such harm hem hath
hiht.

Meni of religioun me halt hem ful hene,
Baroun and bonde, the clerik and the knyht.
Thus wil walketh in lond, and wondred ys wene,
Falsshiþe fatteth and marreth wyth myht.

Stont fulle ythe stude, and halt him ful sturne,
That maketh beggares go with bordon and
bagges.

Thus we beth honted from hale to hurne ;
That er werede robes, nou wereth ragges.

land, and law is destroyed,—and all the pride of the rider is
picked from the poor.

Thus they rob the poor and pick him full clean,—the rich
lord it without any right ;—their lands and their people lay
full lean,—through asking of bailiffs such harm has befallen
them.—Many of religion hold them full abject,—baron and
bond-man, the clerk and the knight.—Thus will walks in the
land, and consternation is frequent,—falsehood fattens and
mars with might.

He stands full in the place, and holds him full sternly,—
that makes beggars go with burden and bags.—Thus we are
hunted from hall to corner ;—they who once wore robes, now
wear rags.

ȝet cometh budeles, with ful muche bost,—

“Greythe me selver to the grene wax :

Thou art writen y my writ that thou wel wost.”

Mo then ten sithen told y my tax.

Thenne mot ych habbe hennen a-rost,

Feyr on fyhshe day launprey ant lax ;

Forth to the chepyn geyneth ne chost,

Thah y sulle mi bil ant my borstax.

Ich mot legge my wed well ȝef y wolle,

Other sulle mi corn on gras that is grene.

ȝet I shal be foul cherl, thah he han the fulle,

That ich alle ȝer spare thenne y mot spene.

Nede y mot spene that y spared ȝore,

Aȝeyn this cachereles cometh thus y mot care ;

Cometh the maister budel Brust ase a bore,

Seith he wole mi bugging bringe ful bare.

Still there come beadies, with very great boast,—“Pre-
pare me silver for the green wax ;—thou art entered into my
writing, that thou knowest well of.”—More than ten times
I paid my tax.—Then must I have hens roasted,—fair on
fish day lamprey and salmon ;—forth to the market gains
not cost,—though I sell my bill and my borstax.

I must lay my pledge well if I will,—or sell my corn while
it is but green grass.—Yet I shall be a foul churl, though
they have the whole,—what I have saved all the year, I
must spend then.

I must neede spend what I saved formerly,—I must thus
take care against the time these catchpoles come ;—the
master beadle comes as roughly as a boar,—he says he will
make my lodgings full bare ;—I must give him for meed a

Mede y mot muntē a mark othēr more,
 Thah ich at the set day sulle mai mare.
 Ther the grene wax us gæveth under gore,
 That me us honteth ase hound doth the hare.

He us honteth ase hound hare doh on hulle ;
 Seththe y tek to the lond such tene me wes taht.
 Nabbeth ner budeles boded ar saffe,
 For he may scape ant we aren ever caht.

Thus y kippe ant cacche cares ful colde,
 Seththe y counte ant cot hade to kepe ;
 To seche selver to the kyng y mi seed solde,
 Forthi mi lond leye lith ant leorneth to slepe.
 Seththe he mi feize feh fatte y my folde,
 When y think o mai weole wel neh y wepe ;
 Thus bredeth monie beggares bolde,
 Ant ure suge ys roted ant rula er we repe.

mark or more,—though I sell my mare at the day fixed.—
 These the green wax grieveth us under garment,—so that
 they hunt us as a hound doth the hare.

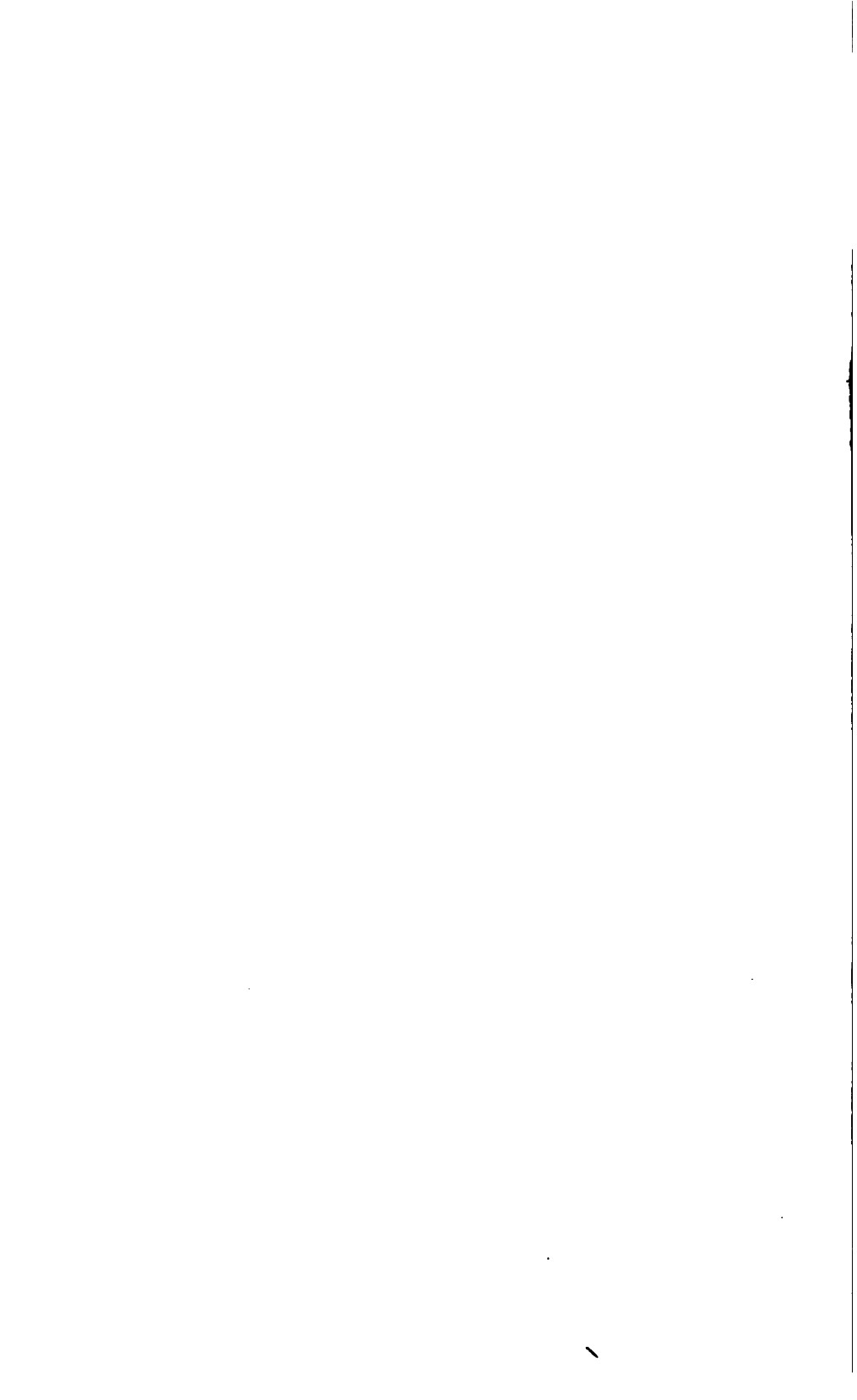
They hunt us as a hound doth a hare on the hill ;—since I
 took to the land such hurt was given me :—the headles
 have never asked their . . .—for they may scape, and we
 are always caught.

Thus I take and catch cares full cold,—since I reckoning
 and cot had to keep :—to seek silver for the king, I sold my
 seed,—wherefore my land lies fallow and learneth to sleep.
 —Since they fetched my fair cattle in my fold,—when I
 think of my weal I very nearly weep :—thus breed many
 bold beggars,—and our rye is rotted and . . . before we
 reap.

Ruls ys oure ruje ant roted in the stre,
For wickede wederes by brok ant by brynke.
Ther wakeneth in the world wondred ant wee,
Ase god is swynden anon as so for te swynke.

. . . . is our rye and rotted in the straw,—on account of
the bad weather by brook and by brink.—There wakes in
the world consternation and woe,—as good is to perish at
once as so to labour.

END OF VOLUME II.





THE
POLITICAL SONGS
OF ENGLAND,
FROM KING JOHN TO KING EDWARD II.





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THE
POLITICAL SONGS
OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE REIGN OF JOHN TO THAT OF
EDWARD II.

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POLITICAL SONGS.



THE following song appears to be directed against the gay fashions in ladies' clothing which became prevalent about this time, and seem even to have been aped by the middle and lower ranks.

AGAINST THE PRIDE OF THE LADIES.

[MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 6r, v^o; reign of Edw. II.]

Lord that lenest us lyf, ant lokest uch an lede,
For te cocke with knyf nast thou none nede;
Bothe wepmon ant wyf sore mowe drede,
Lest thou be sturne with strif, for bone that thou
 bede,
 in wunne
That monku[n]ne
Shulde shilde hem from sunne.

TRANSLATION.—Lord, that givest us life, and regardest every people,—to with knife thou hast no need;—both man and woman sorely may dread,—lest thou be stern with wrath, for the boon that thou askedst,—in joy—that mankind—should shield themselves from sin.

Such a joustynde gyn uch wrecche wol weren,
 Al hit cometh in declyn this gigelotes geren ;
 upo lofte
 The devel may sitte softe,
 Ant holden his halymotes * ofte.

3ef ther lyth a loket by er outhur e3e,
 That mot with worse be wet for lat of other le3e ;
 The bout and the barbet wyth frountel shall fe3e ;
 Habbe he a fauce filet, he halt hire hed he3e,
 to shewe
 That heo be kud ant knewe
 For strompet in rybaudes rewe.

a slit swine which hangs its ears.—Such a justling contrivance every wretch will wear,—that these giglots' gear all comes to nothing ;—on high—the devil may sit softly,—and hold his sabbaths often.

If there lies a locket by ear or eye,—that may with worse be wet for lack of other lye ; the but and the barbel with frontlet shall quarrel ;—if she have a false filet, she holds her head high,—to show—that she is famous and well-known for a strumpet in the ribalds' ranks.

Another song, written apparently about the same period, is a satire upon the smaller Ecclesiastical Courts, and the vexation which they caused to the peasantry.

* Halymotes means literally holy meetings. It is translated "Sabbath," in the supposition that there is some allusion to the popular notion of the festive meetings of devils and witches.

A SATYRE ON THE CONSISTORY COURTS.

[MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 70, v^o, of reign of Edw. II.]

Ne mai no lewed lued libben in londe,
 Be he never in hyrt so haver of honde,
 So lerede us bi-ledes ;
 3ef ich on molde mote with a mai,
 Y shal falle hem byfore ant lurnen huere lay,
 Ant rewen alle huere redes.
 Ah bote y be the furme day on folde hem by-fore,
 Ne shal y nout so skere scapen of huere score ;
 So grimly he on me gredes,
 That y ne mot me lede ther with mi lawe,
 On alle maner othes that heo me wulleth awe,
 Heore boc ase un-bredes.
 Heo wendeth bokes un-brad,
 Ant maketh men a moneth a-mad ;
 Of scathe y wol me skere,
 Ant fleo from my fere ;
 Ne rohthe he whet it were,
 Boten heo hit had.

TRANSLATION.—No unlearned (lay) person may live in the land,—be he in assembly never so skilful of hand,—the learned (the clergy) so lead us about ;—if I chance to go on the earth with a maid,—I shall fall before them and learn their lay,—and rue all their counsels. But unless I be on the foremost day in the land before them,—I shall not escape so clear of their score,—they cry on me so grimly,—that I may not lead myself there with my law,—on all kinds of oaths that they will give me,—their books as . . . —They turn over books that are not broad,—and make men a month mad ;—from hurt I will save myself,—and fly from my companion ;—she recked not what it were,—but she had it.

Furst ther sit an old cherl in a blake hure,
 Of all that ther sitteth semeth best syre,
 And leyth ys leg o lonke.
 An heme in an herygoud with honginde sleven,
 Ant mo then fourti him by-fore my bales to
 breven,

 In sunnes ȝef y songe :
 Heo pynkes with heore penne on heore parchemyn,
 Ant sayen y am breved ant y-broht yn
 Of al my weole wlonke.

Alle heo bueth redy myn routhes to rede,
 Ther y mot for menske munte sum mede,
 Ant thonkfulliche hem thonke.

 Shal y thonke hem ther er y go ?
 ȝe, the maister ant ys men bo.
 ȝef y am wreint in heore write,
 Thenne am y bac-bite,
 For moni mon heo maketh wyte
 Of wymmene wo.

First, there sits an old churl in a black gown,—of all who sits there he seems to be most the lord,—and lays his leg along.—A hem in a cloak with hanging sleeves,—and more than forty before him to write my bales,—in sins if I sung ; —they pink with their pens on their parchment,—and say I am briefed and brought in—of all my fair wealth.—They are all ready to read my sorrow—there I must out of respect give some bribe,—and gratefully thank them.—Shall I thank them there before I go?—Yea, the master and his men both.—If I am accused in their writing,—then am I back-bitten,—for many men they make to know—woe from women.

3et ther sitteth somenours syxe other sevene,
 Mys motinde men alle by here evene,
 Ant recheth forth heore rolle ;
 Hyrd-men hem hatieth, ant uch mones hyne,
 For everuche a parosshe heo polketh in pyne,
 Ant clastreth with heore colle.
 Nou wol uch fol clerc that is fayly,
 Wende to the bysshop ant bugge bayly ;
 Nys no wyt in is nolle.
 Come to countene court couren in a cope,
 Ant suggen he hath privilegie proud of the pope,
 Swart ant al to-swolle.
 Aren heo to-swolle for swore ?
 3e, the hatred of helle beo heore !
 For ther heo beodeth a boke,
 To sugge ase y folht toke ;
 Heo shulen in helle on an hoke
 Honge therefore.

Yet there sit somnours six or seven,—misjudging men all
 alike,—and reach forth their roll ;—herdsmen hate them,
 and each man's servant,—for every parish they put in pain,
 —and clatter with their collar (?).—Now will each foolish
 clerk that is . . . , go to the bishop and buy bailywick ;—
 there is no sense in his head.—He comes creeping to the
 county court in a cope,—and saying he hath proud privilege
 of the Pope,—black and all swollen.—Are they swollen for
 swearing (?) ?—yea, the hatred of hell be theirs !—for there
 they offer a book,—to say as I baptism took ; they shall in
 heli on a hook—hang for it.

Ther stont up a jeolumon, ȝeȝeth with a ȝerde,
 Ant hat out an heh that al the hyrt herde,
 Ant cleopeth Magge ant Malle ;
 Ant heo cometh by-modered ase a mōr-hen,
 Ant scrynketh for shome, ant shometh for men,
 Un-comely under calle.
 Heo biginneth to shryke, ant scremeth anon,
 Ant saith, " by my gabbyng ne shal hit so gon,
 Ant that beo on ou alle ;
 That thou shalt me wedde ant welde to wyf."
 Ah me were levere with lawe leose my lyf,
 Then so to fote hem falle.
 Shal y to fote falle for mi fo ?
 ȝe monie by-swyketh heo swo.
 Of thralles y am ther thrat,
 That sitteth swart ant for-swat,
 'Ther y mot hente me en hat,
 Er ich hom go.

There stands up a yellow-man, and jogs with a rod,—and
 shouts out aloud that all the assembly heard,—and calls
 Mag and Mol;—and she comes be-mothered as a moor-hen,
 —and shrinks for shame, and is ashamed on account of the
 men,—uncomely under petticoat.—She begins to screech,
 and screams anon,—and says, " by my gabbing, it shall not
 go so,—and that be on you all ;—that thou shalt wed me
 and have me to wife."—But I would rather with law lose
 my life,—then so fall at their feet.—Shall I fall at the feet
 of my foes?—Yea, many she deceiveth so.—I am there
 threatened by thralls,—who sit black and covered with
 sweat,—there I must take me a command,—before I go
 home.

Such chaffare y chepe at the chapitre,
 That maketh moni thryve-mon un-tbenfol to be,
 With thonkes ful thunne :
 Ant seththe y go coure at constory,
 Ant falle to fote uch a fayly,
 Heore is this worldes wynne,
 Seththen y pleide at bisshopes plee.
 Ah ! me were levere be sonken y the see,
 In sor withouten synne.
 At chirche ant thourh cheping ase dogge y am
 drive,
 That me were levere of lyve then so for te lyve,
 To care of al my kynne.
 Atte constorie heo kenneth us care,
 Ant whissheth us evele ant worse to fare ;
 A pruest proud ase a po,
 Seththe weddeth us bo,
 Wyde heo worcheth us wo,
 For wymmene ware.

Such merchandise I buy at the chapter,—that makes many
 thrifty men to be unthankful,—with very thin thanks,—and
 since I go creeping to the consistory,—and fall at the foot of
 each . . . ,—theirs is the world's joy,—since I played at
 the bishop's pleading.—But I had rather be drowned in the
 sea,—in sorrow without sin.—At church and through the
 market like a dog I am driven,—that I would rather be dead
 than so to live,—to have care for all my kindred.—At the
 consistory they teach us care,—and wish us evil and worse
 to fare ;—a priest as proud as a peacock—afterwards weds us
 both,—widely they work us woe,—for women's ware.

In the latter years of the thirteenth century, Edward became involved in the Scottish wars; and the enmity of the two nations was manifested in multitudes of songs, of which the greater part are lost, although a few are preserved, and a fragment or two of others are found in the old historians. The following song, attributed in the several manuscripts to different writers, was (if we may judge by the number of copies which remain) very popular. Different persons seem, from time to time, to have altered it and added to it. It appears to have been composed in 1298, soon after the sanguinary battle of Falkirk; but the latter stanzas, found only in one manuscript, have apparently been added at a somewhat later period.

SONG ON THE SCOTTISH WARS.*

[MS. Cotton. Claudius, D. vi. fol. 182, v*, of the beginning of the 14th cent.—MS. Cotton. Titus, A. xx. fol. 64, v*, of reign of Edw. III.—MS. of Clare Hall, Cambridge, of 14th cent.—MS. Sloan. No. 4934, fol. 103, r', a modern copy from a MS. not now known.—MS. Bodl. Oxfo. Rawl. B. 214, fol. 216, r', of the 15th cent.]

I playing prepare a harp for those who desire

* This poem has been attributed to the "Prior de Blithe," that is, William Burdon, prior of Blythe in Nottinghamshire. See Ellis's *Dugdale*, iv. 621. The prior of Alnwick in Northumberland, and Robert Baston, are also credited with the authorship. The fourth line of each tetrastich is an hexameter, and occasionally a pentameter, taken from some poet then popular, and often from a classic writer.

to play ; I set forth a wonderful matter concerning the malice of the world ; I will tell nothing that is noxious, but will relate a historical incident ; I write a new satire, yet let it not on that account sow anger.—Anger moves the minds of the soldiers of the present day, since the weak detract from the praise of the deeds of the strong ; yet let not teeth of the detractors scare thee : if you live well, you need not care for what evil men say.—If anger last, it turns into malice ; malice if not restrained drives people into rage ; rage shortens our days, by bringing us into anguish ; anger breeds hatred, whilst concord nourishes love.—The love which was in the world is gone, and poison has taken its place ; out of hatred has sprung no small plague ; the homicide has raised his standard ; nothing is sharper than envy, and nothing more wicked.—There is nothing more wicked than an envious man, as every one knows ; for his unhappiness increases with the prosperity of his neighbour ; he pines away by the very cause which brings profit to the just man. Unless the vessel be clean, whatever you pour in becomes soured.—In order, therefore, that the minds of the wicked may be soured, I will relate what I have learnt of the deeds of the English. Henceforward I will not fear the words of the envious. If you live well, you need not care for what evil men say. It is the property of wicked men always to say evil, to detract from the able, to respect the vile.

I am unwilling that you should be disturbed by the fear of such men ; it is praiseworthy in the prudent to be abused by the wicked.—For the wicked are displeased by rectitude of life : the law is injured in them, and they esteem strife as a joke. The repose of ribalds is inquietude ; to attempt to convert fools is, as it were, to put cold iron on the anvil.—Every one strikes cold iron, who counsels the obstinate man to desert his sins ; for the wise man says very sensibly, “ he sows words in the wind who preaches to a madman.”—Every where are preached the fraudulent actions of the faithless men, who molest England by force of arms ; the French, Scotch, and Welsh, whose power may the Omnipotent who holds the world repress !—May the Governor of the universe whom we address as God, who protected the Hebrew people through many difficulties, give the English victory over their enemies ! The butler can furnish liquor to a thousand men.—As the butler at will gives drink to many, so the Lord gives strength at his will to those whom he has chosen ; Edward the noble king knows this ; and he labours to devote himself entirely to Christ.—Edward our King is entirely devoted to Christ ; he is quick to pardon, and slow to vengeance ; he puts to flight his adversaries like a leopard ; the reputation of the fool stinks, the just man smells sweet as spikenard.—Like spike-nard smells the fame of the King of the English, who represses the attempts of his enemies ; him let

all the enemies of the English fear : often the mastiff snatches the sheep from the wolves' jaws.—In the wolves' jaws the English have been of late ; for, when all the turbulent chiefs of Wales were reduced, the Scotch ruse their spears armed in their rags : a few years exhibit the wonderful fortune of John.*—John being now King of Scotland, clement and chaste, governing the kingdom as though he had been bred a king, him at length the pride of his nation deposed. The first-created was an exile, driven from his pious seat.—He, however, was deservedly exiled, for, as I have read, he promised homage to the English King ; afterwards he declined the verb *frango* (I break) ; by breaking all which I had promised, (said he,) I performed my agreement.—The aforesaid prince broke his promise, when he did not restrain the attempts of the wicked ; a voice was heard in Rama, weeping and lamentation ; a remiss master makes lazy servants.—By slack servants the King is dishonoured ; holiness is overthrown, the law is made of no avail ; there is frequent sedition, the peace is endangered. Cursed be the house where every dependant is master !—When the dependant commands, and the prince is a servant, then the state is in danger, and quietness departs. O how many people impiety, when unpunished, injures ! The impious man unpunished always thinks that he

* John Balliol.

conquers.—The twelve rulers of Scotland thought that they could resist the great valour of the English ; therefore many of them fell by the sword. Said the toad to the harrow, “cursed be so many rulers !”—Many rulers under such a diminutive leader conspire against the English, whilst the king was at peace ; at length they meet with standards raised. Great rivers take their rise from a small fountain.—From small fountains great rivers arise ; so it is with the wanton attempts of the people of Scotland. Many thereupon are led captives : whenever ‘the kings run wild, it is the subjects who suffer.—The subject populace perished in battle at Dunbar, where the Scotch were slain by the flail of the English. You might see the carcasses, as in the shambles of a seller of refuse meat, cut off from the kilted rabble.—The kilted people, numerous and savage, who are accustomed to detract from the Englishmen, fell at Dunbar, and now stink like a dog : thus do fools, who are tormented by vain glory.—Vain glory made the deceitful people deny the true lord of Scotland ; but after the battle they seek peace. Sometimes fortune makes a wise man of a fool.—He is wise in battle who yields to his superior ; but the wild people of Scotland soon break their faith. No one can take away what nature gave ; the disease which is rooted in the bone, can seldom be expelled from the flesh.—The noble King departed, sparing so great a mass of populace ; he traversed

Scotland with a crowd of attendants. The English fortify castles, by the King's command ; for that hurts less which we have provided against.—The wars are governed by the King's providence ; the Scottish nobles are subdued to the English ; judges are appointed, the laws are revised ; for the laws themselves require to be regulated aright.—The King appointed a worthy man to the government of the kingdom, John de Warenne,* whom he had often proved. He to the utmost of his power observed the laws ; destroying the proud, he placed the humble in peace.—The King, after these things had been performed, returned in peace, preparing to aid gratuitously the Count of Flanders ; he prepares a great fleet as quickly as he can ; banish delay, to those who are prepared it is always injurious to procrastinate.—Nor was there any delay, for the cunning Scots meet together ; with their hands on the Gospels, they have said that from their station in the south they will not pass the Trent :† little is owing to pleasure, more to safety.—The Scottish nobles all swear with alacrity, and their boundaries are limited to each by the King ; see that they be not perjured, and

* John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey. He commanded the English at the battle of Dunbar, and also at the battle of Stirling.

† The King had carried with him to London the Scottish knights he most suspected, and before he went to Flanders exacted from them solemn oaths that during his absence they would not repass the Trent without his permission.

fall into the net ; for the poets sing wonderful things that are not to be believed.—Then the King, wonderfully credulous in them, passed the sea, and powerfully warred against the French in Flanders ; unmindful of old age, he was not terrified by numbers. He flourishes by counsel, to whom nature has denied strength.—The Lord has not denied strength and vigour to the King, whom he ordained to be the flower of the world ; whose acts excite everybody's wonder ; for his mind is capable of undergoing every labour.—A new labour arises ; Satan is raised up ; the fidelity of the Scots disappears entirely ; the valour of the English is undeservedly set at nought. What everybody says, does not rest upon our opinion.—The abandoned scoffers hold mutual conversations : “ Lo ! triumphant garlands are given to the English. O William de Wallace ! send us to them : arrows can penetrate the hard mail.—Let us call together all our archers ; let us hasten together against the Guardian of Scotland. For it is right that we should fight for our country : we often see the conqueror overcome by the vanquished.”—Accordingly the Guardian of Scotland is very hard pressed ; and the people assemble at Stirling,* proud in spirit ; treachery destroys the English, and they are on the brink of ruin ; the end does

* The battle of Stirling was fought on Thursday, 11th September.

not correspond with the beginning.—The Earl, who was leader of the English, first passed the bridge, penetrating boldly into the Scottish columns ; but he was driven back by treachery, and not by the force of arms : fraud is often the cause of many evils.—Fraud caused the English to blush, whilst they saw on all sides the blood of their own people flowing ; Levenax* and Richard Lundy† are convicted of fraud. How short is the joy, and how lasting the sorrow, of the world !—O perfidiousness of the world ! who is not astonished by thee ? Treachery lies hid, concealed among our household ; the cunning man is always opposed to the peaceful ; the shepherd leads his sheep with a staff, the wolf threatens them with his mouth.—What does the barbarous, brutal, and foolish race threaten ? Will this perfidy remain unavenged ? The King of England will come with open force, inquiring much about Priam and much about Hector.—The proud people raise a heap of evils for themselves, provoking the English to the bitter contest ; words will cease, when the blows come ; though you think you have finished entirely, there is a snake concealed in the grass.—“The sun,” they say, “will not be concealed from us with his light ; the time is come when the English will all

* Earl of Lennox.

† For an account of this reverse, and the part which Lennox and Richard Lundy acted, see Knighton in Twisdane, Coll. 2516 *et seq.*

fall by our hands ; no one”* The Divine power plays with the prospects of men.—O power of God ! I petition thee in favour of thy people ! come with a propitious countenance to the aid of the English ; judge the King’s cause, and give him grace : thou who art without beginning, do not let falseness triumph.—After this the leader of the plot calls together his party, knowing that our King would be gone over the sea ; he made an order to ravage Northumberland :† “we oft see,” says he, “weeping after joy.”—Northumberland, much desolated, may weep ! She is made as a widow robbed of her children. Vescy, Morley, Somerville, Bertram‡ are dead : Alas ! of how many, and how great men in every part is she widowed !—In her, since she is a widow, the troops of the Scots reduce the estates of many to cinders. William Wallace is the leader of these savages ; the rejoicings of fools breed increase of griefs.—To increase the wickedness which they had hitherto perpetrated, these wicked men deliver Alnwick to the flames ; they run about on every side like madmen. Few are chosen, but many are called.

* Illegible in original.

† The invasion of Northumberland and the burning of Hexham and Corebridge are told by Matthew of Westminster, p. 427. See also Peter Langtoft’s Chronicle, and Knighton, Coll. 2520 *et seq.* None of them mention the damage done at Alnwick.

‡ The reference seems to be to members of these families who had distinguished themselves against the Scots at different periods, but were now dead.

—Many ask each other how it happened that the Newminster was not touched by the fire. The monks promise gifts, but they do not fulfil their promise : as there was need, so was the thing carried into effect.—On this account they led away captive the prior of the monastery, whom they then found ; having carried away the goods, they left the houses empty. Few are munificent, but there are many who seek after gifts.—Now the malignant people returns to Scotland ; and the honour of knighthood is given to William ; from a robber he becomes a knight, just as a swan is made out of a raven ; an unworthy man takes the seat, when a worthy man is not by.—At length a letter reaches the worthy prince, in which the whole course of events is told. Let nobody be surprised if he was enraged at it : the sea cannot be quiet when the storm rages.—In his anger he began thus to address his knights : “ Again you must prepare to fight for your country. I would rather conquer once, than be often tormented ; wars are better than being troubled with lasting strife.”—“ Do not be troubled,” said they, “ if the Scottish thieves sharpen axes for their own heads ; one Englishman will slay very many Scots. It is not the part of a man who has a beard to join mice to a little cart.”—Wallace, or Gilmaurus, is scarcely better than a mouse, for whose victory the laurel will never grow ; for they want strength and treasure : a bull who has lost his horns is the more

eager for the war.—On St. Magdalen's day* the wretches fall in battle; the King subdues in the field near a hundred thousand; the meadows are covered with their carcases. The wicked hate sin from the fear of punishment.—Scared by the fear of punishment the tyrant turns his back, whom the short jacket once pleased; faithless in the day of battle he flies like a truant.† One day often gives what the whole year denies.—In one day many wretches were slain; and the English pursue the Scots who had fled; they are transfix'd with spears, and robbed of their clothes. The white thorns are cut down, while the black bilberries are gathered.—Wallace, thy reputation as a soldier is lost; since thou didst not defend thy people with the sword, it is just thou shouldst now be deprived of thy dominion. But, in my view, thou wilt always be the ass thou wert formerly.—Thou wilt pass into a lasting proverb; thy kingdom is divided, and cannot stand; thy people now drink of the cup which thou hast prepared.—He who turns others into derision, will not escape being

* The battle of Falkirk, so fatal to the Scots, was fought on St. Mary Magdalen's day, the 22nd July, 1298.

† The original has *trutanus*, from which our word truant is derived. Its primary meaning is not clear, but it seems to have been generally used for a person who wandered about and gained his living by false pretences, or passed himself under a different character to that which really belonged to him. It is applied sometimes to abbots or priors who lived abroad and neglected their monasteries. Giraldus Cambrensis uses it for monks who had quitted their houses.

derided.—O laughable thing, that has been manifested in our time ! Fortune will play in various ways. The prince has been turned into an out-cast, Judah into Jebus. The Divine power plays with the prospects of men.—Things being brought to this pass, the King searches the country, and hunts the thieves out of their hiding-places ; every one who is found is put to the sword : justice requires this, that the punishment come after the fault.—Next the King returns, that he may marry Queen Margaret, the flower of the French ; through her the kingdoms receive a more complete peace. Anger begets slaughter, concord nourishes love.—When love buds between great princes, it drives away bitter sobs from their subjects ; and now a firm peace is negotiated by frequent messengers : for by these things grace makes people friends.—It is just that the Scots should have a small portion of grace, because the impious people have neither peace nor quiet of mind. Comyn, Carrick, Umfraville* raise their standards : there is nothing more sharp than envy, nor more wicked.—The nation, voluntarily wicked, will not be obedient ; it forces the illustrious King with his army to return ; now they fear who neglect to come to peace, lest they perish languishingly by the sword of dire death.—

* Three of the most active leaders of the Scots in their opposition to Edward. The Earl of Carrick was Robert Bruce. Gilbert d'Umfraville, Earl of Angus, had been one of Edward's commissioners for manning and fortifying the castles in Scotland.

Let them perish utterly, both fathers and sons ; unless they quickly give their feet to flight, flying they desert their towns and houses : the child Ganymede drives about the hares on Mount Ida. —In the midst of these transactions the King of France, sending without delay, asks an honourable truce of the King of England. The King accedes to his request, soon afterwards turning his reins : the grateful hour will arrive when it is least expected.—Who knows not that that would be the best hour for the Scots, in which the sword ceases from the weeping commonalty, and the King unites and honours the nobles. While it is warm and fair weather, the ant labours.—After all these warlike labours, the English like angels are always conquerors, they are more excellent than the Scotch and Welsh ; you will learn people's manners by contemplating their lives.—As though a swine should resist the valour of the lion, so the filthy Scots attack England ; and the King for that reason reduces them to slavery : he will ever be a slave, who cannot be content with the little which Providence has given him.

The following verses seem to have been written immediately after John Baliol had retired to Normandy, in 1299. In the manuscript, they are accompanied by a picture representing a ship, full of people, passing the sea.

ON THE DEPOSITION OF BALIOL.

[From MS. Cotton. Julius, A. v. fol. 2, r', of beginning of 14th cent.]

Ecce dies veniunt Scoti sine principe fiunt ;
 Regnum Balliolus perdit, transit mare solus.
 Defendi bello Scotus mucrone novello
 Sperans Gallorum, vires expectat eorum.
 De gwerra tuti Gallorum viribus uti
 Congaudent Scoti ; currunt ad prælia moti.
 Gallia de parvo Scoto profecit in arvo.
 Cur in conflictu Scotus ter corruiet ictu ?
 Conflictu quarto Scoti ponuntur in arto :
 Quales sunt et erunt, carmina plura ferunt,
 Carmina qui didicit Trojam per prælia vicit,
 Ovidius docuit quæ sibi causa fuit.
 Percussis bellis, sterilis fit Troja puellis ;
 Finitis motis, sic fiet Scotia Scotis.

TRANSLATION.—Lo ! the time is come when the Scots are without a prince ; Baliol loses the kingdom, and passes the sea alone. The Scot, hoping to be defended in battle by the new spear of the French, is waiting for their power. The Scots rejoice together in the belief that they will have the better in the war by the aid of the French ; they rebel, and haste to fight. France will profit little the Scot in the field. Why has the Scot been beaten in three battles ? By the fourth battle the Scots are reduced to extremities : such as they are and will ever be, very many songs tell. He who learnt songs conquered Troy in battle ; Ovid has told us what was the cause of it. After the war, Troy was barren of maidens ; when the rebellion is over, so will Scotland be

Vastantur gwerra Trojani, de prope terra
Castrorum plena, cum finibus est aliena.
Urbibus et villis proles dominatur Achillis ;
Pyrrhus vastat eas, Priamum ploravit Æneas.
Merlinus scribit quod turba superba peribit ;
Latrans exhibit canis, et bos profugus ibit.
Tunc nemus Eutherium pennata fronde carebit ;
Et genus Albaneum sua regna perire videbit,
Scote miser, plora, tibi flendi jam venit hora ;
Nam regnum patrum desinet esse tuum.
Principe privaris, campo sic subpeditaris,
Quod meritis miseris semper asellus eris.
Vox de profundis Cambini te vocat undis,
Torquendum clade, quam non novit genus Adæ.
Illuc tende vias, et dæmonis assecla fias !
Amplius Andreas ducere nescit eas.

of Scots. Troy is ravaged by war, the land near about being full of camps, it is with its boundaries become the property of another. The son of Achilles rules over the cities and towns ; Pyrrhus lays them waste, Æneas has wept for Priam. Merlin writes that the proud crowd shall perish ; the barking dog shall depart, and the ox shall go into exile. Then shall the Eutherian grove be stripped of its feathered branches ; and the Albanian race will see their kingdom perish. Wretched Scot, lament, thy hour of weeping is now come ; for the kingdom of thy forefathers ceases to be thine. Thou art deprived of a prince, and art so trodden down in the field, that by thy ill merits thou wilt always be an ass. A voice from the bottom of the Cambine waters calls thee, to be punished with such slaughter as the race of Adam has not yet seen. Hasten thither, and become the companion of the devil ! Andrew will no longer be their leader.

The general hatred of the Scots did not hinder the people from feeling grieved by the heavy taxes which were raised to support the war, and more particularly the expeditions into Flanders (which latter were ill-managed, and produced no results), or from showing their dissatisfaction. The King's measures of ambition were often thwarted by the stern opposition of the barons and the commons. The following song was directed more particularly against the unconstitutional seizure of wool, and generally against all the taxes raised for the Flemish war.

SONG AGAINST THE KING'S TAXES.

[MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 137, v*, written in reign of Edward II.]

Dieu, roy de magesté, ob personas trinas,
Nostre roy e sa meyné ne perire sinas ;
Grantz mals ly fist aver gravesque ruinas,
Celi qe ly fist passer partes transmarinas.

Rex ut salvetur, falsis maledictio detur !

TRANSLATION.—O God, King of majesty, for the sake of the Trinity,—do not permit our King and his household to perish ;—great hurt and great ruin he caused him to have, —who made him pass over the sea.—In order that the King may prosper, may his false advisers be accursed.

Roy ne doit à feore de gere extra regnum ire,
 For si la commune de sa terre velint consentire :
 Par trefoun voit homme sovent quam plures perire ;
 A quy en fier seurement nemo potest scire.
 Non eat ex regno rex sine consilio.

Ore court en Engleterre de anno in annum
 Le quinzyme denier, pur fere sic commune
 dampnum.
 E fet avaler que soleient sedere super scamnum ;
 E vendre fet commune gent vaccas, vas, et
 pannum.
 Non placet ad summum quindenum sic dare
 nummum.

Une chose est countre foy, unde gens gravatur,
 Que la meyté ne vient al roy, in regno quod
 levatur.
 Pur ce qu'il n'ad tot l'enter, prout sibi datur,

A king ought not to go out of his kingdom to make war,
 unless the commons of his land will consent :- by treason
 we often see very many perish ;—no one can tell in whom
 to trust with certainty.—Let not the King go out of his
 kingdom without counsel.

Now goes in England from year to year—the fifteenth
 penny, to do thus a common harm —And it makes them go
 down, who used to sit upon a bench ; and it obliges the
 common people to sell both cows, vessels, and clothes.—It
 does not please thus to pay the fifteenth to the last penny.

One thing is against faith, whereby the people is
 aggrieved,—that the half of what is raised in the kingdom
 does not come to the King.—Since he has not the whole, as

Le pueple doit le plus doner, et sic sincopatur.

Nam quæ taxantur, regi non omnia dantur.

Unquore plus greve à simple gent collectio
lanarum,

Que vendre fet communement divitias earum.

Ne puet estre que tiel consail constat Deo carum,
Issi destrure le poverail pondus per amarum,

Non est lex sana, quod regi sit mea lana.

Uncore est plus outre peis, ut testantur gentes,

En le sac deus pers ou treis per vim retinentes.

A quy remeindra cele leyne? quidam respondentes,
Que jà n'avera roy ne reygne, sed tantum
colligentes.

Pondus lanarum tam falsum constat amarum.

it is given to him,—the people is obliged to give the more, and thus they are cut short.—For the taxes which are raised are not all given to the King.

The collecting of the wool grieves the common people still more,*—which drives them commonly to sell their property. Such counsel cannot be acceptable to God,—thus to destroy the poor people by a bitter burthen.—It is not sound law which gives my wool to the King.

What is still more contrary to peace, as people witness,—they retain two or three parts in the sack.—To whom shall remain this wool? Some answer,—that neither King nor Queen shall have it, but only the collectors.—Such a false weight of wool is manifestly a bitter thing.

* The oppressive duty upon wool, which was the staple of English commerce at that period, was severely felt and complained of. In 1296 the King seized all the wool in the merchants' warehouses, and sold it for his own profit, paying for it as usual with tallies and promises to repay them in full. (Hemingford, p. 110.)

Depus que le roy voderà tam multum cepisse,
 Entre les riches si purra satis invenisse ;
 E plus, à ce que m'est avys, et melius fecisse
 Des grantz partie aver pris, et parvis peper-
 cisse.

Qui capit argentum sine causa peccat egentum.

Honme ne doit à roy retter talem pravitatem,
 Mès al maveis consiler per ferocitatem.
 Le roy est jeovene bachiler, nec habet ætatem,
 Nule malice compasser, sed omnem probitatem.
Consilium tale dampnum confert generale.

Rien greve les grantz graunter regi sic tributum ;
 Les simples deyvent tot doner, contra Dei nutum.
 Cest consail n'est mye bien, sed vitiis pollutum ;

Since the King is determined to take so much,—he may find enough among the rich ;—and he would get more and do better, as it appears to me,—to have taken a part from the great, and to have spared the little—He sins who takes the money of the needy without cause.

We ought not to lay such wickedness to the charge of the King,—but to the bad counsellor, by his rapacity. The King is a young bachelor, and is not of an age—to compass any malice, but to do all probity.—Such counsel does general harm.

It is no trouble to the great thus to grant to the King a tax ; the simple must pay it all, which is contrary to God's will.—This counsel is not at all good, but polluted with vice ;—it is ill ordained, that those who grant should pay

Ceux que grauntent ne paient ren, est male
constitutum.

Nam concedentes nil dant regi, sed egentes.

Coment fra homme bon espleit ex pauperum
sudore,

Que les riches esparnyer doit, dono vel favore?

Des grantz um le dust lever, Dei pro timore;

Le pueple plus esparnyer, qui vivit in dolore.

Qui satis es dives, non sic ex paupere vives.

Je voy en siècle qu'ore court gentes superbire,
D'autre biens tenir grant court, quod cito vult
transire.

Quant vendra le haut juggedment, magna dies
iræ,

S'il ne facent amendement, tunc debent perire.

Rex dicit reprobis, "ite:"—"venite," probis.

nothing.—For those who make the grant give nothing to
the King, it is the needy only who give.

How will they perform good deeds out of the sweat of the
poor,—whom the rich ought to spare, by gift or favour?—
they ought to tax the great, for the fear of God;—and spare
more the people, who live in pain.—Thou who art rich
enough, live not thus upon the poor.

I see at the present day how people are proud,—with
other people's goods they hold great court, which will
quickly pass.—When the high judgment comes, the great
day of wrath,—unless they make atonement, they must
then perish.—The King says to the bad, "Go:" to the
good, "Come."

Dieu, que fustes coronée cum acuta spina,
 De vostre pueple eiez pitée gratia divina !
 Que le siècle soit aleggée de tali ruina !
 A dire grosse veritée est quasi rapina.
 Res inopum capta, nisi gratis, est quasi rapta.

Tel tribut à nul feor diu nequit durare ;
 Devoyde qy puet doner, vel manibus tractare ?
 Gentz sunt à tiel meschief quod nequeunt plus
 dare ;
 Je me doute, s'ils ussent chief, quod vellent
 levare.
 Sæpe facit stultas gentes vacuata facultas.

Yl y a tant escarceté monetæ inter gentes,
 Qe honme puet en marché, quam parci sunt
 ementes,

O God, who wast crowned with the sharp thorn,—have
 pity with divine grace upon thy people !—May the world
 be comforted of such ruin !—To tell unvarnished truth, it is
 mere robbery.—The property of the poor taken without
 their will, is as it were stolen.

Such tribute can in no manner last long ;—out of empti-
 ness who can give, or touch anything with his hands.—
 —People are reduced to such ill plight, that they can give
 no more ;—I fear, if they had a leader, they would rise in
 rebellion.—Loss of property often makes people fools.

There is so much scarcity of money among people,—that
 people can in the market, there are so few buyers,—

Tot eyt honme drap ou blée, porcos vel bidentes,
 Rien lever en verité, tam multi sunt egentes.
 Gens non est læta, cum sit tam parca moneta.

Si le roy freyt moun conseil, tunc vellem laudare,
 D'argent pendre le vessel, monetamque parare ;
 Mieu valdrait de fust ma[n]ger, pro victu nummos
 dare,
 Qe d'argent le cors servyr, et lignum pacare.
 Est vitii signum pro victu solvere lignum.

Lur commissiouns sunt trochiers qui sunt ultra
 mare ;
 Ore lur terres n'ount povers eosdem sustentare.
 Je ne say coment purrout animas salvare,

although they may have cloth or corn, swine or sheep,—
 make nothing of them, in truth, there are so many needy
 people.—The people is not joyful, when money is so scarce.

If the king would take my advice, I would praise him
 then,—to take the vessels of silver, and make money of
 them ;—it would be better to eat out of wood, and to give
 money for victuals—than to serve the body with silver, and
 pay with wood.—It is a sign of vice, to pay for victuals with
 wood.*

The commissions of those who are employed over sea are
 too dear ;—now the poor have not their lands to sustain
 the same.—I do not know how they can save their souls,—

* In Low Latin "Fustum" was a generic name for every-
 thing made of wood. It would be more reasonable, says
 the writer of the song, if the court would eat off wooden
 vessels, and pay for their provisions with silver, than to live
 sumptuously with plate, and only pay their victuals with
 wooden tallies.

Que d'autrui vivre voderount, et propria servare.
Non dubitant poenas cupientes res alienas.

Dieu pur soun seintime noun, confundat errores,
E ceux que pensent fere tresoun, et pacis turbatores !

E vengauce en facez ad tales vexatores !

E confermez e grantez inter reges amores !

Perdat solamen qui pacem destruit ! AMEN.

who would live upon other people's goods, and save their own.—They cannot doubt but they will be punished, who covet the property of others.

May God, for the sake of his holy name, confound errors, —and those who meditate treason, and the disturbers of the peace !—and take vengeance on such tormentors ! and confirm and grant love between the kings !—May he lose consolation who breaks the peace ! Amen.

Although the English people were grieved by the king's expensive and ill-conducted foreign wars, yet they were not wanting in commiseration for the Flemish burghers in their struggle against France. The song which follows was composed soon after the battle of Courtrai, in which the Comte d'Artois and his army were defeated and destroyed by the Flemings in 1302.

SONG ON THE FLEMISH INSURRECTION.*

(MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 73, v', of reign of Edw. II.)

Lustneth, lordinges, bothe 3onge ant olde,
 Of the Freynsshe-men that were so proude ant
 bolde,
 Hou the Flemmyshe-men bohten hem ant solde
 upon a Wednesday,
 Betere hem were at home in huere londe,
 Then for te seche Flemmyshe by the see stronde
 Wharethourh moni Frenshe wyf wryngeth hire
 bonde,
 ant singeth, weylaway !

The Kyng of Fraunce made statuz newe
 In the lond of Flaundres, among false ant trewe,
 That the comun of Bruges ful sore con a-rewe,
 ant seiden amonges hem,

TRANSLATION.—Listen, Lordings, both young and old,
 —of the Frenchmen that were so proud and bold,—how the
 Flemish men bought and sold them—upon a Wednesday.
 Better it had been for them at home in their country,—
 than to seek Flemings by the sea-strand,—through which
 many a French woman wrings her hands,—and sings,
 weladay !

The King of France made new statutes—in the land of
 Flanders, among false and true,—that the commons of
 Bruges full sorely began to rue,—and said amongst them—

* This song was printed by Ritson, in his "Ancient Songs."

"Gedere we us togedere hardilyche at ene,
 Take we the bailifs by twenty ant by tene,
 Clappe we of the hevedes an oven o the grene,
 ant caste we y the fen."

The webbes and the fullaris assembleden hem alle,
 Ant makeden huere consail in huere commune
 halle;

Token Peter Conyng* huere kyng to calle,
 ant beo huere cheventeyn.

Hue nomen huere rouncyns out of the stalle,
 Ant closeden the toun withinne the walle;
 Sixti baylies ant ten hue maden a-doun falle,
 ant moni another sweyn.

selves,—“Let us assemble together boldly in the evening,
 —let us take the bailiffs by twenties and by tens,—let us
 clap off their heads above on the green,—and let us cast
 them in the fen.”

The weavers and the fullers assembled them all,—and
 held their council in their common hall,—they took Peter
 Conyng to be called their king,—and to be their chieftain.
 —They took their horses out of the stable,—and closed the
 town within the wall;—seventy bailiffs they made down
 fall,—and many another man.

* Peter Coning was a weaver of Bruges. For a complete narrative of this insurrection see Michelet, “Histoire de France,” vol. iii. p. 76.

A brief account is given in Matthew of Westminster, p. 444.

Tho wolde the baylies, that were come from
 Fraunce,
 Dryve the Flemishe that made the destaançe ;
 Hue turnden hem aȝeynes with suerd and with
 launce,

stronȝ men ant lyht.

Y telle ou for sothe, for al huere bobaunce,
 Ne for the avowerie* of the Kyng of Fraunce,
 Tuenti score ant fyve haden ther meschaunce
 by day ant eke by nyht.

Sire Jakes de Seint Poul y-herde hou hit was ;
 Sixtene hundred of horsmen asemblede o the gras ;
 He wende toward Bruges *pas pur pas*,
 with swithe gret mounde,
 The Flemmyshe y-herden telle the cas ;
 A-gynneth to clynken huere basyns of bras,†

Then would the bailiffs that were come from France—
 drive out the Flemings who made the disturbance ;—but
 they turned against them with sword and with lance,—
 strong men and nimble,—I tell you for truth, in spite of
 their vaunting,—and in spite of the patronage of the King
 of France,—four hundred and five had there mischance—by
 day and also by night.

Sir Jacques de St. Paul heard how it was :—he assembled
 sixteen hundred knights on the grass ;—they went towards
 Bruges step by step,—with a very great body of people.—
 The Flemings heard tell of the case ; they begin to clink

* This is the Low Latin "Advocaria." See Ducange.

† This circumstance occurred on March 21. 1302. The
 people were usually called to insurrection by the sound of
 the church bell, but on this occasion the people dared not
 go to their bell on account of their French governors, so
 they beat their brass basins.

Ant al hem to-dryven ase ston doth the glas,
ant fellen hem to grounde.

Sixtene hundred of horsemen hede ther here fyn ;
Hue leyzen y the stretes y-styked ase swyn ;
Ther hue loren huere stedes, ant mony rouncyn,
thourh huere ounne prude.

Sire Jakes ascapede by a coynte gyn,
Out at one posterne ther me solde wyn,
Out of the fyhte hom to ys yn,
in wel muchele drede.

Tho the Kyng of Fraunce y-herde this, anon
Assemblede he is dousse pers everuchon,
The proude Eorl of Artoys ant other mony on,
to come to Paris.

The barouns of Fraunce thider conne gon,
Into the paleis that paved is with ston,
To juggle the Flemmisshe to bernen ant to slon,
thourh the flour-de-lis.

their basins of brass,—and they break them all to pieces as
a stone does glass,—and fell them to the ground.

Sixteen hundred knights had there their end ;—they lay
in the streets stuck like swine ;—there they lost their steeds,
and many a horse,—through their own pride ;—Sir Jacques
escaped by a cunning contrivance,—out at a postern where
they sold wine,—out of the fight home to his lodging,—in
very great fear.

When the King of France heard this, anon—he assem-
bled his douze peers every one,—the proud Comte d'Artois
and others many a one,—to come to Paris.—The barons of
France began to go thither,—into the palace that is paved
with stone,—to judge the Flemings to be burnt and slain,—
through the fleur-de-lis.

The word shal springen of him into Coloyne,
 So hit shall to Acres ant into Sesoyne,
 ant maken him ful wan."

Sevene eorles ant fourti barouns y-tolde,
 Fiftene hundred knyhtes proude ant swythe bolde,
 Sixti thousent swyers amonge 3unge ant olde,
 Flemmisshe to take.

The Flemmisshe hardeliche hem come to-3eynes ;
 This proude Freinsshe eorles, huere knyhtes, ant
 huere sweynes

A-quelleden ant slown by hulles ant by pleynes,
 all for huere kynges sake.

This Frenshe come to Flaundres so liht so the
 hare ;

Er hit were mydnyht hit fel hem to care ;
 Hue were laht by the net so bryd is in snare,
 with rouncin ant with stede.

—the fame of him shall spring as far, as Cologne,—so shall
 it to Acre and into Saxony,—and make them full pale."

Seven counts and forty barons in number,—fifteen hundred knights proud and very bold,—sixty thousand squires what with young and old,—to take the Flemings. The Flemings boldly came against them ; these proud French earls, their knights, and their men—they killed and slew over the hills and the plains,—all for their King's sake.

These French came to Flanders as light as the hare ; before it was midnight there fell upon them care ; they were caught in the net as a bird is in the snare,—with horse and

The Flemmisshe hem dabbeth o the het bare ;
 Hue nolden take for huem raunsoun ne ware ;
 Hue doddeth of huere hevedes, fare so hit fare,
 ant thareto haveth hue nede.

Thenne seith the Eorl of Artois, " Y zelde me to
 the,
 Peter Conyng by thi nome, zef thou art hende ant
 free,
 That y ne have no shame ne no vylté,
 that y ne be noud ded."
 Thenne swor a bocher, " By my leauté !
 Shalt thou ner more the Kyng of Fraunce se,
 Ne in the toun of Bruges in prisone be,
 thou woldest spene bred."

Ther hy were knulled y the put-falle,
 This eorles ant barouns ant huere knyhtes alle ;

with steed.—The Flemings dab them on the bare head ;
 —they will take for them neither ransom nor pay ; they
 dod off their heads, happen what may,—and thereto have
 they need.

Then saith the Comte d'Artois, " I yield me to thee,—
 Peter Conyng by name, if thou art gentle and free, that I
 may suffer no shame nor disgrace,—and that I may not be
 slain." Then swore a butcher, " By my loyalty ! thou
 shalt nevermore see the King of France,—nor be in prison
 in the town of Bruges,—thou wouldest consume bread."

There they were heaped into the pit-full—these counts
 and barons and all their knights ;—their ladies may wait

Huere ledies huem mowe abide in boure ant in
halle

wel longe.

For hem mot huere kyng other knyhtes calle,
Other stedes taken out of huere stalle :
Ther hi habbeth dronke bittre then the galle,
upon the drue londe.

When the Kyng of Fraunce y-herde this tydyng,
He smot doun is heved, is honden gon he wrynge.
Thourhout al Fraunce the word bygon to spryng ;
wo wes huem tho !

Muche wes the sorewe ant the wepyng
That wes in al Fraunce among olde ant ȝynge :
The meste part of the lond bygon for te synge
“alas ! ant weylawo !”

Away thou ȝunge pope ! whet shal the to rede ?
Thou hast lore thin cardinals at thi meste nede ;*

for them in bower and in hall—very long.—In their place
must their King call other knights,—and take other steeds
out of their stables :—there they have drunk bitterer than
gall,—upon the dry land.

When the King of France heard these tidings,—he cast
down his head, his hands he began to wring.—Throughout
all France the news began to spread ;—woe was to them all !
—Much was the sorrow and the weeping—that was in all
France among old and young ; The greatest part of the land
began to sing,—“Alas ! and welaway !”

Away, thou young pope ! what will be thy counsel ?—
Thou hast lost thy cardinals at thy greatest need : thou

* An allusion to the dissensions between Pope Boniface
VIII. and the Colonnas.

Ne keverest thou hem nevere for nones kunnes
mede,

for sothe y the telle.

Do the forth to Rome to amende thi misdede ;

Bide gode halewen hue lete the betere spede :

Bote thou worche wysloker, thou lovest lont ant
lede,

the coroune wel the felle.

Alas ! thou seli Fraunce, for the may thunche
shome,

That ane fewe fullaris maketh ou so tome ;

Sixti thousent on a day hue maden fot lome,

with eorl ant knyht.

Herof habbeth the Flemysshe suite god game,

And suereth bi Seint Omer ant eke bi Seint Jame,

3ef hy ther more cometh, hit falleth huem to
shame,

with huem for te fyht.

wilt never recover them for any kind of reward,—for truth
I tell thee.—Go forth to Rome to atone for thy misdeeds ;
—pray to good saints that they let thee speed better ;—
unless thou workest more wisely, thou lovest land and
people,—the crown will be deservedly lost by thee.

Alas ! thou simple France, it may appear a shame for
thee,—that a few fullers make thee so tame ;—sixty thousand
in a day they made foot-lame,—with count and knight.—
Thereof have the Flemings very good game,—and swear
by St. Omer and eke by St. James,—if they come there any
more, it will fall them to shame,—with them to fight.

I tell ou for sothe, the bataille thus bigon
 Bitrene Fraunce ant Flaundres, hou hue weren
 fon ;
 Vor Vrenshe the eorl of Flaundres in prison heden
 y-don,
 with tresoun untrewē.
 3e[f] the Prince of Walis his lyf habbe mote,
 Hit falleth the Kyng of Fraunce bittrore then the
 sote ;
 Bote he the rathere therof welle do bote,
 wel sore hit shal hym rewe.

I tell you for truth, the battle thus begun,—between
 France and Flanders,—how they were foes ;—for the
 French had put the Count of Flanders in prison,—with
 treason faithlessly.—If the Prince of Wales his life might
 have,—it will happen to the King of France more bitter
 than soot ;—unless he before-hand do make good amends
 for it,—very sorely he shall rue it.

The following song seems to have been popular
 about the beginning of the fourteenth century.
 The wolf and the fox pourtray exactly the
 characters of the two classes of people who then
 oppressed and plundered the middle and lower
 classes.

A SONG ON THE TIMES.*

[MS. Harl. No. 973, fol. 44, v^o, written about A.D. 1308.]

Whose thenchith up this carful lif,
 Nijte and dai that we beth inne,
 So moch we seeth of sorrow and strif,
 And lite ther is of worldis winne,
 Hate and wreth ther is wel rive,
 And trew love is ful thinne :
 Men that beth in heilist live
 Mest i-charged beth with sinne.

Fals and lither is this lond,
 As al dai we mai i-se ;
 Therin is bothe hate and onde,—
 Ic wene that ever so wol be.
 Coveitise hath the law an honde,
 That the trewthe he ne mai i-se ;
 Nou is maister pride and onde ;—
 Alas ! Loverde, whi sufferith he ?

TRANSLATION.—Whoso reflecteth upon this life which is full of care,—night and day that we are in,—so much we see of sorrow and strife,—and little there is of world's joy. — Hate and wrath there is very rife,—and true love is very rare :—men who are in the highest station of life,—are most laden with sin.

False and wicked is this land,—as every day we may see :—in it there is both hate and contention,—I think it will always be so.—Covetousness hath the law in hand,—that he may not see the truth :—Now pride is master, and contention ;—Alas ! Lord ! why suffereth he ?

* The MS. from which this song is taken was written in Ireland by an English monk. See Crofton Crocker's *Popular Songs of Ireland*.

Wold holi cherch pilt is miȝte,
 And law of lond pilt him to ;
 Than scholde coveitise and un-riȝte
 Ute of lond ben y-do.
 Holi cherch schold hold is riȝt
 For no eie no for no love ;
 That hi ne schold schow har miȝt
 For lordingen boste that beth above.

To entredite and amonsi
 Al thai, whate hi evir be,
 That lafful men doth robbi,
 Whate in lond what in see ;
 And thos hoblurs,* *namelich*,
 That husbond benimeth eri of grund ;
 Men ne schold ham biri in non chirch,
 Bot cast ham ute as a hund.

If holy church would exert its might,—and the law of the land exert it too ; then should covetousness and injustice—out of the land be driven. —Holy church should withhold its right—for no fear nor for no love ;—that they should not show their might—for the boast of lordlings that are above.

To interdict and admonish—all those, whatever they be,—who lawful men do rob,—whether on the land or on the sea ; —and those light-armed mercenaries in particular,—that take from the husbandman the tillage of the ground ;—men ought not to bury them in any church,—but to throw them out like a dog.

* From the Latin "*Hobellarii*."

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[MS. Har. Ms. 973, fol. 44, v^o, written about A.D. 1300.]

Whose thenchith up this carful lif,
 Nite and dai that we beth inne,
 So moch we seeth of sorrow and strif,
 And lite ther is of worldis winne,
 Hate and wreth ther is wel rive,
 And trew love is ful thinne :
 Men that beth in heigist live
 Met i-charged beth with sinne.

Fals and lither is this lond,
 As al dai we mai i-se ;
 Therin is bothe hate and onde,—
 Ic wene that ever so wol be.
 Coveitise hath the law an bonde,
 That the trewth he ne mai i-se ;
 Now is maister pride and onde ;—
 Alas ! Loverde, whi sufferth he ?

TRANSLATION.—Whoso reflecteth upon this life which is full of care,—night and day that we are in,—so much we see of sorrow and strife,—and little there is of world's joy.—Hate and wrath there is very rife,—and true love is very rare :—men who are in the highest station of life,—are most laden with sin.

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* From the Latin "Hobellarii."

Thos kingis ministris beth i-schend,
 To riȝt and law that ssold tak hede,
 And al the lond for t' amend,
 Of those thevis hi taketh mede.
 Be the lafful man to deth i-broȝt,
 And his catel awei y-nom ;
 Of his deth ne tellith hi noȝt,
 Bot of har prei hi hab som.

Hab hi the silver, and the mede,
 And the catel under-fo,
 Of feloni hi ne taketh hede,
 Al thilk trepas is a-go.
 Of thos a vorbi:sen ic herd telle ;
 The Lion is king of all beeste,
 And—herknith al to mi spelle -
 In his lond he did an heste.

The Lyon lete cri, as hit was do,
 Fer he hird lome to telle ;

Those King's ministers are corrupted,—that should take heed to right and law,—and all the land for to amend,—of these thieves they take bribe.—If the man who acts lawfully is brought to death,—and his property taken away ;—of his death they make no account,—but of their prey they have a share.

If they have the silver and the bribe—and the property received,—they take no heed of felony,—every trespass is allowed to pass.—Of these a parable I heard tell ;—the Lion is king of all beasts,—and (hearken all to my tale)—in his land he made a command.

The Lion caused to be proclaimed, as it was done,—for he

And eke him was i-told also
 That the wolf didde noȝte welle.
 And the fox, that lither grome,
 With the wolf, i-wreiid was ;
 To-for har lord hi schold come,
 To amend har trepas.

And so men didde that seli asse,
 That trepasid noȝt, no did no gilte,
 With ham bothe i-wreiid was,
 And in the ditement was i-pilt.
 And voxe hird amang al menne,
 And told the wolf with the brode crune ;
 That on him send gees and henne,
 That other geet and motune.

The seli aasse wend was saf,
 For he ne eete noȝt bole grasse ;
 None ȝiftes he ne ȝaf,
 No wend that no harm nasse.

heard frequently tell ;—and eke it was told him also—that the wolf did not well.—And the fox, that wicked fellow,—with the wolf was accused ;—before their lord they must come,—to make amends for their trespass.

And so men did [accuse] the simple ass,—that trespassed not, nor did any crime,—with them both he was accused,—and in the indictment was put.—The fox heard [talk of it] among all men,—and told the wolf with the broad crown,—the one sent to him [the Lion] geese and hens,—the other goats and mutton.

The simple ass thought he was safe,—for he eat nothing but grass ;—no gifts he gave,—nor suspected that there was

Tho hi to har lord com to tune,
 He told to ham law and skille ;
 Thos wikid bestis luid a-dune,
 " Lord," hi seiid, " what is thi wille ? "

Tho spek the Lion hem to,
 To the fox anone his wille,—
 " Tel me, boi, what hast i-do ?
 Men beth aboute the to spille. "
 Tho spek the fox first anone,
 " Lord King, nou thi wille ;
 Thos men me wreith of the tune,
 And wold me gladlich for to spille. —

Gees no hen nad ic nojt,
 Sire, for soth ic the sigge,
 Bot as ic ham dere bojt,
 And bere ham up myn owen rigge. "
 " Godis grame most hi have,
 That in the curte the so pilt !

any harm.—When they came in the presence of their Lord, —he counted out to them law and reason ;—these wicked beasts laid themselves down [prostrate].—" Lord," said they, " what is thy will ? "

Then spake the Lion to them,—to the fox in the first place [he declared] his will.—" Tell me, fellow, what hast thou done ? Men are about thee to ruin. " Then spake the fox first,—Lord King, now thy will ;—these men accuse me of the town,—and would gladly ruin me.

" Geese nor hen had I not,—Sire, for truth I tell thee,—but as I bought them dearly,—and bore them upon my own back. "—" God's anger may they have,—that in the court so

Whan hit is so, ich vouchsave,
Ic forȝive the this gilte."

The fals wolf stode behind ;
He was doggid and ek felle :—
" Ic am i-com of grete kind,
Pes thou graunt me, that miȝt ful welle."
" What hast i-do, bel amy,
That thou me so oxiſt pes ?"
" Sire," he ſeid, " I nel noȝ lie,
If thou me woldiſt hire a res.

For ic huntid up the doune,
To loke, Sire, mi biȝete :
Ther ic ſlow a motune,
ȝe, Sir, and fewe gete.
Ic am i-wreiid, Sire, to the,
For that ilk gilt :—
Sire, ichul ſker me,
I ne ȝef ham dint no pilt."

placed thee ! Since it is so, I vouchsafe,—I forgive thee this guilt."

The false wolf stood behind ;—he was dogged and eke fell :—" I am come of a great race,—grant thou me peace, who may full well."—" What hast thou done, fair friend,—that thou so aſkeſt me peace ?"—" Sire," he ſaid, " I will not lie,—if thou wouldſt hear me a little while.

" For I hunted up the downs,—to look, Sire, after my gain ;—There I ſlew a mutton,—yea, Sire, and a few goats. I am accuſed, ſire, to thee,—for that ſame crime ;—Sire, I ſhall clear myſelf,—I gave them neither blow nor hurt."

" For soth I sigge the, bel ami,
 Hi nadde no gode munde,
 Thai that wreiid the to mei,
 Thou ne diddist noȝt bot thi kund.—
 Sei thou me, asse, wat hast i-do ?
 Me thenchith thou cannist no gode.
 Whi nadistou, as other mo ?
 Thou come of lither stode.

" Sertis, Sire, not ic noȝt ;
 Ic ete sage alnil gras,—
 More harm ne did ic noȝt ;
 Therfor i-wreiid ic was."
 " Bel ami, that was mis-do,
 That was aȝe thi kund,
 For to ete such gras so :—
 Hastilich ȝe him bind ;

Al his bonis ȝe to-draw,
 Loke that ȝe noȝt lete ;

" For truth I tell thee, fair friend,—they had no good
 mind,—they who accused thee to me,—thou didst nothing
 but thy nature. Tell thou me, ass, what thou hast done ?—
 Methinks thou art capable of no good. Why haddest thou
 not [done] as others more ?—thou art come of wicked place."
 " Certes, Sire, I know not ;— I eat sage and only
 grass,—more harm did I not ;—therefore was I accused."
 —" Fair friend, that was misdane,—that was against thy
 nature,—for to eat such gras so :—hastily ye him bind ;
 " Draw ye all his bones to pieces,—look that ye do not

And that ic gíve al for lawe,
 That his fleis be al i-frette."—
 Also hit farith nou in lond,
 Whose wol tak therto hede :
 Of thai that habbith an hond,
 Of thevis hi takith mede.

The lafful man ssal be i-bund,
 And i-do in strang pine,
 And i-hold in fast prisund,
 Fort that he mak fine.
 And the thef to skap so,
 That doth ever aȝe the riȝt.
 God take hede therto,
 That is al ful of miȝt !

Thus farith al the world nuthe,
 As we mai al i-se,
 Both est and west, north and suthe ;
 God us help and the Trinité !

fail ;—and that I give all for law,—that his flesh be all torn to pieces." Thus it fares now in the land,—whoever will take heed thereto :—of they that have in hand,—of thieves they take gifts.

The man who acts according to law shall be bound,—and condemned to strong pain,—and held in fast prison,—until he pays a fine. And the thief to escape so,—that acts ever against the right ! God take heed thereto,—who is all full of might !

Thus fares all the world now,—as we may all see,—both east and west, north and south ;—God and the Trinity help

Treuth is i-faillid with fremid and sibbe,
 And so wide as al this lond
 Ne mai no man therin libbe,
 What throȝ coveitise and throȝ onde.

Thoȝ lafful man wold hold is lif
 In love, in charité, and in pes,
 Sone me ssul compas is lif,
 And that in a litil res.
 Prude is maister and coveitise,
 The thrid brother men clippith ond ;
 Niȝt and dai he fondith i-wisse
 Lafful men, to bab har lond.

Whan erth hath erthe i-gette
 And of erth so hath i-nouȝ,
 When he is therin i-stekke,
 Wo is him that was in wouȝ !
 What is the gode that man ssal hab,
 Ute of this world whan he ssal go ?

us ! Truth is failed with stranger and relation,—and as wide as all this land—no man can live therein,—what through covetousness and through contention.

Though the man who acts according to law would hold his life—in love, in charity, and in peace,—soon they will compass his life,—and that in a little space of time. Pride is master and covetousness - the third brother is called contention ;—night and day they labour certainly—lawful men, to have their land.

When earth has obtained earth,—and thus of earth hath enough,—when he is stuck therein,—woe to him that was in wickedness !—What is the good that man shall have,—

A sori wed,—whi ssal ic gab?—
For he broȝt him no mo.

Riȝt as he com, he ssal wend,
In wo, in pine, in poverté;—
Takith gode hede, men, to ȝure end,
For as I sigge, so hit wol be.
Y not wharof beth men so prute;
Of erthe and axen, felle and bone?
Be the soule enis ute,
A vilir caraing nis ther non.

The caraing is so lolich to see,
That under erth men mot it hide;
Bothe wif and child wol fram him fle,
Ther nis no frend that wol him bide.
What wol men for the sowle del?
Corne no mel, wel thou wost;
Bot wel seld at the mele
A rowȝ bare trenchur, other a crust.

when he shall go out of this world?—A sorry garment,—
why shall I joke?—For he brought him no more.

Just as he came, he shall go,—in woe, in pain, in
poverty;—take good heed, men, to your end,—for as I say,
so it will be.—I know not of what men are so proud;—of
earth, and ashes, skin and bone?—when the soul is once
out,—there is no viler carcase.

The carcase is so loathsome to see,—that under earth men
must it hide;—both wife and child will from him fly,—there
is no friend that will stay with him.—What will men for the
soul give?—corn nor meal, well thou knowest;—but very
seldom at their meal,—a rough bare trencher, or a crust.

The begger that the crust ssal hab,
 Wel hokerlich he lokith theran :
 Soth to sigge, and nojt to gabbe,
 Riht nojt he is i-paiid a pan
 Than seiith the begger in is mode,
 " The crust is bothe hard and tough,
 The wreche was hard that ow the gode,
 Hard for hard is gode y-now3."

Moch misanter that for him bidde
 Pater noster other crede ;
 Bot let him hab as he didde,
 For of the gift nath he no mede.
 Ic red up no man thou hab triste,
 No uppon non other ;
 Ok del hit with jure owen fist,
 Trist to soster no brother.

Anurith God and holi chirch,
 And ziveth the pour that habbith nede ;

The beggar that the crust shall have,—right scornfully he looks thereon :—truth to say, and not to joke,—right not a pan he is paid.—Then saith the beggar in his mood,—“ The crust is both hard and tough,—the wretch was hard that possessed the goods,—hard for hard is good enough.”

May he have much misadventure who for him saith—Pater-noster or creed ;—but let him have as he did,—for of the gift hath he no reward.—I counsel thee have trust in no man,—nor upon no other ;—but share it with your own fist,—trust neither to sister nor brother.

Honour God and holy church,—and give to the poor

So Godis wille 3e ssul wirche,
And joi of heven hab to mede.
To whoch joi us bring
Jhesus Crist heven king! AMEN.

that have need ;—Thus ye shall work God's will,—and have
for reward the joy of heaven.—To which joy us bring—
Jesus Christ heaven's King. AMEN.

The scholastic philosophy flourished through the thirteenth century, the age of Albertus Magnus, of Grosesteste, and of Roger Bacon ; but, towards the close of that period, the importance of the schools and universities was rapidly declining. They had received a shock from the triumph of the monks over the scholars during the reign of St. Louis, which they could never recover. Political events, and the great change which was then operating in the whole political—we may perhaps say social—system, hastened their fall. The nice quibbles of the dialectician, although they still had their weight in the cloister, began to be sneered at in the world without. The following song, which perhaps belongs to the beginning of the fourteenth century, is directed against the *artista*, or those who studied the seven arts, the scholastic *trivium* and *quadrivium*.

SONG AGAINST THE SCHOLASTIC STUDIES.

[From MS. Cotton. Titus A. xx. fol. 66, v*, written in reign of Edw. II. ; and MS. Bodl. Oxford. Rawl. B. 214, fol. 168, v*, of 15th cent.]

It is my design to turn the arts of an unskilful race to the fruit of a better life, and so proceed ye to each of the arts in order: O youth who have been deceived, come to my lessons—Every class of the clergy is opposed to the laws, of whom the condition to-day is worse than it was yesterday; every priest will hold his own rites: envy detracted from the talents of great Homer.—When the sailor spreads his sail against the north wind, and the ass thinks to conquer the camel in the race, then the hand fears not to put the face towards heaven; I am wounded and carry the weapon shut up in my breast.—The shaggy she-goat wishes to be preferred to the sheep, in her folly not considering with what she is clothed; so fine a fleece has not been given to her: as the tortoise once said to the winged birds.—Although the logicians are satisfied with naked glory, and live under the garb of the needy,* nevertheless they envy the rich. Envy seeks the summit, the wind blows vehemently on lofty places.—It is always the manner of envy,

* The original Latin is by no means clear.

that they aim from the bottom upwards, the last speak against the first : he who is elevated does not think it worth while to envy him who is most low. The envious man becomes lean by regarding the fatness of another.—If you do not desire to live poor and beggarly, always labouring like the servant Stichus,* a fig-tree without fruit worthy to be cast in the fire ; love others so that thou mayest be a dear friend to thyself.—It is good for poor men to adhere to the law ; I have chosen to labour much on the arts. I am ignorant therefore how I may be guided, who once composed verses, while my study flourished.—If any one will expend his labour upon logic, will it not produce him thorns and brambles ? in too much sweat he will eat his bread ; and even that his talkative tongue will hardly give him.—The logician in vain sows his seed in the sand, for in harvest time there will be no fruit ; upon a barren fig-tree all labour is lost. Such as is the tree, such will be the fruit it bears.—Although you be arrived at the summit of the arts, you will be in a short time despised by the younger aspirants ; they will say of thee, “he doats, affected with old age.” Old age, why do you emulous cease to hasten the end ?—Thou sittest in the chair of a true pestilence, who readest the tragedy of Thebes

* A common name for a servant in the Roman comic writers.

or of Troy;* [whilst] the seats of the legists abound in riches, and now he goes on horseback who used to go on foot.—He who sits up at night to study the arts is truly a fool; why do you yawn over the *Georgic*? thus the field may lie neglected and barren, while by chance you may be desirous of understanding the culture of the earth.—It is right that we should labour upon the laws; a field that produces a hundred-fold is not to be set aside. The book of the poor is to be read by the poor man; this chiefly is the book to be devotedly cultivated by thee.—Why dost thou consume thy time upon dialectics, thou who receivest no income from other sources? Let him cultivate it who is born of high family in the country, rich in land and rich in money laid out at interest.—Let the rich man learn to be strong in fallacies; let him learn to make a she-goat of the person of chance. Let him never desert the arts, before the hour of his death. Satisfied with fame, let *Lucan* lie hid in the gardens.—If imbued in the arts he should chance to fail, he will fly to the legists if he will be safe: because he knows no more how to defend himself than one who is dumb, having pursued too much and too often the study of the Greeks.—I see the halls of the nobles open; when the legist comes, the

* Refers to the "*Thebaid*" of *Statius*, and the "*De Bello Trojano*" of *Joseph of Exeter*.

bolts are undone ; thou, shut out, mayest sit at the door, although thou thyself, Homer, shouldst come along with the Muses.—The logician may be compared to a spider, which learns to spin subtle webs, that are made out of its own bowels ; the reward is a fly, if by chance it can be netted.—If fortune favour a logician in his kindred, for she looks upon the logician with a benignant countenance ; if a logician be rich under this sign of the heavens ; he is a rare bird upon earth, and very like a black swan.—If you wish to know the secrets of nature, study physic which gives health to the limbs ; what man's need requires is enough, Galen and the sanction of Justinian are riches enough.

The following English verses, composed at the same period, seem also intended as a satire upon the studies and arguments of the dialecticians.

THE SONG OF "NEGO."

[From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 58, v, written in 1308.]

Hit nis bot trewth, I wend, an afte
 For te sette *negv* in eni crafte ;
 Trewth so drawith to heven blisse,
Nego doth noȝt so i-wisse.

TRANSLATION.—It is contrary to truth, I believe, and . . . —to set *negv* in any craft ;—truth draweth us to the joy of heaven,—*negv* does not so certainly.—Forsake and

For-sak and sav is thief in lore.
Nego is pouer clark in store.
 When menne horliith ham here and there,
Nego savith ham fram care.
 Awei with *nego* ute of place !
 Whose wol have Goddis grace ;
 Whoso wol aȝens the devil fiȝte,
 Ther mai *nego* sit a-riȝte.
 Ak loke that we never more
Nego sette in trew lore.
 For whoso can lite, hath sone i-do,
 Anone he drawith to *nego*.
 Now o clerk seiith *nego* ;
 And that other *dubito* ;
 Seiith another *concedo* ;
 And another *obligo*,
Verum falsum sette therto ;
 Than is al the lore i-do.
 Thus the fals clerkes of har hevid,
 Makith men trewth of ham be revid.

save is a thief in doctrine,—*nego* is a poor clerk in store.—
 When men hurl them here and there,—*nego* saves them
 from care.—Away with *nego* out of the place !—whoever
 will have God's grace ; he who will against the devil
 fight,—there may *nego* sit rightly.—But see that we never
 more—set *nego* in true doctrine.—For he who knows little
 has soon done, anon he draws to *nego*—Now one clerk
 says *nego* ;—and the other *dubito* ; saith another *concedo* ;
 —and another *obligo*, with *verum falsum* set to it ;—then
 is all their learning done.—Thus the false clerks of their
 head ;—make men of truth through them be bereaved.

The Scottish wars occupied incessantly the remaining years of Edward's reign. The following song was composed probably in the September of the year 1306, soon after the battle of Kirkcubright, and on the immediate occasion of the execution of Sir Simon Fraser, who was taken prisoner there.

SONG ON THE EXECUTION OF SIR SIMON
FRASER.*

[MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 59, v^o, reign of Edw. II.]

Lystneth, lordynges, a newe song ichulle bigynne,
Of the traytours of Scotlond that take beth wyth
gynne;

Mon that loveth falsnesse and nule never blynnne,
Sore may him drede the lyf that he is ynne,

ich understonde :

Selde wes he glad

That never nes a-sad

of nythe ant of onde.

TRANSLATION.—Listen, lordlings, a new song I will begin,—of the traitors of Scotland who are taken with a trap; he who loves falseness, and will never leave it,—sore may he dread the life that he is in,—I believe :—seldom was he glad—that never was sorrowful—for his wickedness and turbulence.

* Printed by Ritson in his "Ancient Songs."

That y sugge by this Scottes that bueth nou to-
drawe,
The hevedes o Londone brugge whose con y-
knaue :
He wenden han buen kynges, ant seiden so in
sawe ;
Betere hem were han y-be barouns ant libbe in
Godes lawe,

wyth love.

Whose hateth soth ant ryht,
Lutel he douteth Godes myht,
the heye kyng above.

To warny alle the gentilmen that bueth in Scot-
londe,
The Waleis* wes to-drawe, seththe he was an-
honge,

I say that of these Scots who are now drawn,—their
heads on London bridge anybody may recognise :—they
thought to have been kings, and said so in their talk ;—
better was it for them to have been barons and live in God's
law,—with love.—He who hateth truth and right,—little
he fears God's might,—the high King above.

To be a warning to all the gentlemen who are in Scot-
land,—the Wallace was drawn after he was hanged,—

* Wallace was taken prisoner at the second battle of
Dunbar, in 1305, and was executed at London, August 24,
1306. His quarters were sent to Newcastle, Berwick,
Perth, and Aberdeen.

Al quic biheveded, ys bowels y-brend,
The heved to Londone brugge wes send
to abyde.

After Simond Frysel,*
That wes traytour ant fykell,
and y-cud ful wyde.

Sire Edward oure kyng, that ful ys of piété,
The Waleis quarters sende to is ounne contré,
On four half to honge, huere myrour to be,
Theropon to thenche, that monie myhten se
ant drede.

Why nolden he be war
Of the bataile of Donbar,
hou evele hem con spede?

Bysshopes and barouns come to the kynges pes,
Ase men that weren fals, fykel, ant les,

beheaded all alive, his bowels burnt,—the head to London
Bridge was sent—to remain there.—Afterwards Simon
Fraser, who was traitor and fickle,—and known full wide.

Sir Edward our King, who is full of piety,—sent the
Wallace's quarters to his own country,—to hang in four
parts (of the country), to be their mirror,—thereupon to
think, in order that many might see—and dread.—Why
would they not take warning—of the battle of Dunbar,—
how ill they sped?

Bishops and barons came to the King's peace,—as men
that were false, fickle, and lying.—oaths they swore to him

* This was the original form of the name of Fraser, and
it is thus spelt in all the English documents.

Othes hue him sworn in stude ther he wes,
 To buen him hold ant trewe for alles cunnes res,
 thrye,
 That hue ne shulden azeyn him go,
 So hue were temed tho ;
 weht halt hit to lye ?

To the kyng Edward hii fasten huere fay ;
 Fals wes here foreward so forst is in May,
 That sonne from the southward wypeth away :
 Moni proud Scot therof mene may
 to ȝere.
 Nes never Scotlond
 With dunt of monnes hond
 allinge a-boht so duere !

The Bisshop of Glascou ychot he was y-laht ;
 The Bisshop of Saint André bothe he beth y-caht ;

in the place where he was,—to be firm and true to him in
 all kinds of moments,—thrice (?),—that they should not
 against him go,—so were they tamed then ;—what profits it
 to lie ?

To King Edward they plight their faith ;—false was their
 covenant as frost is in May,—which the sun from the south-
 ward wipes away ;—many a proud Scot thereof may lament
 —in year.—Was never Scotland—by dint of man's hand—
 altogether bought so dear.

The Bishop of Glasgow, I wot he was taken ;—the Bishop
 of St. Andrew, too, he is caught ;—the Abbot of Scone with

The Abbot of Scon with the Kyng nis nout saht ;
 Al here purpos y-come hit ys to naht,
 thurh ryhte.

Hii were unwis
 When hii thohte pris
 aȝeyn huere kyng to fyhte.

Thourh consail of thes bisshopes y-nemned byfore,
 Sire Robert the Bruytz furst kyng wes y-core,
 He mai everuche day ys son him se byfore ;
 ȝef hee mowen him hente, ichot he bith forlore,
 sauntz fayle.

Soht for te sugge,
 Duere he shal abugge
 that he bigon batayle.

Hii that him crownde proude were ant bolde,
 Hii maden kyng of somere,* so hii ner ne sholde,
 Hii setten on ys heved a crowne of rede golde,
 Ant token him a kyne-ȝerde so me kyng sholde,

the King is not . . . ;—all their purpose is come to nothing,—by right.—They were unwise—when they thought it praiseworthy—against their King to fight.

Through counsel of these bishops named before,—Sir Robert the Bruce first was chosen king,—he may every day his foes see before him ;—if they may catch him, I wot he is undone,—without fail.—To say the truth,—dearly he shall pay—for having begun battle.

They that crowned him were proud and bold,—they made a king of summer as they never should,—they set on his head a crown of red gold,—and gave him a sceptre as one

* Matthew of Westminster says that Bruce's queen had told him in derision he was but a summer king.

to deme.
 Tho he wes set in see,
 Lutel god couthe he
 kyne-riche to ȝeme.

Now Kyng Hobbe in the mures ȝongeth,
 For te come to tounenout him ne longeth;
 The barouns of Engeland, myhte hue him gripe,
 He him wolde techen on Englysshe to pype,
 thourh streynthe:
 Ne be he ner so stout,
 ȝet he bith y-soht out
 o brede and o leynthe.

Sire Edward of Carnarvan,* Jhesu him save ant
 see!

Sire Emer de Valence,† gentil knyht ant free,
 Habbeth y-suore huere oht that, *par la grace Dée!*
 Hee wollith ous delyvren of that false contree,

should to a king,—to judge.—When he was set on a throne,
 —little good knew he—a kingdom to rule.

Now King Hobbe gangeth in the moors,—to come to
 town he has no desire;—the barons of England if they
 might gripe him,—they would teach him to pipe in English,
 —through strength:—be he never so stout,—yet he is
 sought out—wide and far.

Sir Edward of Caernarvon (Jesus save him and have him
 in regard!)—and Sir Aymer de Valence, a gentle knight
 and liberal,—they have sworn their oath that, by the grace
 of God!—they will deliver us from that false country,—if

* The Prince of Wales.

† Aymer de Valence, second Earl of Pembroke,
 appointed by Edward to be one of the guardians of his son,
 Edward II.

3ef hii conne.

Much hath Scotlond forlore,

Whet a-last, whet bifore,

ant lutel pris wonne,

Nou ichulle songe ther ich er let,

Ant tellen ou of Frisel, ase ich ou byhet ;

In the batayle of Kyrkenclyf,* Frysel was y-take ;

Ys continuaunce abated eny bost to make

biside Strivelyn :

Knyhtes ant sweynes,

Fremen ant theynes,

monye with hym.

So hii weren byset on everuche halve,

Somme slaye were, ant somme dreynte hem-selve ;

Sire Johan of Lyndeseye nolde nout abyde,

He wod into the water his feren him bysyde

they can.—Much hath Scotland lost,—what latterly and what before,—and little praise won.

Now I shall take up where I left off before,—and tell you of Fraser, as I promised you ;—in the battle of Kirkclicliff Fraser was taken ;—his countenance ceased from making any boast—near Stirling :—knights and swains,—freemen and thanes,—many with him.

They were so beset on every part,—some were slain and some drowned themselves.—Sir John de Lyndsay would not remain,—he waded into the water with his companions

* This battle was fought the Sunday after Midsummer Day, 1306.

to adrenche.
 Whi nolden hii be war?
 Ther nis non aȝeyn stare :—
 why nolden by hem by-thenche?

This wes byfore Seint Bartholomeus masse,
 That Frysel wes y-take, were hit more other lasse:
 To Sire Thomas of Multone,* gentil baroun ant
 fre,
 Ant to Sire Johan Jose, bytake tho wes he
 to honde :
 He wes y-fetered weel
 Both with yrn ant wyth steel,
 to bringen of Scotlonde.

Sone therafter the tydyng to the kyng com ;
 He him sende to Londone with mony armed grom;
 He com yn at Newegate, y telle yt ou aplyht,
 A gerland of leves on ys hed y-dyht

beside him—to drown.—Why would they not beware?—
 There is none seen again :—why would not they reflect?

It was before St. Bartholomew's mass,—that Fraser was
 taken, were it more or less :—To Sir Thomas de Multon, a
 gentle knight and liberal,—and to Sir John Jose, he was
 delivered then—in hand :—he was well fettered—both with
 ron and with steel,—to bring out of Scotland.

Soon afterwards the tidings came to the King;—they sent
 him to London with many an armed man ;—he came in at
 Newgate, I tell it you faithfully,—a garland of leaves placed

* Thomas de Multon, of Egremont, in Cumberland.

of grene ;
 For he shulde ben y-knowe
 Both of hege ant of lowe
 for treytour, y wene.

Y-fetered were ys legges under his horse wombe ;
 Both with yrn ant with stel mankled were ys honde;
 A gerland of peruenke set on ys heved ;
 Muche wes the poer that him wes byrevd
 in lonle :
 So God me amende !
 Lutel he wende
 so be broht in honde.

Sire Herbert of Norham, feyr knyht ant bold,
 For the love of Frysel ys lyf wes y-sold ;
 A wajour he made, so hit wes y-told,
 Ys heved of to smhyte 3ef me him brohte in hold,
 wat so bytyde.
 Sory wes he thenne,
 Tho he myhte him kenne
 thourh the toun ryde.

on his head—of green ;—because he should be known—both
 by high and by low—as a traitor, I ween.

Fettered were his legs under his horse's belly ;—both with
 iron and with steel manacled were his hands ;—a garland of
 periwinkle set on his head ;—much was the power that was
 taken from him—in land :—As may God amend me !—he
 little supposed—so to be brought in hand.

Sir Herbert of Norham, a fair knight and bo'd,—for the
 love of Fraser his life was sold ; a wager he made, so it was
 said,—to smite off his head if they took him in hold,—what-
 ever betide.—Sorry was he then,—when he might know
 him—to ride through the town.

Thenne seide ys scwyer a word anon ryht,
 "Sire, we beth dede, ne helpeth hit no wybt,"—
 (Thomas de Boys the scwyer wes to nome)—
 "Nou ychot oure wajour turneth us to grome,
 so y-bate."

Y do ou to wyte,
 Here heved wes of smyte
 byfore the Tour gate.

This wes on oure Levedy even, for sothe ych under-
 stonde,
 The justices seten for the knyhtes of Scotlonde,
 Sire Thomas of Multone, an hendy knyht ant wys,
 Ant Sire Rauf of Sondwyche* that muchel is told
 in pris,

 ant Sire Johan Abel;
 Mo y mihte telle by tale,
 Bothe of grete ant of smale,
 ye knowen suythe wel.

Then said his squire a word anon right,—“Sir, we are
 dead, there is no creature to help us;”—(the squire was
 named Thomas de Bois)—“now I wot our wayer turns to
 our sorrow,—so bet,”—I give you to know,—their heads
 were smitten off—before the gate of the Tower.

It was on our Lady's eve,† for truth I understand,—the
 justices sat for the knights of Scotland,—Sir Thomas de Mul-
 ton, a gentle knight and wise,—and Sir Ralph de Sandwich,
 who is much esteemed in worth,—and Sir John Abel;—more
 I might tell by reckoning,—both of great and of small,—ye
 know very well.

* Ralph de Sandwich was Constable of the Tower.

† The 7th September, 1306.

Thenne saide the justice, that gentil is ant fre,
 "Sire Simond Frysel, the kynges traytour hast
 thou be,

In water ant in londe, that monie myhten se :
 What sayst thou thareto? hou wolt thou quite the?
 do say."

So foul he him wiste,
 Nede waron truste
 for to segge, nay.

Ther he wes y-demed, so hit wes londes lawe,
 For that he wes lord-swyke, furst he wes to-
 drawe,

Upon a retheres hude forth he wes y-tuht :
 Sum while in ys time he wes a modi knyht,
 in huerte.

Wickednesse ant sunne,
 Hit is lutel wunne
 that maketh the body smerte.

Then said the justice, who is gentle and free,—“Sir
 Simon Fraser, the king's traitor hast thou been,—on water
 and on land, as many may see :—what sayest thou thereto?
 how wilt thou clear thyself?—do say.”—He knew himself to
 be so foul,—he had not whereon to trust—to say, nay.

There he was judged, as it was the law of the land,—
 because he was traitor to his lord, first he was drawn,—upon
 a bullock's hide forth he was led :—for once in his life he
 was a moody knight—in heart.—Wickedness and sin,—it is
 little gain—that makes the body smart.

For al is grete poer, zet he wes y-laht ;
 Falsnesse ant swykedom, al hit geth to naht ;
 Tho he wes in Scotlond, lutel wes ys thoht
 Of the harde jugement that him wes bysoht
 in stounde.

He wes four-sithe for-swore
 To the kyng ther bifore,
 ant that him brohte to grounde.

With feteres ant with gyves ichot he wes to-
 drowe,
 From the Tour of Londone, that monie myhte
 knowe,
 In a curtel of burel a selkethe wyse,
 Ant a gerland on ys heved of the newe guyse,
 thurh Cheepe ;
 Moni mon of Engelond
 For to se Symond
 thideward con lepe.

For all his great power, still he was taken ;—falseness and treachery all come to nothing ;—when he was in Scotland, little was his thought—of the hard judgment which was prepared for him—in a short time.—He was four times perjured—to the King there before,—and that brought him to the ground.

With fetters and with gyves I wot he was drawn,—from the Tower of London, that many might know,—in a kirtle of sack-cloth in strange wise,—and a garland on his head of the new guise,—through Cheap ;—many a man of England—to see Simon—thither began to leap.

Tho he com to galewes, furst he wes an-honge,
 Al quic by-heveded, thah him thohte longe,
 Seththe he wes y-opened, is boweles y-brend,
 The heved to Londone-brugge wes send
 to shonde :

So ich ever mote the !
 Sum while wende he
 ther lutel to stonde.

He rideth thourh the sité, as y telle may,
 With gomen and wyth solas, that wes here play,
 To Londone-brugge hee nome the way,
 Moni wes the wyves chil that theron laketh a day,
 ant seide, alas !

That he wes i-bore,
 Ant so villiche for-lore,
 so feir mon ase he was.

Nou stont the heved above the tu-brugge,
 Faste bi Waleis, soth for te sugge ;

When he came to the gallows, first he was hanged,—be-headed all alive, though it seemed to him long,—afterwards he was opened, his bowels burnt,—the head to London Bridge was sent—for disgrace :—As I may ever thrive !—at one time he thought—little there to stand.

They ride through the city, as I may tell,—with game and with solace, that was their play,—to London Bridge they took their way,—many was the woman's child that thereon lacks-a-day,—and said, alas !—that he was born,—and so vilely undone,—so fair a man as he was.

Now stands the head above the drawbridge,—fast by Wallace, to say the truth ;—after succour from Scotland

After socour of Scotlond longe he mowe pry,
 Ant after help of Fraunce wet halt hit to lye,
 ich wene.

Betere him were in Scotlond
 With is ax in ys hond
 to pleyen o the grene.

Ant the body hongeth at the galewes faste,
 With yrnene claspes longe to laste ;
 For te wyte wel the body, ant Scottyshe to garste,
 Foure ant twenti ther beoth to sothe ate laste
 by nyhte.

3ef eny were so hardi
 The body to remuy
 al so to dyhte.

Were Sire Robert the Bruytz y-come to this londe,
 Ant the Erl of Asseles,* that harde is an honde,
 Alle the other pouraille, for sothe ich understonde,
 Mihten be ful blythe ant thonke Godes sonde,

long they may pray,—and after help from France what profits it to wait, (?)—I ween.—It were better for him in Scotland—with his axe in his hand—to play on the green.

And the body hangs fast on the gallows,—with iron clasps long to last ;—to guard well the body, and the Scotch to drive away (?),—four-and-twenty there are for sooth at least—by night.—If anyone were so hardy the body to remove—immediately to attack them.

If Sir Robert the Bruce were come to this land,—and the Earl of Athol that is hard in hand,—all the rest of the common people, for truth I understand,—might be full

* John de Strathbogie, Earl of Athol. He was also captured and executed.

wyth ryhte :
 Thenne myhte uch mon
 Bothe riden ant gon
 in pes withoute vyhte.

The traytours of Scotlond token hem to rede,
 The barouns of Engeland to brynge to dede ;
 Charles of Fraunce, so moni mon tolde,
 Wyth myht ant with streynthe hem helpe wolde,
 his thonkes !
 Tprot,* Scot, for thi strif !
 Hang up thyn hachet ant thi knyf,
 Whil him lasteth the lyf
 with the longe shonkes.

blith, and thank God's sending,—with right :—then might
 each man—both ride and go—in peace, without fighting.

The traitors of Scotland took counsel with themselves,—
 to bring the barons of England to death ;—Charles of
 France, as many a one said,—with might and with strength
 would help them,—thanks to him !—Tprot Scot, for thy
 strife !—hang up thy hatchet and thy knife,—while life lasts
 to him—with the long shanks.

* An exclamation of contempt. It was taken from an old
 French exclamation, as in the lines—

"*Tproust ! Tproust !* bevons hardiement ;
 Ne faisons si le coe emplat."

(John Bodel's *Jeu de S. Nicolas*, p. 183.)

END OF VOLUME III.





THE
POLITICAL SONGS
OF ENGLAND,
FROM KING JOHN TO KING EDWARD II.





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THE
POLITICAL SONGS
OF ENGLAND,
FROM THE REIGN OF JOHN TO THAT OF
EDWARD II.

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POLITICAL SONGS.



REIGN OF EDWARD I.

The following song gives us a strong picture of the extortions committed at this period of our history upon the weak and defenceless, by the magistrates and the officers connected with the courts of law.

SONG ON THE VENALITY OF THE JUDGES.

[From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 59, r^o, of the beginning of the 14th century. (This song is in the MS. written as prose.) Also MS. Reg. xii. c. xii. fol. 1, v^o.]

BLESSED are they who hunger and thirst, and do justice, and hate and avoid the wickedness of injustice ; whom neither the abundance of gold nor the jewels of the rich draw from their inflexibility, or from the cry of the poor ; they judge what is just, and do not fall off from the right for the sake of the rich. But now the age deceives many in a wonderful manner, and draws them into

danger, for the love of the world, that they may lick up honours. The cause of this is money, to which almost every court has now wedded itself.

There are judges, whom partiality and bribes seduce from justice; these are they, I remember well, that pay toll to the devil, and they serve him alone. For the law of nature commands, that a judge in giving judgment should not be an acceptor of anybody either for prayer or money; what therefore, O good Jesus, will be done with the judges, who for prayers or gifts recede from what is just?

In fact such judges have numerous messengers;—listen for what purpose. If you wish to claim land, a messenger will come to you, and speaks in confidence, saying, “Dear friend, do you wish to plead? I am one who can help you in various ways with the judge; if you wish to obtain anything by his aid, give me half and I will help you.”

At his feet sit clerks, who are like people half-famished, gaping for gifts; and proclaiming it as law, that those who give nothing, although they come early, will have to wait.

But if some noble lady, fair and lovely, with horns* on her head, and that encircled with gold, come for judgment, such a one despatches her business without having to say a word.

If the woman be poor, and has no gifts, neither

* The head-dress of ladies of fashion was at this period arranged in the form of horns.

beauty nor rich relationship, whom Venus does not stimulate, she goes home without effecting her business, sorrowful at heart.

There are some at this court, who express judgment ; whom they call *relaters*,* worse than the others. They take with both hands, and so deceive those whose defenders they are. And what shall we say to the ushers ? who say to the poor that follow the court, " Poor man, why do you trouble yourself ? why do you wait here ? unless you give money to everybody in this court, you labour in vain. Why then, wretch, do you lament ? If you have brought nothing, you will stand altogether out of doors."

Concerning the sheriffs, who can relate with sufficient fulness how hard they are to the poor ? He who has nothing to give is dragged hither and thither, and is placed in the assises, and is obliged to take his oath, without daring to murmur. But if he should murmur, unless he immediately make satisfaction, it is all salt sea.

The same people have this vice, when they enter the house of some countryman, or of a famous abbey, where drink and victuals, and all things necessary, are given to them devoutly. Such things are of no avail, unless by and by the jewels follow after the meal, and are distributed to all, bedels and garçons, and all who are with them,

* *Relatores*. This word, according to Ducange, means " Qui querelam ad iudices referunt."

Nor even yet are they paid, unless robes of various colours are transmitted to their wives. If these are not sent privately, then they proceed as follows; whatever cattle they find, are driven off violently to their own manors, and the owners themselves are put in confinement until they make satisfaction, so that they give the double : then at length they are liberated.

I laugh at their clerks, whom I see at first indigent enough, and possessing next to nothing, when they receive a bailiwick ; which received they next show themselves proud, and their teeth grow, and holding up their necks they begin very hastily to buy lands and houses, and agreeable rents ; and amassing money themselves, they despise the poor, and make new laws, oppressing their neighbours ; and they become wise men. In this they do wickedness, and deceive their country, sparing no one.

The next song was doubtlessly considered as very libellous at the time when it was composed, and professes to have been written in the wild wood ; the means of publication being to drop it on the high road, that it might fall into the hands of passengers. It is directed against one of the king's ordinances.

THE OUTLAW'S SONG OF TRAILLEBASTON.*

[MS. Harl. No. 7253, fol. 113, v°, of the reign of Edw. II.]

TALENT me prent de rymer e de geste fere
 D'une purveaunce qe purveu est en la terre ;
 Mieux valsit uncore que la chose fust à fere :
 Si Dieu ne prenge garde, je quy que sourdra guere.

Ce sunt les articles de Trayllebastoun ;
 Salve le roi meismes, de Dieu eit maleysoun
 Qe a de primes graunta tiel commissioun !
 Quar en ascuns des pointz n'est mie resoun.

Sire, si je voderoi mon garsoun chastier
 De une buffe ou de deus, pur ly amender,

TRANSLATION.—I am seized with the desire to rhyme and to make a story,—of a purveyance which is provided in the land ; it would be much better if the thing were still undone :—if God does not avert it, I think that there will arise war.

It is the articles of Traillebaston ;—except the king himself, may he have God's curse—whoever first granted such a commission !—For there is little reason in any of the points of it.

Sire, if I wished to chastise my lad—with a slap or two, to amend him,—he will ask a bill against me, and will cause

* This song was printed by Sir Francis Palgrave. The Traillebastons seem to have been an association banded together for the purpose of compelling the sale to them of valuable property at a ridiculously low figure. If one of them was offended, the other members set upon the offender and beat him unmercifully. (See MS. Cotton. Julius A. V. fol. 162, v°.) The statute against the Traillebastons continued in force through the reigns of Edward II. and Edward III.

Sur moi betera bille, e me frad atachier,
E avant qe isse de prisone raunsoun grant doner.

Quaraunte sous* pignent pur ma raunsoun,
E le viscounte vint à son guerdoun,
Qu'il ne me mette en parfounde prisoun.
Ore agardez, seigneurs, est-ce resoun?

Pur ce me tendroi antre bois sur le jolyf umbray;
Là n'y a fauceté ne nulle male lay;—
En le bois de Belregard, où vole le jay,
E chaunte russinole touz jours sanz delay.

Mès le male doseynes, dount Dieu n'eit jà pieté!
Parmi lur fauce bouches me ount enditée
De male robberies e autre mavestée,
Que je no's entre mes amis estre receptée.

me to be arrested,—and to give a great ransom before I escape from prison.

Forty shillings they take for my ransom,—and the sheriff comes for his fee,—that he may not put me in deep prison.—Now consider, lords, is this right?

For this cause I will keep myself among the woods, in the beautiful shade;—where there is no falseness and no bad law;—in the wood of Beauregard, where the jay flies,—and where the nightingale sings always without ceasing.

But the bad idlers, on whom may God have no pity!—with their false mouths have indited me—of ill robberies and other delinquency,—so that I dare not be received among my friends.

* *Sous* in old French and Anglo-Norman represented the Latin *Solidos*.

J'ai servi my sire le roy en pées e en guere,
 En Flaundres, Escoce, en Gascoyne sa terre ;
 Mès ore ne me sai-je point chevisaunce fere ;—
 'Tot mon temps ay mis en veyn pur tiel homme plere.

Si ces maveis jurours ne se vueillent amender,
 Que je pus à mon pais chevalcher e aler,
 Si je les pus atendre la teste lur froi voler,
 De touz lur manaces ne dorroi un denier.

Ly Martyn * et ly Knoville † sunt gent de pieté,
 E prient pur les povres qu'il eyent sauveté ;
 Spigurnel ‡ e Belflour § sunt gent de cruelté,
 Si il fuissent en ma baylie ne serreynt retournée.

I have served my lord the king in peace and in war,—in Flanders, Scotland, and his land of Gascony;—but now I do not know how to make any expedient for myself;—all my time I have spent in vain to please such a man.

If these wicked jurors will not amend,—that I may be able to ride and go at my peace,—if I can reach them I will make their heads fly off,—I would not give a penny for all their threats.

The Martin and the Knoville are people of piety,—and pray for the poor that they may have safety;—Spigurnel and Belflour are people of cruelty,—if they were in my keeping they should not be returned.

* William Martyn. † William de Knovill. ‡ Henry Spigurnell. § Roger de Bellafage. These four barons, with Thomas de la Hyde, were the commissioners appointed, in the commission given by Rymer, to judge the *iraille-bastons* in the western counties of England. My readers will do well to refer to this document, as it throws a great light on the subject and fixes the period at which this song was written; it bears date Westminster, April 6, 1305 (See Appendix II).

Je lur apre[n]droy le giw de Traylebastoun,
 E lur bruseroy l'eschyne e le croupoun,
 Les bras e les jaunbes, ce serreit resoun,
 La lange lur tondroy e la bouche ensoun.

Qy cestes choses primes comença,
 Jà jour de sa vie amendé ne serra ;
 Je vus di pur veyr, trop graunt pecché en a,
 Quar pur doute de prisone meint laroun serra.

Ytel devendra leres que ne fust unque mès,
 Que pur doute de prisone ne ose venir à pes ;
 Vivre covient avoir chescum jour adès ;
 Qy ceste chose comença, yl emprist grant fes.

Bien devoient marchaunz e moygnes doner maliçoun
 A tous iceux que ordinerent le Traillebastoun ;

I would teach them the game of Trailebaston,—and would break their backbone and their crupper,—their arms and their legs, it would be but right,—I would cut their tongues and their mouths likewise.

He who first commenced these things,—never in his life will he be amended ;—I tell you for truth, he has committed therein too great a sin,—for out of the fear of prison there will be many a robber made.

He will become a robber who was never so before,—who for fear of prison dare not come to peace ;—it is necessary to have livelihood every day as it comes ;—he who commenced this thing, undertook a great task.

Well may merchants and monks bestow a curse—on all those who ordained the Trailebaston ;—the royal protection

Ne lur vaudra un ayle le roial proteccioun,
Que il ne rendront les deners saantz regerdoun.

Vus qy estes endité, je lou, venez à moy,
Al vert bois de Belregard, là n'y a nul ploy,
Forque beste savage e jolyf umbroy ;
Car trop est dotouse la commune loy.

Si tu sachez de lettrure, e estes coroucé,
Devaunt les justices serrez appellée ;
Uncore poez estre à prisone retournée,
En garde de le evesque, jesque seiez purgée,
E soffryr messayse e trop dure penaunce,
E par cas n'avez jamès delyveraunce.

Pur ce valt plus ou moi à bois demorer,
Q'en prisone le evesque fyerge gyser.
Trop est la penaunce e dure à soffrir ;
Quy le mieux puet eslyre, fol est qe ne velt choysir.

will not be worth a garlic to them,—if they do not repay the pence without recompense.

You who are indited, I advise you, come to me,—to the green wood of Beauregard, there where there is no ples,—except wild beast and beautiful shade ;—for the common law is too uncertain.

If thou knowest letters and art enraged,—thou shalt be called before the justices ;—again you may be returned to prison,—in keeping of the bishop, until you be purged of sin ;—and suffer mis-ease and too hard penance,—and perchance you will never have deliverance.

Therefore it is better to dwell with me in the wood,—than to lie cast in the bishop's prison.—Too much is the penance, and hard to suffer ;—he who has the opportunity to select what is better, is a fool if he does not make the choice.

Avant savoy poy de bien, ore su-je meins sage ;
 Ce me fount les male leis par mout grant outrage,
 Qe n'os à la pes venyr entre mon lignage ;
 Les riches sunt à raunsoun, povres à escolage.*

Fort serroit engager ce qe ne puet estre aquytée,
 C'est la vie de homme que taunt est cher amée.
 E je n'ay mye le chatel de estre rechatée ;
 Mès si je fusse en lur baundoun à mort serroi
 lyverée ;

Uncore attendroy grace e orroi gent parler,
 Tiels me dient le mal que me ne osent aprochier.
 E volenters verroient mon corps ledenger ;
 Mès entre myl debles Dieu puet un homme sauver.

Before I knew little what was good, now I am less wise ;
 —the bad laws cause this by very great outrage,—so that I
 dare not come to the peace among my kindred ;—the rich
 are put to ransom, the poor to prison.

It would be reckless to engage what cannot be acquitted ;
 —that is the life of man which is so dearly loved ;—and I
 have not at all the goods wherewith to be bought off ;—but
 if I were in their power I should be put to death.

Yet if I should expect grace, and hear people talk,—those
 would say evil of me who dare not approach me,—and
 would willingly see my body disgraced.—But God can save
 man in the midst of a thousand devils.

* This word probably answers to the Low Latin *excollec-
 tionem*.

Cely me pust salver que est le fitz Marie ;
 Car je ne su coupable, endité su par envye ;
 Qy en cesti lu me mist, Dieu lur maldie !
 Le siècle est si variant, fous est qe s'affye.

Si je sei compagnoun e sache de archerye,
 Mon veisyn irra dissunt, "cesti est de compagnie,
 De aler bercer à bois e fere autre folie ;"
 Que ore vueille vivre come pork merra sa vye.

Si je sache plus de ley qu ne sevent eux,
 Yl dirrount, "cesti conspyratour comence de estre
 faus,"

E le heyre n'aprocheroy de x. lywes en d'eus ;
 De tous veysinages hony seient ceux.

Je pri tote bone gent qe pur moi vueillent prier,
 Qe je pus à mon pais aler e chyvaucher ;

He can save me, who is the Son of Mary;—for I am not culpable, I am indited out of malice;—God's curse be on those who drove me to this place!—The times are so variable, that he is a fool who trusts in them.

If I am a companion and know archery,—my neighbour will go and say, "This man belongs to a company,—to go hunt in the wood and do other folly;"—he who will live as a pig must lead his life.

If I happen to know more law than they know,—they will say this conspirator begins to be treasonable,—and I will not approach home within ten leagues of them;—of all neighbourhoods cursed be those.

I pray all good people that they will pray for me,—that I may be able to go and ride to my country;—I was never a

Unqe ne fu homicide, certes à moun voler,
Ne mal robberes pur gent damager.

Cest rym fust fet al bois desouz un lorer,
Là chaunte merle, russinole, e cyre l'esperver ;
Escrit estoit en parchemyn pur mout remenbrer,
E gitté en haut chemyn, qe um le dust trover.

homicide, at least by design,—nor an ill robber to do people damage.

This rhyme was made in the wood beneath a bay tree,—there sing the thrush and the nightingale, and the hawk whirls around;—it was written on parchment to be better remembered,—and cast in the highway, that people may find it.*

The following song is a satire upon the numerous retinues of the nobles and rich people, whose idle attendants and servants preyed upon the produce of the industrious peasantry. It shows us how great were the pride and ostentation of the courtiers of the latter years of Edward the First.

* The translation of this song was so very inaccurate that I have been compelled to alter Mr. Wright's version considerably.

A SONG AGAINST THE RETINUES OF THE
GREAT PEOPLE.*

[MS. Harl. 2253, fol. 124, v°; of reign of Edw. II.]

Of ribaudz y ryme
 Ant rede o mi rolle,
 Of gedelynges, gromes,
 Of Colyn ant of Colle,
 Harlotes, hors-knaves,
 Bi pate ant by polle;
 To devel ich hem to-lyre
 And take to tolle!

The gedelynges were gedered
 Of gonnylde gnoste;
 Palefreours ant pages,
 Ant boyes with boste;
 Alle weren y-haht
 Of an horse thoste:
 The devel huem afretye,
 Rau other a†roste!

TRANSLATION.—Of ribalds I rhyme—and read in my roll,—of gadlings, grooms,—of Colin and of Colle, harlots, horse-boys,—by pate and by poll;—to the devil I them deliver—and give for toll.

The gadlings were gathered—of;—palfrey-keepers and pages,—and boys with boast;—all were—of a horse:—may the devil devour them—raw or roasted!

* This song contains numerous popular words and phrases, the correct meaning of which is unascertainable.

The shuppare that huem shupte,
 To shome he huem shadde,
 To fles ant to fleye,
 To tyke ant to tadde ;
 So seyth Romaunz,
 Whose ryht radde,—
 Fleh com of flore,
 Ant lous com of ladde.

The harlotes bueth horlynges,
 Ant haunteth the plawe :
 The gedelynges bueth glotouns,
 Ant drynketh er hit dawe.
 Sathanas huere syre
 Seyde on is sawe,
 Gobelyn made is gerner
 Of gromene mawe.

The knave crommeth is crop,
 Er the cok crawe ;
 He momeleth ant moccheth,
 Ant marreth is mawe ;

The maker that made them,—he shed them to shame,—
 to fleas and to fly,—to tyke and to toad ;—so saith Romanz,
 —whoever read right—fly comes of flower,—and louse comes
 of lad.

The harlots are horelings,—and haunt the play :—the
 gadlings are gluttons,—and drink before it dawns.—Satan
 their sire—said in his saying,—Goblin made his garner—of
 the grooms' maw.

The knave crams his crop—before the cock crows ;—he
 mumbles and mocks,—and marrs his maw ;—when he is all

When he is al for-laped,
Ant lad over lawe,
A doseyn of doggen
Ne myhte hyre drawe.

The rybaudz a-ryseth
Er the day rewe ;
He shrapeth on is shabbes,
Ant draweth huem to dewe.
Sene is on is browe
Ant on is ege-brewe,
That he louseth a losynger,
And shoyeth a shrewe.

Nou beth capel-claweres
With shome to-shrude ;
Hue bosketh huem with botouns,
Ase hit were a brude ;
With lowe lacede shon
Of an hayfre hude,
Hue pyketh of here provendre
Al huere prude.

weary of lapping (?),—and laid over law,—a dozen of dogs—
could not draw him.

The ribalds arise—before the day breaks ;—they scrape on
their scabs,—and draw themselves to the dew.—Seen it is
on his forehead—and on his eye-brows,—that he looseth a
flatterer,—and shoeth a shrew.

Now are horse-clawers—shamefully clothed ;—they busk
them with buttons—as it were a bride :—with low laced
shoes—of a heifer's hide,—they pick out of their provender
—all their pride.

Whose rykeneth with knaves
 Huere coustage,
 The luthernesse of the ladde,
 The prude of the page,
 Thah he zeve hem cattes-dryt
 To huere companage,
 yet hym shulde a-rewen
 Of the arrearage.

Whil God wes on erthe
 And wondrede wyde,
 Whet wes the resoun
 Why he nolde ryde ?
 For he nolde no grom
 To go by ys syde,
 Ne grucchyng of no gedelyng
 To chaule ne to chyde.

Spedeth ou to spewen,
 Ase me doth to spelle ;
 The fend ou afretie
 With fleis ant with felle !

Whoever reckons with knaves—their expense,—the perverseness of the lad,—the pride of the page,—though he give them cats' dirt—for their sustenance,—yet he shall rue—of the arrears.

While God was on earth—and wandered wide,—what was the reason—why he would not ride ?—Because he would not have a groom—to go by his side,—nor the grudging of any gadling—to jaw or to chide.

Haste you to spew,—as men do to spell (talk) ;—may the fiend devour you—with flesh and with skin !—Harken this

Herkneth hideward, horsmen,
A tidying ich ou telle,
That 3e shulen hongen,
Ant herbarewen in helle !

way, horsemen,—a tidying I tell you,—that ye shall hang,—
and be lodged in hell.



REIGN OF EDWARD II. 1307—1327.

Edward the First quitted the stage at a period when wars from without and internal troubles were gathering fast over his country. His son and successor, a weak and ill-advised prince, was little calculated to repel the one or to calm the other; and the following song shows us that, contrary to the general rule in such cases, the people were more sorrowful for their loss than pleased with the novelty of a new monarch.

LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD I.

[MS. Bibl. Publ. Cantab. Gg. I. 1, fol. 489, of the reign of Edw. II.]

SEIGNIURS, oiez, pur Dieu le grant,
 Chançonete de dure pité,
 De la mort un rei vaillaunt;
 Homme fu de grant bounté,
 E que par sa leauté
 Mut grant encuntre ad sustenue;
 Ceste chose est bien prové;
 De sa terre n'ad rien perdue.
 Priom Dieu en devocioun
 Que de ses pecchez le face pardoun

TRANSLATION.—Lords, listen, for the sake of God the great,—a little song of grievous sorrow,—for the death of a precious king;—a man he was of great goodness,—and who by his loyalty—has sustained many a great encounter;—this thing is proved well;—of his land he lost none.—Let us pray God with devotion—that he pardon him his sins.

De Engleterre il fu sire,
 E rey qe mut savoit de guere ;
 En nule livre puet home lire
 De rei qe mieuz sustint sa tere.
 Toutes les choses qu'il vodreit fere,
 Sagement les tinst à fine.
 Ore si gist soun cors en tere :
 Si va le siècle en decline.

Le rei de Fraunce grant pecché fist,
 Le passage à desturber
 Qe rei Edward pur Dieu emprist,
 Sur Sarazins l'ewe passer.
 Sun tresour fust outre la mere,
 E ordine sa purveaunce
 Seint eglise pur sustenire :
 Ore est la tere en desesperaunce.

Jerusalem, tu as perdu
 La flour de ta chivalerie,

Of England he was lord,—and a king who knew much of war ;—in no book can we read—of a king who sustained better his land.—All the things which he would do,—wisely he brought them to an end.—Now his body lies in the earth ;—and the world is going to ruin.

The King of France did great sin,—to hinder the voyage —which King Edward undertook for God's sake,—to pass the water against the Saracens.—His treasure was beyond the sea,—and he ordains his purveyance—to sustain holy church :—now is the land in despair.

Jerusalem, thou hast lost—the flower of thy chivalry,—

Rey Edward le viel chanu,
 Qe tant ama ta seigneurie.
 Ore est-il mort ; jeo ne sai mie
 Toun baner qi le meintindra :
 Sun duz quor par grant druerie
 Outre la mere vous mandera.

Un jour avant que mort li prist,
 Od son barnage voleit parler ;
 Les chivalers devant li vist,
 Durement commença de plurer.
 "Jeo murrat," dist, "par estover,
 Jeo vei ma mort que me vent quere ;
 Fetes mon fiz rey corouner,
 Qe Dampnt-Dieu li don bien fere ! "

A Peiters á l'apostoile *
 Une messenger la mort li dist ;

King Edward the old and hoary,—who loved so much thy lordship,—Now he is dead ; I know not at all—who will maintain thy banner :—his gentle heart for great love—he will send you over the sea.

One day before death took him,—he would talk with his baronage ;—he saw the knights before him,—grievously he began to weep—"I shall die," he said, "of necessity,—I see my death which comes to seek me ;—cause my son to be crowned king,—may the Lord God give him grace to do well !"

At Poitiers to the apostolic see—a messenger told his

* Pope Clement V., who was always at war with his Italian subjects, resided a great part of his Pontificate at Poitiers.

E la Pape vesti l'estole,
 A dure lermes les lettres prist.
 "Alas !" ceo dist, "comment ? morist
 A qi Dieu donna tant honur ?
 A l'alme en face Dieu mercist !
 De seint eglise il fu la flour."

L'apostoile en sa chambre entra,
 A pein le poeit sustenir ;
 E les cardinals trestuz manda,
 Durement commença de plurir.
 Les cardinals li funt teisir,
 En haut commencent lur servise :
 Parmy la cité funt sonir,
 Et servir Dieu en seint eglise.

L'apostoile meimes vint à la messe,
 Que mult grant sollempnité ;
 L'alme pur soudre sovent se dresse,
 E dist par grant humilité :

death ;—and the pope put on the stole,—with bitter tears he took the letters.—"Alas !" he said, "how ? is he dead—to whom God gave so much honour ?—May God grant mercy to his soul !—he was the flower of holy church."

The pope entered in his chamber,—he could scarcely support it ;—and he sent for all the cardinals,—grievously he began to weep.—The cardinals made him desist,—aloud they begin their service ;—they cause the bells to be rung through the city,—and God's service to be performed in holy church.

The pope himself came to the mass,—with very great solemnity ;—he often applies himself to absolve the soul,—and said in great humility :—" May it please God in

"Place à Dieu en Trinité,
 Qe vostre fiz en pust conquere
 Jerusalem la digne cité,
 E passer en la seinte tere l"
 Le jeofne Edward d'Engleterre
 Rey est enoint e corouné :
 Dieu le doint teil conseil trere,
 Ki le pais seit gouverné ;
 E la coroune si garder,
 Qe la tere seit entere,
 E lui crestre en bounté,
 Car prodhome i fust son pere.
 Si Aristote fuste en vie,
 E Virgile qe savoit l'art,
 Les valurs ne dirr[ai]ent mie
 Del prodhome la disme part.
 Ore est mort le rei Edward,
 Pur qui mon quor est en trafoun ;
 L'alme Dieu la salve garde,
 Pur sa seintime passioun ! AMEN.

Trinity,—that your son may effect the conquest—of Jerusalem the noble city,—and pass into the Holy Land !"

The young Edward of England—is anointed and crowned king :—may God grant that he follow such counsel,—that the country may be governed ;—and so to keep the crown,—that the land may be entire,—and himself to increase in goodness,—for his father was a worthy man.

If Aristotle were alive,—and Virgil who knew skill,—they would not say the value—of the worthy man a tenth part.—Now is dead King Edward,—for whom my heart is in desolation :—may God preserve his soul in safety,—for the sake of his holy passion ! Amen.

The following song, in English, on the same event, is preserved in another manuscript. It is somewhat singular that one of these songs is clearly translated from the other, the variations being comparatively small, and consisting chiefly in the transposition of some of the stanzas. The French song was probably the original.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD I.*

[MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 73, r^o, of the reign of Edw. II.]

ALLE that beoth of huerte trewe,
 A stounde herkneth to my song,
 Of duel that deth hath diht us newe,
 That maketh me syke ant sorewe among ;
 Of a knyht that wes so strong,
 Of wham God hath don ys wille :
 Me thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
 That he so sone shal ligge stille.

Al Englond ahte for te knowe
 Of wham that song is that y synge ;—

TRANSLATION.—All that are true of heart,—a while hearken to my song,—of grief that death hath wrought us now,—which makes me sigh and sorrow in turns.—Of a knight that was so powerful,—on whom God hath done his will ;—methinks that death has done us wrong,—that he so soon shall lie still.

All England ought to know—of whom the song is that I

* This song was printed by Percy.

Of Edward kyng that lith so lowe,
 Jent al this world is nome con springe.
 Trewest mon of alle thinge,
 Ant in werre war ant wys,
 For him we ahte oure hnden wrynge,
 Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,
 He speke ase mon that wes in care,—
 “Clerkes, knyhtes, barouns,” he sayde,
 “Y charge ou by oure sware,
 That ȝe to Engelonde be trewe.
 Y deȝe, y ne may lyven na more ;
 Helpeth mi sone ant crouneth him newe,
 For he is nest to buen y-core.

“Ich biquethe myn herte aryht,
 That hit be write at mi devys,
 Over the see that hue be diht,
 With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,

sing :—of Edward the king that lies so low, —through all this world his name sprang.—Trewest man of all things,—and in war wary and wise,—for him we ought our hands to wring,—of Christendom he bare the prize.

Before that our king was dead,—he spoke as one that was in care,—“Clergy, knights, barons,” he said,—“I charge you by your oath,—that ye to England be true.—I die, I may not live any more ;—help my son, and crown him now,—for he is next to be chosen.

“I bequeath my heart rightly,—that it be written at my devise,—over the sea that it be sent—with fourscore knights

In werre that buen war ant wys,
 Aȝeyn the hethene for to fyhte,
 To wynne the croiz that lowe lys ;
 Myself ycholde ȝef that y myhte."

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest sunne,
 That thou the counsail woldest fonde,
 To latte the wille of kyng Edward
 To wende to the holy londe :
 That oure kyng hede take on honde
 Al Engeland to ȝeme ant wyse,
 To wenden into the Holy Londe,
 To wynnen us heve[n]riche blisse.

The messenger to the Pope com,
 And seyde that oure kynge wes ded :
 Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,
 Y-wis his herte wes ful gret :
 The Pope himself the lettre redde,
 And spec a word of gret honour,—

all of repute,—in war that are wary and wise,—against the
 heathen for to fight,—to win the cross which lies low ;—
 myself I would [go] if I could."

King of France, thou hadst sin,—that thou shouldest seek
 counsel,—to hinder the will of King Edward—to go to the
 Holy Land :—that our king had taken in hand—all Eng-
 land to rule and teach,—to go into the Holy Land,—to win
 us heaven's bliss.

The messenger to the pope came,—and said that our king
 was dead :—to his own hand the letter he took,—truly his
 heart was very full :—the pope himself the letter read,—and

"Alas!" he seide, "is Edward ded?
Of Christendome he ber the flour!"

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,
For del ne mihte he speke na more;
And after cardinals he sende,
That muche couthen of Cristes lore,
Bothe the lasse ant eke the more,
Bed hem bothe rede ant syngre:
Gret deol me myhte se thore,
Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse,
With ful gret solempneté,
Ther me con the soule blesse:—
"Kyng Edward, honoured thou be!
God lene thi sone come after the
Bringre to ende that thou hast bygonne;
The holy crois y-mad of tre,
So fain thou woldest hit han y-wonne!

spake a word of great honour,—*"Alas!"* he said, *"is Edward dead!—of Christendom he bare the flower!"*

The pope to his chamber went,—he could speak no more for grief:—and after the cardinals he sent,—who knew much of Christ's doctrine,—both the less and also the greater,—bade them both read and sing:—great grief might be seen there,—many a man to wring his hands.

The pope of Poitiers stood at his mass,—with very great solemnity,—there they began to bless the soul:—"King Edward, honoured be thou!—God give thy son, who comes after thee,—to bring to end what thou hast begun:—the holy cross made of wood,—so fain thou wouldst it have won.

"Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore
 The flour of al chivalerie ;
 Now Kyng Edward liveth na more :—
 Alas ! that he yet shulde deye !
 He wolde ha rered up fol heyze
 Oure baners, that bueth broht to grounde ;
 Wel longe we mowe clepe and crie
 Er we a such kyng han y-founde !"

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
 King of Engeland al aplyht,
 God lete him ner be worse man
 Then is fader, ne lasse of myht
 To holden is pore-men to ryht,
 Ant understonde good consail,
 Al Engeland for te wisse ant diht ;
 Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel,
 Ant min herte y-ȝote of bras,

"Jerusalem, thou hast lost—the flower of all chivalry ;—
 now King Edward lives no more :—Alas ! that he yet should
 die !—He would have reared up full high—our banners, that
 are brought to the ground ;—very long we may call and cry
 —before we have found such a king !"

Now is Edward of Caernarvon—entirely King of England,
 —God let him never be worse man—than his father, nor less
 of might—to hold his commons to right,—and to understand
 good counsel,—all England to direct and manage ;—of
 good knights there need not fail him.

Though my tongue were made of steel,—and my heart

The godnesse myht y never telle
 That with Kyng Edward was :
 Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
 In uch bataille thou hadest pris ;
 God bringe thi soule to the honour
 That ever wes ant ever ys,
 That lesteth ay withouten ende !
 Bidde we God ant oure Ledy,
 To thilke blisse Jesus us sende. AMEN.

produced out of brass,—I could never tell the goodness—that was with King Edward :—King, as thou art called conqueror,—in each battle thou haddest prize ;—God bring thy soul to the honour—which ever was and ever is,—which lasts ever without end !—Pray we God and our Lady,—to that bliss Jesus us send ! AMEN.

The old cry against the oppression of the poor and honest by the rich, and the general corruption of the age, is repeated in the following piece. It probably describes the state of feeling amongst many in the earlier years of Edward's reign.

SONG ON THE TIMES.

[MS. Reg. 12, C. xii. fol. 7, r', of reign of Edw. II.]

QUANT homme deit parleir, videat quæ verba
 loquatur ;
 Sen covent aver, ne stultior inveniatur.

TRANSLATION.—When a man has to speak, let him consider what words he utters ;—he ought to pay attention to

Quando quis loquitur, bote resoun reste therynne,
 Derisum patitur, ant lutel so shal he wyne.
 En seynt eglise sunt multi sæpe priores ;
 Summe beoth wyse, multi sunt inferiores.
 When mon may mest do, tunc velle suum mani-
 festat,

In donis also, si vult tibi præmia præstat.
 Ingrato benefac, post hæc à peyne te verra ;
 Pur bon vin tibi lac non dat, nec rem tibi rendra.
 Sensum custodi, quasi mieu valt sen qe ta mesoun ;
 Thah thou be mody, robur nichil est sine resoun.
 Lex lyth down over al, fallax fraus fallit ubique ;
 Ant love nys bote smal, quia gens se gestat inique.
 Wo walketh wyde, quoniam movet ira potentes :
 Ryht con nout ryde, quia vadit ad insipientes.
 Dummodo fraus superest, lex nul nout lonen y
 londe ;

them, lest he appear a fool.—When any one speaks, unless reason rest therein,—he is laughed at, and so he shall gain little.—In holy church there are often many who hold advanced situations ;—some are wise, many are inferior.—When a man may do most, then he exhibits his will,—in gifts also, if he will he gives thee presents.—Do a kindness to an ungrateful man, and afterwards he will scarcely look at you ;—he will not even give you milk for good wine, nor will he make you any return.—Take care of thy intellect, as of a thing which is worth more than thy house ;—although thou be moody, strength is nothing without reason.—Law lies down over all, false fraud deceives everywhere ;—and there is but little love, because people conduct themselves wickedly.—Woe walks wide, since anger moves those who are powerful ;—right cannot ride, because it goes to the ignorant.—Now that fraud is alive, law will not dwell in the

Et quia sic res est, ryth may nout radlyche stonde.
Fals mon freynt covenant, quamvis tibi dicat,
"habebis."

Vix dabit un veu gaunt, lene les mon postea flebis.
Myn ant thyn duo sunt, qui frangunt plebis
amorem ;

Ce deus pur nus sunt facienda sæpe dolorem.
Tresoun dampnificat, et paucis est data resoun ;
Resoun certificat, confundit et omnia tresoun.
Pees may nout wel be, dum stat per nomina bina ;
Lord Crist, that thou se, per te sit in hiis medicina !
Infirmus moritur, thah lechcraft ligge bysyde ;
Vivus decipitur, nis non that her shal abyde
Tels plusours troverez, qui de te plurima pren-
drount ;
Au dreyn bien verrez, quod nullam rem tibi ren-
drount.

Esto pacificus, so myh thou welde thy wylle ;

land ;—and since the matter is in that position, right may not easily stand.—The false man breaks his promise, although he say to thee, "thou shalt have it."—He will scarcely give an old glove, . . . thou shalt afterwards weep.—Mine and thine are two, which break the love of the people ;—these two for us will cause frequent grief.—Treason injures, and reason is given to few ;—reason makes sure, while treason confounds all things.—Peace may not well be, while it stands by two names ;—Lord Christ, do thou look to it, through thee may there be a medicine for these things !—The sick man dies, although the art of medicine lie by his side ;—the living man is deceived, there is none who shall abide here.—You will find many such as will take very much from you ;—in the end you will see well, that they will return you nothing.—Be pacific, so

Also veridicus, ant stond pro tempore stille.
 Pees seit en tere, per te, Deus, alma potestas
 Defendez guere, ne nos invadat egestas.
 God Lord Almyhty, da pacem, Christe benigne !
 Thou const al dyhty, fac ne pereamus in igne !

mayest thou possess thy will ;—also a teller of truth, and stand for the time still.—May there be peace in the land, through thee, God, kind power !—forbid war, lest want invade us.—Good Lord Almighty, give peace, O benignant Christ !—Thou canst do all things, hinder us from perishing in the fire.

The following song appears to have been made in the latter end of the year 1311, on the occasion of the King's journey to the North, where he was joined by his lately banished favourite, Peter de Gaveston, and disregarded the charter which he had confirmed in the beginning of the October of that year.

ON THE KING'S BREAKING HIS CONFIRMATION
 OF MAGNA CHARTA.*

[The Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library, at Edinburgh, art. 21, of the reign of Edw. II.]

L'N puet fere et defere,
 Ceo fait-il trop sovent ;

TRANSLATION.—A person may make, and unmake,—it is what he too often does ; it is neither well nor fair ;—on

* This curious poem was printed by David Laing and W. Turnbull, in a volume entitled "Owain Miles and other inedited Fragments of Ancient English Poetry." 8vo. Edin. 1837.

It nis nouthur wel ne faire ;
 Therefore Englelond is shent.
 Nostre prince de Engleterre,
 Par le consail de sa gent,
 At Westminster after the feire*
 Made a gret parlement.
 La chartre fet de cyre,
 Jeo l'enteink et bien le crey,
 It was holde to neih the fire,
 And is molten al away.
 Ore ne say mès que dire,
 Tout i va à Tripolay,
 Hundred, chapitle, court, and shire,
 Al hit goth a devel way.
 Des plusages de la tere
 Ore escotez un sarmoun,
 Of iiij. wise-men that ther were,
 Whi Englelond is brouht adoun.†

account of it England is ruined.—Our prince of England,
 —by the counsel of his people.—at Westminster after the
 fair—made a great parliament.—The charter he made of
 wax,—so I understand, and I readily believe it,—it was
 held too near the fire,—and is all melted away.—Now I
 know not what more to say,—all goes to Tripoly,—hundred,
 chapter, court, and shire,—all it goes the devil's way.—Of
 the wisest men of the land—now listen to a discourse,—of
 four wise men that there were,—why England is brought
 down.

* Probably the fair of St. Bartholomew.

† This story of the four wise men was very popular, and found its way into the "*Gesta Romanorum*." The sentences of the wise men were popular proverbs independent of the tale: they varied at different periods. The reader is re-

The ferste seide, "I understonde
 Ne may no king wel ben in londe,
 Under God Almihte,
 But he cunne himself rede,
 Hou he shal in londe lede
 Everi man wid rihte.

For might is riht,
 Liht is night,
 And fiht is fiiht.

For miht is riht, the lond is laweles ;
 For niht is liht, the lond is loreles ;
 For fiht is fiiht, the lond is nameles."

That other seide a word ful god,
 "Whoso roweth aȝein the flod,
 Off sorwe he shal drinke ;
 Also hit fareth bi the unsele,

The first said, "I understand—no king may be prosperous in land—under God Almighty,—unless he can counsel himself,—how he shall in land lead—every man with right.—For might is right,—light is darkness,—and fight is flight.—Because might is right, the land is lawless ;—because darkness is light, the land is without doctrine ;—because fight is flight, the land is without reputation."

The second said a very good word,—"Whoever rows against the flood,—he shall drink of sorrow ;—thus it fares by the unfortunate,—a man shall have little strength—to

ferred to MS. Reg. 5A. vi. fol. 83, r', and to MS. Harl. No. 206, fol. 38, v'. It will also be found in the "*Gesta Romanorum*" edited, in English, by Sir Frederick Madden, for the Roxburghe Club in 1838, page 397. In MS. Cotton. Vespas. E. xii. fol. 100, r', is another Latin version, where the scene is laid at Carthage, and the King is Hannibal, whilst Virgil takes the place of the four wise men.

A man shal have litel hele

Ther agein to swinke.

Nu on is two,

Another is wo,

And frend is fo.

For on is two, that lond is streintheles ;

For wel is wo, the lond is reutheles ;

For frend is fo, the lond is loveles.

That thridde seide, " It is no wonder

Off thise eyres that goth under,

Whan theih comen to londe

Proude and stoute, and ginneth zelpe,

Ac of thing that sholde helpe

Have theih noht on bonde.

Nu lust haveth leve,

Thef is reve,

And pride hath sleve.

For lust hath leve, the lond is theweles ;

For thef it reve, the lond is penyles ;

For pride hath sleve, the lond is almusles.

labour against it.—Now one is two,—another is woe,—and friend is foe.—Because one is two, the land is without strength ;—because weal is woe, the land is without ruth ;—because friend is foe, the land is without love."

The third said, " It is no wonder—of these heirs that go under,—when they come to land—proud and stout, and begin to yelp,—but of anything that might help—they have nought in hand.—Now lust hath leave,—thief is magistrate,—and pride hath sleeves.—Because lust hath leave, the land is destitute of morality ;—because thief is magistrate, the land is pennyless ;—because pride hath sleeves, the land is without alms."

The ferthe seide, that he is wod
 That dwelleth to muchel in the fload,
 For gold or for auhte ;
 For gold or silver, or any wele,
 Hunger or thurst, hete or chele,
 All shal gon to nohte.
 Nu wille is red,
 Wit is qued,
 And god is ded.
 For wille is red, the lond is wrecful ;
 For wit is qued, the lond is wrongful ;
 For God is ded, the lond is sinful.

Wid wordes as we han pleid,
 Sum wisdom we han seid
 Off olde men and ȝunge ;
 Off many a thinge that is in londe,
 Whoso coude it understonde,
 So have I told wid tongue.

The fourth said, "That he is mad—who dwells too much in the flood,—for gold or for property ;—for gold or silver, or any weal,—hunger or thirst, heat or cold,—all shall go to nothing.—Now will is counsel,—wit is wicked,—and good is dead.—Because will is counsel, the land is full of revenge ;—because wit is wicked, the land is full of wrong ;—because God is dead, the land is full of sin."

With words as we have played,—some wisdom we have said—of old men and young ;—of many a thing that is in land,—whoever might understand it,—thus have I told with tongue.

Riche and pore, bonde and fre,
 That love is God, 3e mai se ;
 Love clepeth ech man brother ;
 For it that he to blame be,
 Forgif hit him *par charitt*,
 Al theih he do other.

Love we God, and he us alle,
 That was born in an oxe stalle,
 And for us don on rode.
 His swete herte-blod he let
 For us, and us faire het
 That we sholde be gode.

But we nu gode and stedefast,
 So that we muwen at the last
 Haven hevене blisse.
 To God Almihti I preie
 Lat us never in sinne deie,
 That joye for to misse.

Rich and poor, bond and free,—that love is good, ye may see ;—love calls every man brother ;—for that for which he may be to blame,—forgive it him in charity,—although he do other.

Love we God, and may He love us all,—who was born in an ox's stable,—and for us placed on the cross.—His sweet heart's blood He shed—for us, and bade us fairly—that we should be good.

Be we now good and steadfast,—so that we may at last—have the bliss of heaven.—To God Almighty I pray,—let us never die in sin,—to miss that joy.

Ac lene us alle so don here,
 And leve in love and god manere,
 The devel for to shende ;
 That we moten alle i-fere
 Sen him that us bouhte dere,
 In joye withoute ende. AMEN.

But grant us all so to do here,—and live in love and good manner,—the devil for to shame ;—that we may all in company—see him that bought us dearly,—in joy everlasting.
 AMEN.

Edward's wretched favourite, Peter de Gaveston, was beheaded by the Barons in the May of 1312. The two following songs exhibit the general feeling of exultation which attended this execution. It is scarcely necessary to say that they are parodies on two hymns in the old church service.

SONGS ON THE DEATH OF PETER DE GAVESTON.
 [MS. Trin. Coll. Cambr. O. 9. 38. 15th cent. on paper.]

I.

De Petro de Gaverstone.

VEXILLA regni prodeunt,
 fulget cometa comitum,
 Comes dico Lancastriæ
 qui domuit indomitum ;

TRANSLATION.—I. The banners of the kingdom go forth, the comet of Earls shines, I mean the Earl of Lancaster, who tamed him whom nobody else could tame ; whereby

Quo vulneratus pestifer
 mucronibus Walensium,
 Truncatus est atrociter
 in sexto mense mensium.
 Impleta sunt quæ censuit
 auctoritas sublimium ;
 Mors Petri sero patuit,—
 regnabit diu nimium.
 Arbor mala succiditur,
 dum collo Petrus cæditur :—
 Sit benedicta framea
 quæ Petrum sic aggreditur !
 Beata manus jugulans !
 beatus jubens jugulum !
 Beatum ferrum feriens
 quem ferre nollet sæculum !
 O crux, quæ pati pateris
 hanc miseram miseriam,
 Tu nobis omnem subtrahe
 miseriæ materiam !

the pestiferous one being wounded by the blades of the
 Welsh, was disgracefully beheaded in the sixth month.
 What the authority of the powers above willed has been
 fulfilled ; the death of Peter at last has been effected,—he
 reigned much too long. The bad tree is cut down, when
 Peter is struck on the neck :—Blessed be the weapon which
 thus approached Peter ! Blessed be the hand which exe-
 cuted him ! blessed the man who ordered the execution !
 blessed the steel which struck him whom the world would
 not bear any longer ! O Cross, which allowed to be suffered
 this wretched misery, do thou take from us all the material

Te, summa Deus Trinitas,
 oramus prece sedula,
 Fautores Petri destruas
 et conteras per sæcula ! AMEN.

of misery. Thee, highest God in Trinity, we pray earnestly,
 destroy and crush for ever the maintainers of Peter. AMEN.

II.

PANGE, lingua, necem Petri qui turbavit Angliam,
 Quem rex amans super omnem prætulit Cornu-
 biam ;

Vult hinc comes, et non Petrus, dici per superbiam.*

Gens est regni de thesauri fraude facta condolens,
 Quando Petrus de thesauro prodige fit insolens,
 Quid ventura sibi dies pariat non recolens.

Hoc opus nostræ salutis, quod Petrus interiit ;
 Multiformis proditoris ars tota deperiit ;
 Ex nunc omen cor lætetur, quia væ præteriit.

II. Celebrate, my tongue, the death of Peter who disturbed England, whom the king in his love for him placed over all Cornwall ; hence in his pride he will be called Earl, and not Peter.—The people of the kingdom was made sorrowful for the fraud upon the treasure, when Peter becomes wastefully insolent with the treasury, not bearing in mind what the future day may produce for him.—This is the work of our salvation, that Peter is dead ; all the artfulness of the multifarious traitor has perished ; hence—

* The favourite had obtained a decree that none should henceforth call him otherwise than Earl of Cornwall.

Quando venit apta rei plenitudo temporis,
 Est præcisum caput ei de junctura corporis ;
 Turbans turbas intra regnum nunc turbatur a foris.

Nulli volens comparari, summo fastu præditus,
 Se nolente subdit collum passioni deditus ;
 De condigna morte cujus est hic hymnus editus.

Perdit caput qui se caput paribus præposuit :
 Rite corpus perforatur cujus cor sic tumuit :
 Terra, pontus, astra, mundus, plaudant quod hic
 corrui.

Trux, crudelis inter omnes, nunc a pompis
 abstinet ;
 Jam non ultra sicut comes, vel ut rex, se continet ;
 Vir indignus, morte dignus, mortem dignam sus-
 tinet.

Flexis ramis arbor illa ruit in proverbias ;
 Nam rigor lentescit ille quem dedit superbia ;

forth let the good omen rejoice our hearts, for sorrow is past.—When the fulness of time which was fit for the thing came, his head is cut off from the juncture of the body ; he who raised troubles within the kingdom is now troubled from without.—He who was unwilling to have an equal, clothed in the extreme of pride, against his will bends his neck to the executioner ; of whose merited death this hymn is set forth.—He who placed himself as a head above his equals, loses his own head ; justly his body is pierced, whose heart was so puffed up ; both land, sea, stars, and world, rejoice in his fall.—Ferocious and cruel among all men, he ceases now from his pomp ; now he no longer behaves himself like an earl, or a king ; the unworthy man, worthy of death, undergoes the death which he merits.—This tree with its branches bent falls into a proverb ; for the

Sic debet humiliari qui sapit sublimia.
 Ædes Petri qua tenetur non sit fulta robore ;
 Sit prophanus alter locus, sit et in dedecore,
 Quem fœdus cruor fœdavit fusus Petri corpore !
 Gloria sit creatori ! gloria comitibus
 Qui fecerunt Petrum mori cum suis carminibus !
 A modo sit pax et plausus in Anglorum finibus !

AMEN.

stiffness which pride gave is softened ; thus ought the ambitious and aspiring man to be humbled.—May the house of Peter, in which he is held, not be supported in strength ; may the other place be profane, and may it be in disgrace, which the filthy gore spilled from Peter's body has defiled ! —Glory be to the Creator ! Glory to the Earls who have made Peter die with his charms ! Henceforth may there be peace and rejoicing throughout England ! AMEN.

The events of the Scottish war during the reign of Edward II. were not of a character to draw forth the songs of triumph which had attended the campaigns of his father. The loss of his father's conquests, and the reverses of his own arms, while they produced universal dejection, only tended to widen the breach which his own folly had made between himself and his people. The following poem was made in 1313, immediately after the disastrous battle of Bannockburn, where the Earl of Gloucester was slain. The writer, while he

laments the humiliation to which his country had been reduced, glances from time to time at the evil counsels which had led to it.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.*

[From MS. Cotton. Titus, A. xx. fol. 68, r^o, written in the reign of Edw. III.]

PERPLEXITY of heart compels me to tell wonderful things, that England begins to be subjected to Scotland: it is said that new prodigies are now performed, when the daughter takes upon her to lord it over the mother.—England the matron of many regions, to whom tributary gifts were given, is now, alas! constrained too much to be prostrate to the daughter, by whom the maternal crown is injured.—A general proclamation went through England, admonishing everybody to take up arms, that the army might go to Scotland to vindicate our rights, or to be able to avenge our injury.—To which theme I ought to procrastinate very much; the king began to assemble his troops, unadvisedly he went to make war on the Scots: his anger voluntarily subsided, unwilling longer to hold out.—There were in the army many nobles, knights who were too showy and pompous; when so many impetuous men came to the conflict, the

* This poem is attributed to Robert Baston, a Carmelite, who was taken prisoner by the Scots at the battle. The text is extremely corrupt.

courageous enemies were ready enough.—They were courageous, as will appear; when the two sides engaged, that one remained firm, but that which had shown so much pride fled. The wicked party succumbed, the cunning one conquered.—An unheard-of battle thickened between them; first rushed forward the unconquered Actæus, the Earl of Gloucester,* alas! giving fatal blows; who, standing in the thick of the battle, is deserted.—He compelled the troops of the enemy to break, and subdued the bodies of strong men; but one of his own chosen retainers, he was not a fool when he ruined the affair.—This is the traitorous man, Bartholomew,† whom in all victories may God confound! Because he has been to his master as changeable as a Pharisee. Hence as the representative of Judas he shall be condemned to death.—Seeing the enemy's rage against his master, he pretends that he had been out more than six weeks; because he refused to come to his master's support, this traitor has deserved to be put to the rack.—Many are they whereby the Earl was seduced, led like a sheep to the sacrifice and to death; through whom such common lamentation arises, is sufficiently known by their fruits.—With whose venom all England is poisoned; and thus

* Gilbert de Clare, son of the Earl of Gloucester, who was so active in the barons' wars in the reign of Henry III. On his death at Bannockburn the title became extinct.

† Probably Bartholomew de Badlesmere, steward of the King's household.

common justice is weakened ; by these the royal judgment is darkened ; in consequence of this, faith is driven into exile.—Charity lies subdued, and virtue is trodden down ; ingratitude flourishes, and fraud rules ; whatever of evil is perpetrated in this country, is all the work of the aforesaid traitors.—This deceitful man was not the only one by whom the art of treason was now exercised ; but there was another concerned in it, whom may heaven not conceal, and may he become, as he deserves, a morsel of hell.—Knights such as these, obstinate against the kingdom, retainers of Satan, are too rapacious ; if the King's judges everywhere are true, they will destroy the enchanters and their followers.—They deserved to suffer judgment of decapitation, since voluntarily they have betrayed such a soldiery ; the Earl's domestics, who were clowns, as they have remained, took to flight.—These by a multifarious treason betrayed their lord, whom the impious people of Scotland surrounded ; they struck him down from his steed, and the faithful esquires who were with him fell struck down in different ways ; the knights and others fell along with him ; when his friends tried to succour him, they were not able to resist so many enemies.—Thus died an Earl who was distinguished above all others, who had given his property to wicked men ; let every one have a care to himself, after these examples, that he give not henceforth trust to such unworthy people.—By

this let those Earls who are still alive, learning from experience, be on their guard, when at another time they stand united in battle, that they be not thus bruised by the weapon of treason.—England is tormented with very much grief, that she is deprived of her honour by such craftiness ; let her be fortified more cautiously, with labour of mind, that the last error be not worse than the former.—I advise the Earls who are still alive, that henceforward they destroy traitors ; and thus by their industry let them all be made prisoners ; let the English thus make their way into Scotland.—I believe that I tell the truth, I endeavour not to say what is false ; now the honour of our nation begins to decline ; when the livid colour of death spread itself over the Earl, then immediately grew the terrible grief of England.—Of our people of England some are in captivity ; some ran away from the battle half dead ; they who were rich are made ransom ; because the nobles go mad, the common people are the sufferers.—The minds of the chieftains of England are weary with studying, for the league of justice is without any certain existence ; may therefore the King of power, who sprang from the root of Jesse, destroy utterly the maintainers of perfidy !—When the north-east wind rages, the south-west wind dropped ; and to the people of the south the pain of death increased. England used to obtain victory, but by the treachery of the offspring the mother hath lost her

savour.—If you knew, Gloucester, your fate, you would weep, because your heir perishes in Scotland; thy sons-in-law will take thee, from whom thou wilt suffer disgrace; lest they should make thee * . . . thou will bruise the present government.—Thou art made as a lady widowed of her husband, whose comfort is changed into weeping; thou art a solitary city deprived of thy head; may the blessed Trinity amend thy fortune!

The last piece in our collection is rather different in character from those which have preceded it. One of the most unpopular acts of this weak reign was the execution of the Earl of Lancaster in 1322. The love which the people bore towards him, led them to sanctify his memory. A martyr in what was loudly proclaimed to be the cause of God, his countrymen believed that he testified his unshaken love for those in whose defence he had fallen by miracles performed at his tomb, and a regular form of service was composed for his worship.

* The text has "Ne te far. . . facient, presens regnum teres."

THE OFFICE OF ST. THOMAS OF LANCASTER.*

[MS. Reg. 12, c. xii. fol. 1, r^s, of the end of the reign of Edward II., or beginning of that of Edward III., written all as prose.]

Ant.—GAUDE THOMA, ducum decus, lucerna
 Lancastræ,
 Qui per necem imitaris Thomam Cantuariæ;
 Cujus caput conculcatur pacem ob ecclesiæ,
 At quetuum detruncatur causa pacis Angliæ;
 Esto nobis pius tutor in omni discrimine.

Oratio.—Deus, qui, pro pace et tranquillitate regnicolarum Angliæ, beatum Thomam martyrem tuum atque comitem gladio persecutoris occumbere voluisti, concede propitius, ut omnes qui ejus

TRANSLATION.—*Anthem.*—Rejoice, Thomas, the glory of chieftains, the light of Lancaster, who by thy death imitatest Thomas of Canterbury; whose head was broken on account of the peace of the Church, and thine is cut off for the cause of the peace of England; be to us an affectionate guardian in every difficulty.

Prayer.—O God, who, for the peace and tranquillity of the inhabitants of England, willed that the blessed Thomas thy martyr and Earl should fall by the sword of the persecutor, grant propitious, that all who devoutly reverence his

* Popular heroes and patriots were frequently canonised by the people after their death. Such was the case, as we have seen, with Simon de Montfort. A very curious story of this kind will be found in William of Newbery, l. 5. cc. 20, 21. The King, in the present instance, was obliged to issue a proclamation forbidding the worship of Earl Thomas of Lancaster.

memoriam devote venerantur in terris, præmia
condigna cum ipso consequi mereantur in cœllis,
p. dn. n.

Prosa.—Sospitati dat ægrotos precum Thomæ
fusio ;
Comes pius mox languentum adest in
præsidio ;
Relevantur ab infirmis infirmi suffragio.
Sancti Thomæ quod monstratur signorum
indicio,
Vas regale trucidatur regni pro remedio.
O quam probat sanctum ducem morborum
curatio !
Ergo laudes Thomæ sancto canamus cum
gaudio ;
Nam devote poscens illum, statim pro-
culdubio sospes regreditur.

memory on earth, may merit to obtain worthy reward along
with him in Heaven, through our Lord.

Prosa.—The pouring out of prayers to Thomas restores
the sick to health ; the pious Earl comes immediately to the
aid of those who are feeble ; they are relieved from their in-
firmities by the suffrage of one who was infirm. So that it
is shown by the evidence of the miracles of St. Thomas, that
the royal vessel is beheaded for the cure of the kingdom.
O how the cure of diseases declares the sainted leader !
Therefore with rejoicing let us sing praises to St. Thomas ;
for he who asks him devoutly, immediately without doubt
he will return healed.

Sequentia.—Summum regem honoremus,
 dulcis pro memoria
 Martyris, quem collaudemus
 summa reverentia.
 Thomas comes appellatur,
 stemmate egregio ;
 Sine causa condemnatur,
 natus thoro regio.
 Qui cum plebem totam cernit
 labi sub naufragio,
 Non pro jure mori spernit,
 lætali commercio.
 O flos militum regalis,
 tuam hanc familiam
 Semper conserves a malis,
 perducens ad gloriam ! AMEN.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi comitis martyrrium,
 Sanguinisque præciosi Thomæ floris militum,
 Germinisque generosi laudis, lucis comitum.

Sequence. Let us honour the highest King, for the memory of the sweet martyr, whom we join in praising with the utmost reverence. He is called Earl Thomas, of an illustrious race ; he is condemned without cause, who was born of a royal bed. Who when he perceived that the whole commons were falling into wreck, did not shrink from dying for the right, in the fatal commerce. O royal flower of knights, preserve ever from evils this thy family, bringing them to glory ! AMEN.

. Declare, my tongue, the martyrdom of the glorious Earl, and of the precious blood of Thomas the flower of knights, and of the praise of the noble sprout, the light of Earls.—

De parentis utriusque regali prosapia
 Prodit Thomas, cujus pater proles erat regia,*
 Matrem atque sublimavit reginam Navarria.†
 Dux fidelis suum gregem dum dispersum
 conspicit,
 Æmulumque suum regem sibi motum meminit,
 Mox carnalem juxta legem in mirum contremuit.
 Benedicti benedictus capitur vigilia,‡
 Agonista fit invictus statim die tertia,
 Diræ neci est addictus, ob quod luget Anglia.
 Proht dolor ! acephalatur plebis pro juvamine,
 Suorumque desolatur militum stipamine,
 Dum dolose desiandatur per sudam Hoylandiæ.§

Thomas sprang from a royal race by both his parents, whose father was the son of a king, and whose mother Navarre raised to be a queen.—The faithful leader when he saw that his flock was dispersed, and he called to mind that his king was moved with jealousy towards him, soon according to the law of the flesh he trembled wonderfully. The blessed man is taken on the vigil of St. Benet, on the third day he is suddenly made an unconquered champion, he is delivered to dire death, on account of which England mourns.—Alas ! he is beheaded for the aid of the commons, he is deserted by the company of his knights, whilst he is treacherously deserted by Robert de Hoyland.—

* Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, was son of Edmund, younger brother of Edward I.

† Blanche, daughter of Robert, Earl of Artois, and widow of Henry, King of Navarre, was the second wife of Edmund Plantagenet.

‡ After the battle of Boroughbridge (March 15, 1322), the Earl of Lancaster took refuge in a chapel, where he was taken on the 20th, brought to Pontefract on the 21st, tried on the 22nd, and beheaded the same day. The 20th March was the eve of St. Benet.

§ Robert de Hoyland (the father of Thomas de Holand.

Ad sepulcrum cujus fiunt frequenter miracula,
 Cæci, claudi, surdi, muti, membra paralytica,
 Prece sua consequuntur optata præsidia.

Trinitati laus et honor, virtus et potentia
 Patri, proli, flaminique sacro sit per sæcula,
 Quæ nos salvat a peccatis Thomæ per suffragia !

AMEN.

O jam Christi pietas,
 Atque Thomæ caritas
 palam elucescit !
 Heu ! nunc languet æquitas,
 Viget et impietas,
 veritas vilesce !
 Nempe Thomæ bonitas,
 Ejus atque sanctitas,
 indies acrescit ;

At whose tomb are frequently performed miracles ; the blind, the lame, the deaf, the dumb, and paralytics, by his prayer obtain the help they desire.—Praise and honour, virtue and power be to the Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for ever, which preserve us from sin through the intercession of Thomas ! AMEN.

O now the piety of Christ, and the charity of Thomas, shine openly ! Alas ! equity now pines away, and impiety flourishes, truth is made vile ! Yet the goodness of Thomas,

Earl of Kent, the first husband of Joan, Princess of Wales) had been sent to collect forces in Lancashire to assist the Earl of Lancaster, but when he had got them together, he deserted the Earl and went over to the King's party.—*Sudam* seems to be an error in the MS. for some other word.

Ad cujus tumbam sospitas
Ægris datur, ut veritas
cunctis nunc clarescit.

Copiosæ caritatis

Thoma pugil strenue,

Qui pro lege libertatis
decertasti Angliæ,

Interpella pro peccatis
nostris patrem gloriæ,

Ut ascribat cum beatis
nos celestis curiæ. AMEN.

FINIS.

and his sanctity, daily increase : at whose tomb health is
given to the sick, and the truth may now be clear to all.

O Thomas, strenuous champion of plentiful charity, who
didst combat for the law of England's liberty, intercede for
our sins with the Father of Glory, that He may give us a
place with the blessed in the heavenly court. AMEN.

THE END.



APPENDIX I.

ON THE WORD "RIBALDUS," "RIBAUD."

(Vol. ii. p. 53.)

THIS is one of those curious words of which the origin and primary signification are very doubtful. It was certainly applied to a particular class of people, and a class which seems to have been dependent on the household of the great. Giraldus Cambrensis, when telling his various troubles and persecutions (Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, vol. iii. p. 575), speaks thus of the witnesses brought against him by his enemies :—"Archidiaconus (*i.e.*, Giraldus himself) autem statim, productis testibus illis coram auditoribus ad jurandum, proposuit ni singulorum personas se dicturum; in canonicos Menevenses tanquam perjuros et excommunicatos, in monachos tanquam trutannos et domorum suarum desertores, in *ribaldos* tanquam vilissimos et, sicut cæteri cuncti, mercede conductos." And again, on the next page, "Et testium multitudinem de garcionibus et *ribaldis* partis adversæ, que omnes jurare parati fuerant et testificare trutannus ille vilissimus id totum faciebat; qui et *ribaldos suos* cunctos ad hoc probandum simul cum ipso mittebat. . . . Videns igitur archidiaconus

ribaldos illos ad nutum dominorum suorum quidlibet probare paratos. . . . Sciens itaque si probatio ribaldica procederet ribaldica multitudo, etc." They seem to have been the lowest class of retainers, perhaps men without any certain appointment, who had no other mode of living than following the courts of the Barons, and who were employed on all kinds of disgraceful and wicked actions. One authority quoted by Ducange couples "parasitos atque *ribaldos*." A story quoted from a MS. at Berne, by Sinner (Catalogus, tom. i. p. 272), shows us that a *goliard* belonged to the class of *ribalds*: now a *goliard* seems to have been only another name for a *jongleur* (joculator), or one who attended the tables of the rich to amuse the guests by jokes, buffoonery, and mountebank tricks. An ecclesiastical statute quoted in Ducange (v. Goliardus) says, "item præcipimus quod clerici non sint *joculatores, goliardi, seu bufones*;" and another commands, "quod clerici *ribaldi*, maxime vero qui dicuntur *de familia golia*, per episcopos . . . tondere præcipiantur." Matthew Paris, sub an. 1229, says, "quidam famuli, vel mancipia, vel illi quos solemus *goliardenses* appellare, versus ridiculos componebant." In this last passage we find them classed with the *famuli*, or household retainers. This class appears, at least in France, to have enjoyed certain popular rights or privileges. In a very curious charter of the year 1380, printed in Ducange, we find one Antony de Sagiak "se

gerens pro ribaldo, et se dicens de ordine seu de statu goliardorum, seu buffonum," claiming a fine of five pence upon incontinent women, and accused of trying to extract money from a woman, whom he accused wrongfully, on this account, "de talique et alio vili questu, quem sub umbra *ribaldia*, *goliardia*, seu *buffonia* ejusmodi . . . vivebat."

In the household of the King of France there was a *rex ribaldorum*, whose office was to judge disputes, &c., which might occur among the retainers of his class, and who had also a jurisdiction over the public stews. As the lives of this class of men were set at a small value by their masters, they were commonly exposed to the first brunt of battle in the wars, and the name is sometimes given to the body which is now called the *forlorn hope* in the attack of a town. The *ribaldi* who accompanied the army were also employed in plundering and destroying the country. As they were people of vile life and condition, the term *ribald* came gradually into use as a common appellation for a low and infamous person, and was used, as in the present instance, as an epithet of contempt and degradation.



APPENDIX II.

THE TRAILEBASTONS.

The following commission is given in Rymer:—

*" De transgressionibus nominatis Trailbaston
audiendis et terminandis per totum regnum.*

REX delectis et fidelibus suis, Wilielmo Martyn, Henrico Spigurnell, Wilielmo de Knovill, Rogero de Bellafago, et Thomæ de la Hyde, salutem.— Quia quamplures malefactores, et pacis nostræ perturbatores, homicidia, deprædationes, incendia, et alia dampna quamplurima nocte dieque perpetrantes, vagantur et discurrunt in boscis, in parcis, et aliis locis diversis, tam infra libertates quam extra, in comitatibus Cornubiæ, Devonix, Sumer-setiæ, Dorsetiæ, Herefordiæ, Wygornix, Salopix, Staffordiæ, Wiltes', et Suthamptoniæ, et ibidem receptantur, in maximum periculum tam hominum per partes illas transeuntium, quam ibidem morantium, et nostri contemptum, ac pacis nostræ læsionem manifestam, ut accepimus: Per quorum incursus poterunt pejora prioribus de facili evenire, nisi remedium super hoc citius apponatur: Nos, eorum malitiæ in hac parte obviare, et hujusmodi dampnis et periculis præcavere volentes, assignavimus vos justiciarios nostros: Ad inquirendum, per sacramentum tam militum quam aliorum proborum et legalium hominum de comitatibus præ-

dictis, tam infra libertates quam extra, per quos rei veritas melius sciri poterit, qui sunt illi malefactores, et eorum scienter receptatores, et eis consentientes, vim et auxilium præbentes, seu dictas transgressiones fieri procurantes et præcipientes : Et etiam ad inquirendum de illis, qui pro muneribus suis pactum fecerunt et faciunt cum malefactoribus, et pacis nostræ perturbatoribus, et eos conduxerunt et conducunt ad verberandum, vulnerandum, male tractandum et interficiendum plures de regno nostro, in feriis, mercatis, et aliis locis, in dictis comitatibus, pro inimicitia, invidia, malitia, et etiam pro eo quod in assisis, juratis, recognitionibus, et inquisitionibus factis de felonis, positi fuerunt, et veritatem dixerunt : unde per conductionem huiusmodi malefactorum, juratores assisarum, juratorum recognitionum, et inquisitionum illarum, præ timore dictorum malefactorum et horum minarum, sæpius veritatem dicere seu dictos malefactores indictare minime ausi fuerunt, et sunt : Et etiam ad inquirendum de illis qui huiusmodi munera dederunt et dant : et quantam et quibus : et qui huiusmodi munera receperunt et recipiunt : et a quibus, et qualiter, et quo modo : et qui huiusmodi malefactores in sua malitia foveant, nutriunt, et manutinent in comitatibus prædictis : Et etiam de illis, qui, ratione potestatis et dominii sui, aliquos in eorum protectionem et advocationem pro suo dando susceperunt, et adhuc suscipiunt : Et de illis qui pecuniam ab aliquo, per graves

minas ei factas, malitiose extorserunt: Et ad felonias et transgressiones illas audiendas et terminandas secundum legem et consuetudinem regni nostri, et juxta formam ordinationis per nos et consilium nostrum super hoc factæ, et vobis in parlamento nostro liberatæ: Et etiam ad omnes felonias et transgressiones, de quibus inquisitiones coram dilectis et fidelibus nostris, Henrico de Cobeham, Thoma Paynel, Hugone de Sancto Philiberto, et Johanne Randolf, in prædictis comitatibus Wiltes' et Suthamtoniæ factæ sunt, et per vos, si necesse fuerit, faciendæ, audiendas et terminandas in forma prædicta: " etc.



APPENDIX III.

The following curious Song is taken from a MS. in the University Library, Cambridge, Ee. vi. 29, of the beginning of the fifteenth century, though most, if not all, the articles it contains are compositions of a much earlier date.

ECCÆ dolet Anglia luctibus imbuta !
 Gens tremit tristitia, sordibus polluta ;
 Necat pestilentia viros atque bruta.
 Cur ? quia flagitia regnant resoluta.

Heu ! jam totus vertitur mundus in malignum.
 Inter gentes quæritur ubi cor benignum.
 Christus non recolitur, mortuus per lignum ;
 Ergo plebs perimitur in vindictæ signum.

Pax et patientia penitus orbantur ;
Amor et justitia domi non morantur ;
Errores et vitia gentes amplexantur ;
Patrum per malitia parvuli necantur.

Pastorum pigritia greges disperguntur ;
Insontes astutia mercantium falluntur ;
Fraus et avaritia sorores junguntur ;
Divitum nequitia pauperes plectuntur.

Simonia colitur, Simon Magus vivit ;
Æquitas opprimitur, veritas abivit ;
Christi grex dispergitur, lupus insanivit ,
Pestisque diffunditur, agnos deglutivit.

Favor non scientia permovet rectores ;
Intrudit potentia servos ob labores,
Et regum clementia quosdam per favores ;
Æs et amicitia juvant pervisores.

Fortes Christi milites modo recesserunt ;
Sathanæ satellites templum subverterunt ;
Laceras et debiles oves prodiderunt ;
Cuculi degeneres nisis successerunt.

Patres quondam nobiles pestes fugarunt,
Et in fide stabiles languidos sanarunt ;
Vita venerabiles signis coruscarunt ;
Actus per laudabiles Christo militarunt.

Tales erunt vestibis asperis vestiti ;
Ut moderni mollibus raro sunt potiti.
Hii præclaris moribus erant insigniti ;
Juvenes a sordibus sacris eruditi.

Heu ! nunc mercenarii, nec veri pastores,
Rectores, vicarii, mutaverunt mores ;

Ambitu denarii subeunt labores ;
Tales operarii merentur mœrores :
Isti pro ciliciis utuntur pellura ;
Farciunt deliciis ventres tota cura ;
Dant post[ea] spurcitiis se sine mensura ;
Suffulti divitiis vivunt contra jura.

Dum capella tegitur nobili vestura,
Sponsa Christi rapitur nudata tectura ;
Vinea destruitur porcorum ursura,
Et vitis evellitur, carens jam cultura.

Sacerdotes Domini sunt incontinentes ;
Actus suo nomini non sunt respondentes ;
Sacra dantes homini forent et docentes ;
Sui mores ordini non sunt congruentes.

Ista super æthera sanguine scribantur,
Ut patenti littera sæculis legantur ;
Ignibus cum vetera peccata purgantur,
Sua ferant onera jam qui dominantur.

En ! amor et caritas regnis refrigescunt ;
Livor et severitas gentibus ardescunt ;
Cleri plebis veritas et fides tepescunt ;
Hinc regni nobilitas et fama quiescunt.

Feminæ fragilitas omni caret laude ;
Mercantum subtilitas versatur in fraude ;
Et fratrum dolositas jungit caput caudæ.
Homo, si jam veritas te gubernat, gaude !

Explicit.

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